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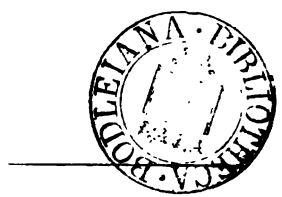
THE

GARLAND.



BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

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THE

GENERAL PREFACE.

THERE is no employment more tiresome and dull than the beginning of learning to read, and although few of us can recollect the days when we first learnt our letters, or began to put them together, yet we may remember the time perhaps, when, though we could tell the words in an easy book, with no great trouble, we could not put them so together as to make sense of them, and be able to travel, as it were, with the person who wrote the book, through all the scenes to which he wishes to take his reader.

Now it would be very well for us to divide the world of readers into several classes, and for each of you, my little people, to ask yourselves which is the class to which you belong?

The first of these classes contains only babies and dunces, or perhaps some poor grown up people, who have not had the advantage of learning when they were children; these people find it very difficult to make out the words in a book, and if you were to ask them, they would perhaps say, it is proper to learn to read, but reading is a most tiresome stupid thing. If you do not love reading, I much fear that if you are not a baby, or an old person who has not had the opportunity of learning when he was a child, that you are a dunce, which is a name I trust you will endeavour to lose as soon as possible.

The second of these classes contains people who can read the words of a book easily, but who can not go with the writer of the book where he would have them go; such people put no sense to the words which they read, and if they are asked to read loud, think of nothing else but of pronouncing the words as they are written, and keeping their stops, &c.; to such people reading is a wearisome task, and if they dared to tell what they thought, they would say, we hate the sight of a book. Do you belong to this second class of readers, my young friend? If you do, you must keep out of my way, for I should not like to call you stupid.

The third class of readers are those who try to

understand what they read, and these are the people for whom my book is intended; and it is to be so contrived, that if any little reader thoroughly understands my first story, which is very easy, he will be able to understand the second, and that will help him on to the third, till, by degrees, the hardest story in the book will be quite plain to him; and he will then be fit for harder books, and will come in time to take in and love those difficult books which old people like.

My third class, then, consists of people who understand what they read, and can go with the person who writes, wherever he wishes to take them.

If you were to ask a person of the third class, whether he liked reading, he would say, Yes, very, very much; it is my greatest pleasure.

But perhaps you will ask, what is meant by going with the person who writes wherever he wishes to take you?

I will tell you what I mean: in my first story of the Red Shoes, the writer wishes to take you first to the grandmother's house, and to understand what sort of house it is, and what sort of garden, and to know what kind of old lady the grandmother is, and

what sort of person the little girl is; so that these things and people should be before you, just as if you could see them with your own eyes; and then she would have you to go with her to the school, and see all the people there, and understand what they are like, and how they live; this is what is called going with a writer wherever that writer wishes to take you; and when a person can thus travel with a book, he has many pleasures which people who can not read know nothing about, and instead of wanting a carriage and horses to take him a journey to a long distance, or a ship to carry him over the water to foreign lands, he has nothing to do but to go to his book-case, and take out a book, which will carry him to these distant places, and set him down in the midst of scenes and countries far away, as safely as if he were riding on the tapestry of the Prince in the fairy tale: from his books also he may learn all that history can tell of what has been done in the world since the beginning of time, and all that can be known of the works of God in the natural world; and all this without going out of his own house, or even leaving his room, should he be in bad health, and with very little expence, and without troubling any body.

These are some of the advantages of learning to read; but these are the smallest, and of least value, and indeed hardly worth a thought in comparison of

those which we may get through reading the word of God. Have you ever thought, my young friend, of the goodness of our heavenly Father in sending the Lord the Spirit so to inspire the minds of the prophets and apostles, that they should be enabled to prepare for us a book which contains all things which are necessary for us to know? But as there are three sorts of readers of common books, so there are as many sorts of readers of the Bible: there is the first sort, to whom it is hard to make out the words; and there is the second sort, who only understand the natural sense of the holy book; and there is the third sort, who are taught by God the Spirit to understand many of those things in the word of God, which are hidden from other people.

If you, my friends, belong to the third kind of Bible readers, you will find that the books which men write are good, if they agree with the Bible, and are bad, if they do not agree with the Bible; that is, if any book upholds that which the word of God condemns, it is a bad book; but if it asserts that nothing is right but what pleases God, it is a good book. When I was a child there were no religious books for children but sermons; sermons are very good things, and grown up people like them very much; but the children in these days ought to be very much obliged to those kind good people who have provided so many

pleasant stories, to shew how the word and Spirit work in the hearts of children and young people, to compel them to bring forth the fruits of righteousness and true holiness.

And now, my young reader, having given you a touchstone wherewith to try whether my stories are dross, or agreeable to the nature of the pure gold of the Holy Scriptures, I shall say no more, but leave you to go on with my first story.

THE GARLAND.

THE RED MOROCCO SHOES.

When my little reader understands the title of this story, she will perhaps be able to say, I once had a pair of red shoes, but I do not think that any body could write a story about them, though, I dare say, they were quite as pretty as those mentioned in this book. Well then, you shall read this story, and we can talk about your red shoes when we have done with mine.

My name is Elizabeth, and I lived with my grandmamma when I was a very little girl; for my poor papa and mamma died before I can remember any thing.

My dear grandmamma was very kind to me, perhaps she indulged me too much; but as her eyes were not good, and she could not teach me herself, she sent me to school. Every morning her maid Sally took me at eight o'clock, and fetched me home again at five in the evening, for I slept at home. There were many children at that school, but I do not remember any of them with much pleasure excepting one. This was a little girl about my own age. I will tell you how it was when I saw her first; but, first, I must say that this little girl was called Lily, because she was so very fair.

Lily was an orphan like myself, that is, she had no father or mother, nor had she a kind grandmamma to give her presents as I had. She came to the school a little while after I went there, and she lived with our governess for many years afterwards, and the governess loved her very much, and was like a mamma to her.

But I remember very well the day that Lily came; it was during our play hours; and we had been taken out to gather flowers in the fields—sweet violets, and cowslips, and primroses—and when we came back, and were passing through the gate into the garden, we saw our governess waiting at the hall door. She led the way up into our pleasant school-room, and there I saw a little girl standing by the window, whose face was quite new to me. She was dressed in white, and was very fair, and had light hair which curled very prettily. Our kind governess led her to us, and told us to kiss her, because she was to become as a sister to us, and we were to call her Lily. We obeyed our governess, and the little stranger soon became so easy with us, that a short time afterwards she had forgotten that she was with new people, and was amusing herself with a tabby cat which lay with her kitten in a basket placed in a corner of the room.

Every body but myself liked Lily from the first moment, because she was a humble, civil, little girl; but I was jealous of her, and feared that she would be a greater favourite than I was.

When Sally came to take me home, I told her that Lily was come, and that I thought I did not like her. Sally only laughed at this. She did not tell me that I ought to seek to be enabled by the Lord the Spirit to love every body, for the Bible says, "Little children, love one another." The next day Lily began to learn lessons with us, and for some time I did not think much about her.

One evening whilst we were working, and our governess was telling us a story, Sally arrived; she brought a small parcel for me, and a note to our governess; the parcel was tied with strings, and we found it difficult to undo; and then we had two or three sheets of brown paper to take off; and at length being opened, I found it contained a few presents from one of my aunts. There were one or two story books, some clothes for my doll, and, in the middle of all, a pair of red morocco shoes; with these last I was so much pleased that, seating myself on a chair, I made Sally untie my black shoes, and, kicking them across the room, I said aloud that I would walk home in my pretty new red shoes; and at the same time I jumped from my seat, and holding up my frock, I walked up and down the room to shew them off before my school-fellows. Our governess suddenly stopped me, by telling us to be silent, for she had good news for us. "Elizabeth's grandmamma," she said, "has sent to invite us all to drink tea with her next Tuesday evening, and after tea, you, my little ones, are to play in the garden; shall I say yes, my little girls, or shall I say no?"

We all screamed at once—"Oh! pray let us go, dear governess; we will be so very, very good, if you will let us go!" and little Lily in her joy jumped up and down the room.

"Well, Mistress Sally," said our governess, "no more lessons will be done to-day; but will you have the goodness to tell your lady, that we hope to accept her kind invitation for Tuesday next, exactly at the hour she mentioned in her note. We will not now detain you any longer; Miss Elizabeth's bonnet and cloak shall be brought and put on here." In a few minutes I was on my way home with Sally, jumping and skipping with joy.

"Oh, it will be so pleasant, Sally!" I said.

"Take care how you step, Miss Elizabeth," replied Sally, "for you must wear your red shoes on Tuesday, and what a pity it will be if you should get them spotted and stained this evening."

"I will be very careful," I answered; "but do you think, Sally, that any of the other young ladies will wear red shoes on Tuesday?"

"I dare say not," replied Sally; "but it is right that you should be the best dressed amongst them, for you are Mistress's grand-daughter, and a little lady."

This speech pleased me very much. I was quite set up, and when I went into my grandmamma's parlour, my rudeness was such that she could not bear it, and sent me to bed.

The next day was Saturday, and, as we always had a half holiday on that day, I asked the governess if she would give my school-fellows leave to come and see my grandmamma's garden, and the arbour where we were to drink tea on Tuesday evening?

Our governess gave us leave immediately. My grandmamma's garden was a very old fashioned one, such as you do not often see in these days. There was a straight walk, with borders of flowers, from the hall door down to a large arbour made of lattice work, and covered with honey suckle. When we got into the garden we walked down to this arbour, and sate in it. Our governess was not with us, but there was a teacher, who was not a proper person, because she indulged those children whose parents were rich, and was cross to those who were in lower circumstances. She was also very fond of talking about fine clothes: I suppose that I need not tell you that she was not afraid of offending God. So when we were set in the arbour, I said, "I am to wear my red shoes on Tuesday, and I do not suppose that any body else will have red shoes."

"If red shoes are to be the fashion on Tuesday night," replied the teacher, "I think that all your little companions must try to follow the fashion out of compliment to you, Miss Elizabeth; you always look so well and so pretty, that no body can see you with a new thing without wishing to have something like it. Young ladies, you must ask your mammas and your governess for some red shoes for Tuesday night; you may have as many as you please ready made in the shop."

I will ask mamma, and I will ask my governess, said many little voices at once; we will follow Elizabeth's fashion; we will all have red shoes. And one little girl, called Clara, said, "If every body is to have red shoes, I am sure that I would not be without a pair for the whole world; my mamma and my papa will be sure to get them for me, and I shall ask them when I go home this evening;" for Clara was one of those who always slept at home.

"But look at Lily," said another of the little girls,—"she is crying."

"What is the matter, Lily?" I asked, turning round and looking her in the face.

"Nothing new, dear Elizabeth," she answered in a very low voice.

"What do you cry for then?" I asked.

"I was thinking of mamma," she replied, "poor mamma. I have no mamma," and as she spoke the tears ran down her cheeks.

"No mamma to give you red shoes," I added, though I was half ashamed of what I was saying, and should perhaps have not dared to have said it had not the teacher looked smilingly at me; "well, then, you must wear black shoes."

"It is not about the shoes I care," replied Lily; "but when every body talked of their mammas it made me cry," and the colour of the little girl rose

up to her forehead, and then she grew pale, and I did not see her smile again all that evening, so that you would hardly have known the pale and sorrowful orphan for the fair little Lily, who a few minutes before was so happy and full of joy.

We did not meet the next day, because it was Sunday; but on Monday morning when I came into the school-room, Clara ran up to me, saying, "All our class (it was the least class in the school) will have red shoes on Tuesday excepting poor Lily."

"Is Lily vexed?" I asked. I was so wicked that I hoped that Clara would say yes; but she answered, "I do not know; she has not said any thing about it."

"It would be very ill-natured for her to be angry," I said, "because she cannot have what we have." I tell you all my naughty ways, my little reader; I was very naughty then; I was selfish and proud; I had no fear of God in my heart.

Whilst I was talking to Clara, Lily came up. She did not look very merry; what had happened on Saturday had made her think a great deal of her mamma, and her poor mamma had not been dead more than a year.

"Clara has been telling me that our class are all to have red shoes on to-morrow, Lily," I said; "have you asked our governess for a pair?"

"No, Elizabeth," replied the little girl, "because I know that she would get me a pair if she thought it right."

"Well, then," I answered, "I suppose that your black ones must do;" and we said no more on the subject at that time, as our governess came in.

I dare say that our good governess could see by our faces that there was some thing wrong amongst us, though she did not say so; but she called our class round the table, and after we had read a chapter

to her, she spoke to us about our hearts, telling us that when our first father Adam departed from his God by eating the forbidden fruit, sin entered into his heart, and that from that time all his children had been born in sin, being proud, and selfish, and cruel, and having no power to do any good thing of themselves; and then she told us how God the Father had sent his Son to die for us, and to save us from our sins, and how God the Holy Spirit abides in the hearts of the redeemed, making them gentle where they used to be rough, full of love and pity where they used to be unkind, and desirous of giving happiness to others where they only used to think of pleasing themselves.

She then knelt down, and prayed that the Holy Spirit might come into our hearts, and fill us with love and pity for each other. I thought that all she said at that time was meant for me, and I felt angry, and was sullen all day, though I tried to make myself happy with the thoughts of the next day: but it would not do.

On Tuesday we were to have a whole holiday, and our little class agreed to take their dolls in the evening to my grandmamma's. I therefore went to school as usual, and brought my doll, that Clara might help me to dress her, and very busy we all were. My grandmamma's maid, when she brought me to school, also brought my clothes for the evening, and my pretty red shoes with them, that I might have the pleasure of walking back with all the rest, and shewing my fine clothes in the street.

Now it happened in the morning that I wanted a sash for my doll to match her coral necklace, and not having any ribbon of the colour, I went slily into my governess's room, where my clothes were laid on the bed, and took one of the red strings out of my shoes.

As I was bringing it back into the play room, all crumpled up in my hand, Clara, seeing by my manner that I had been about something I did not like to tell, pulled open my hand, and getting hold of one corner of the ribbon, she pulled it with all her might, and as I would not let it go, we broke it in several pieces, on which I threw my doll on the ground, screaming with passion.

Clara was sorry, and Lily came up and would have comforted me, but I pushed her from me. The teacher, however, being in the room, we were soon told to be quiet, though she did not enquire the cause of the noise.

At last the clock struck three, and we were called to get ready, and my governess's maid, Jane, having dressed Lily, called me. "And now, Miss Elizabeth," she said, "come and be dressed, and first your shoes; but you have lost the strings."

"Grandmamma will give me a new piece of ribbon," I said, "when I get home."

"But, Miss," said Jane, "you must not go with your shoe untied."

"But I will," I answered, for I was a very naughty girl.

"Well," said Jane, "I suppose that I must ask my mistress;" and she went, but returned immediately, saying, that her mistress was sorry she had no ribbon of the colour, and she told me to tell you that your grandmamma will be displeased if you go without your shoes being properly tied. So Miss, she added, you must wear your black shoes.

Oh, what a shrieking and crying did I make, on which Jane reproved me, and said I was a naughty, spoiled child; but the good natured little Lily ran to her box, and came back the next minute with a small piece of red ribbon which she had taken from her doll's bonnet. "Will this do, Jane?" she said, and,

without waiting for an answer, she took up my unfortunate shoe, slipped the ribbon into the holes, and kneeling down put it on my foot. "There," she said, "that will do, dear Elizabeth, and now you can wear your pretty red shoes."

I could not tell you how much I felt when I saw dear little Lily kneeling at my feet, and tying on my shoe. Something rose up to my throat as if it would have choked me, and there was at the same time a kind of feeling of shame in my heart, unlike any thing I had ever known before. I think that it was then, for the very first time, that I felt myself to be a sinner, and that I would gladly have changed places with little Lily, (though I supposed that she was very poor, and lived almost on the bounty of our good governess,) if I could only be as humble, and as gentle, and as dear to her Saviour, as I felt she was. All that my good governess had said to me the day before, then came to my mind, and with it a longing desire to be like those children adopted of God, of whom she so often talked to us. But having these new and blessed feelings, the first thing I did was to get quietly from my chair, and take off my red shoes to put on my black ones.

"What now, Miss Elizabeth?" said Jane.

"Lily will wear black shoes to-day," I said, "and so will I."

It was of no use for Jane to argue with me; I was determined. I put my red shoes into my bag to carry to my grandmamma's, and set out with the rest in my black shoes, having my heart so filled with many new thoughts, that I hardly heard what Clara and the rest of our class said to me upon my strange whim, as they called it.

Our governess went with us, and grandmamma received us in the arbour, and there the tea was set out. There were two tables—one for the elder per-

sons, and another for our little class—and I was to make tea there in the beautiful set of little china which my grandmamma called mine. My grandmamma was a very kind person; I loved her very much; but she did not know the evil which is in the heart of a little child, and therefore she indulged me more than was good for me; yet she wished that I should fear God, and be a good girl, as you will see by and by.

When the tea was over, before we began to play, a large bag was produced, which was laid carefully on the table before my grandmamma, who smiled and looked about her, and then put her hand within it.

We were very impatient to see what she would bring out when she removed her hand, and were surprised to see her produce, one by one, certain little paper parcels, directed to each of us by name. These she handed round, and it would have delighted you to have seen what pretty things appeared when each parcel was unfolded.

There were embroidered needle books, all furnished with needles, and thimbles, and scissars, and pocket books, and dolls' wicker cradles, and dolls' chests of drawers, and cups, and balls, and pictures, all painted and gilt.

But I wanted much to see what was in Lily's parcel, for the dear little girl was so humble, that when my grandmamma put it into her hand, she could hardly believe it was for her; but when she opened it, she quite screamed for joy, for it contained a pair of bright red shoes, exactly like mine. And then I knew that Lily had been wishing for red shoes, though she had been taught that she was never to ask or seek for any thing which her governess did not think right to give her; for Lily had been brought up in the fear of God, and had been taught, that the Holy Spirit would give her strength to be humble

When she opened it, she quite screamed for joy, for it contained a pair of bright red shoes, exactly like mine.

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and contented with those things which her heavenly Father thought right to give her.

But I must not forget to say, that when I opened my parcel I found a beautiful coloured picture of a little boy standing by a table, on which a man, who seemed to be his father, was planing and carving some wood.

Whilst I was looking at this beautiful picture, my grandmamma had got up, and all the rest had followed her, and gone out of the arbour, excepting my governess, but she stood and looked down at me.

"Who is this pretty boy, governess?" I said.

"That picture represents our Lord Jesus Christ," she said, "when living on earth with his mother Mary and her husband Joseph; for scripture says, he was then the humblest of little boys, meek and lowly; and yet, Elizabeth, he was at that time, and ever was, and ever shall be, the greatest both in heaven and earth,—above all principalities. But he became man for us, in order that, in human flesh he might fulfil his Father's will, and die for us that we might live. You can not now understand all that he has done for you; but if you are brought to love him, you will be a happy child; you will learn to think humbly of yourself; you will be kind and gentle, and you will be conformed to his image, and grow in favour with God and man."

At that moment little Lily came up, shewing her feet with her red shoes, like Margery Two Shoes in the penny book; and I jumped up, and threw my arms round her neck, begging her to forgive me all my pride and wickedness. I then put on my own red shoes; and we went hand and hand to dance together on the green with the rest of our companions; and from that day Lily was my favourite companion and best friend at school; and those were the happiest hours of my early life when I was permitted to be

alone with her, and to talk with her of that dear Saviour in whom the fatherless find mercy.

And now, my little reader, I think you will not wonder if I have a pleasant remembrance of my pretty red shoes.

THE LOFTY AND THE LOWLY WAY.

PREFACE.

The Lofty and Lowly Way, is a story intended for very little people, but it contains a lesson which many old people might study to advantage. Our blessed Saviour says, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it," Matth. vii. 14.; but this verse has been very much misunderstood, and people bring it forward to prove that there are very few saved.

Now I would wish you to know, my young friends, that if it depended on ourselves to find the strait gate and narrow way, there would be none of us saved, for there is none that doeth good, no, not one. But Christ, who is the strait gate, has aforetime found those who walk in the lowly way, and he will bring them in, and they shall never be thrust out; for as

it is said, Job xxii. 29., "When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up; and he shall save the humble person."

My dear little children, if you will please to buy this little book which I have written for you, I think you will find much amusement in it; and I hope that it will be to you a lesson of wisdom, for within this little tale is hid a holy moral, by which you will be admonished, I trust, to learn to *walk with all lowliness and meekness*, Eph. iv. 1, 2. for *before destruction the heart of man is haughty; and before honour is humility*, Prov. xviii. 12.

I bought this lesson when I was very young, in a way which cost me little more than a torn frock, a spoilt bonnet, and a few tears; and surely it was cheaply purchased, for how many have bought it at the cost of all the happiness of their lives on earth.

But to tell my little story:—My father and mother were humble people, living in a small cottage, in a certain meadow, called, in that country, the cowslip meadow, by reason of the multitude of cowslips with which the pasture abounded. My parents were not, however, wholly dependant on their own labour; that is, they had a little money of their own, and the house we lived in, and a field in which they kept a cow, with a very large garden; and my father was fully employed in his garden, whilst my mother took care of the house, and of her little ones.

There were five of us:—Edward was the eldest; then came Alice; I was only one year younger than Alice—my name is Kitty; and then came little Emmy; the youngest child was Thomas, who was yet a baby when I was between eight and nine years

of age, at which time the thing happened which I am about to relate.

It was on the morning of old May-day, at the time when cuckoos sing, and the hedges are white with hawthorn, and the new leaves are of a tender green, and the air is filled with the sweet smell of many flowers, that our dear parents informed us that they were to be out all day. "We are going," they said, "to see our old aunt and uncle, who live three miles distant, and we shall carry little Thomas with us; and the rest of you, our little ones, may walk to grandmother's. She always has a joint of meat and a pudding on old May-day, and she will be looking for some of us; and you must carry with you a pot of fresh butter, and a bundle of rhubarb, a few new laid eggs, and a white cake."

Then we were washed and combed; and Edward had a clean shirt put on, and his Sunday jacket, and we three little girls had our new strawberry frocks, which our grandmother had given us at Easter, and our green silk bonnets and tippets, lined with pink, and our white mittens; and then our dear parents kissed us, and set us off, saying, "My little ones, you know the way: it lies under the hills, and you have only a mile and a half to walk, and be sure you return again by eight o'clock."

Now, I have told you that our father's house stood in a meadow, through which ran a brook of fresh cold water; and when the brook left that meadow, it ran a long way under a high woody bank. The sides of that bank were very steep, and very often, when it was shady and pleasant under that bank by the brook, it was very hot, and sometimes very windy, on the top and on the sides of the hill. There was a way to our grandmother's along the top of the bank, but it was some way about; and there was a way also at the bottom of the bank, winding along by the side of

the brook, and that was the easiest and pleasantest way. There was no blustering wind, or scorching sun-beams, on that lowly path, and many a pleasant resting place, where any one might sit and hear the birds sing, and the waters ripple; and then at the end of this path, just where it opened out upon the turnpike road, was the gate into our grandmother's garden, and her pleasant cottage right before one's eyes, with its thatched roof, and little porch, and casement windows. It stood just at the end of the high bank which I have been speaking of, and the bank seemed almost to hang over a part of the garden, for it was very steep on that side, and very difficult both to mount and to descend.

You may think how happy we were when we set out on this scheme, which might have been so pleasant; any one might have heard our merry voices all over the meadow. At length we came to the end of the meadow, and then we found ourselves just under the woody bank, and there were two ways opening before us: the one of these was the little path I mentioned before, which passed as far as our grandmother's, under the bank, and by the brook; and the other was a very steep way, leading directly up the hill, by long steps cut in the stony side of the bank. The sun was shining very strongly upon that corner of the hill, for it was a very warm day, warmer than it usually is at that time of the year, and the ascent was, as I before said, very difficult.

"Here are two ways to grandmother's," said Edward, "let us take the one that leads over the hill. I love to be in high places, and to hear the wind blow, and to look down on every body."

"High places are very pleasant," replied Alice, "when our proper way lies over them."

"And does not our way lie over those hills now?" said Edward. "Are we not going to grandmother's,

and is not the road over the hills as near as that under them?"

"It may be so," returned Alice; "but you must remember that little Emmy can not climb up this steep bank, and surely, Edward, you would not leave little Emmy?"

"No, please not to leave me, brother," said the little one, and she began to cry.

"Do not be afraid, my Emmy," said Alice; "we will not leave you."

"But, Alice," asked Edward, "What made you say that the way over the hills was not our proper way? Now, I could prove to you that it is quite as near as the other way; and the low way is so stupid and so dull, with the trees hanging over it all along, and nothing to be seen without stretching one's eyes and one's neck till they ache. I hate looking up. I like always to have the things I want to see below me. I like to look down on every thing. I should like to live at the top of a high mountain, and to look down upon all the world."

Alice made no answer to this; but took Emmy's hand, as if she were resolved, come what would, to hold fast to her little sister.

"You don't speak, Alice," said Edward, "that is just like you. I dare say now, that you do not agree with me; I am sure now, that you would rather go creeping along to grandmother's by the brook side, than climb the hills, and breathe the fresh air on their tops, and look down from their heights upon all the stupid world below. You do not know what pleasure is, and where pleasant places are."

"I think I do, my dear brother," replied Alice. "I think those are the pleasantest places, whether up in the clouds, or down in the lowest vallies, where it is our duty to be; and you know the orders which our father and mother have always given us, when

we have gone out together—that we are never to part; therefore, if little Emmy can not climb the hills, and we are to keep together, it is very plain that we must remain in the valley; and this being the case, we shall be happier in the valley than we should be upon the hills."

"Now, Kitty," said Edward, looking at me, "Does not Alice speak like a book? How wise she is! But it does not signify; up the hill, and over the hill, I will go; and if you will come with me, we will leave Alice to creep along the bottom as quietly and as stupidly as she pleases."

"That is not right, Edward," replied Alice; "it is very wrong." But Edward did not hear her, for he was climbing up the hill: yet I heard her, and heard her also call after me, and remind me that I should have hedges and ditches to climb over, and that I should tear my frock, and perhaps spoil my best bonnet. Edward, however, was shouting to me from above, saying, "Never fear; never fear; who is afraid? He that fears a fall will never get to the top of the ladder. Come on, Kitty, come on; good by, Alice; good by, Emmy: a pleasant walk to you both."

Edward was very sorry afterwards for having been so haughty; but it was not till he had suffered a good deal by his lofty desires; and Edward is not the only one, by many, who has suffered from desiring to be in a lofty path, when his duty lay in that which was lowly.

So Edward mounted first, and I followed; and presently we had reached a high sharp point of the hill, where a piece of rock stood out above the bushes, which grew here and there in ragged clusters on the bank. We scrambled up on the top of this, and there looking down, we saw the primrose meadow, and our parents' little thatched house and pleasant garden,

spread at our feet; we saw our father and mother coming out of the garden gate; our father was carrying little Thomas, and our mother waited to lock the gate; and then they turned away, and, passing under a high hedge, we saw them no more. We looked then towards the path in the valley, but could not see Emmy and Alice, by reason of the high trees which hung over the lane: but we saw beyond those trees, the brook winding away through green fields, where many cattle and flocks were feeding quietly, amid daisies and buttercups, for even at that distance we could discern a sprinkling of yellow and white in the rich grass. Far away were many blue and bright high grounds; but we observed some dark clouds towards the south, hanging heavily on the top of some of these distant hills.

"Come on," said Edward, when he had looked all round him once or twice; "high as we are now, we must get higher still." And then he shewed me a path, worn by the sheep which at times fed on the hills, winding upwards to the very highest part of the ridge, at one end of which we stood; and a clump of firs on a mound, which last seemed to have been made by man in old time, on which clump, as my brother told me, the clouds often rested in rainy weather, hiding the trees entirely from those who looked upon them from below.

"We will go to that clump, Kitty," he said, "and then we may almost say that we have been as high as the clouds. Come on, come on, then."

"But look," I said, "there is no shade all the way from this piece of rock to the clump, and the sun is beating upon it with all its might: we shall be quite broiled before we get there."

"Oh, then," said Edward, "if you mind a little heat, you had better run down the side of the hill, and creep along the valley after Alice. You will soon

catch Slow-foot; I call her Slow-foot, because she deserves the name better than any body I know; she had rather creep along the valley with Emmy, than run over these hills with me; and so, Kitty, if you are afraid of a little sun-shine, away with you into the valley; you are no company for me."

"You shall soon see whose company I am fit for, Edward," I answered; and without waiting another minute, I began to run forward along the top of the bank, which in that place was very broad towards the clump. The ground in that part of the hill was covered with a sort of short crisp grass, mixed with broom, and thyme, and prickly gorse; and the stepping was difficult and slippery, and the sun was beating violently down upon us, and I soon became so hot that I was quite uncomfortable, and was obliged to slacken my pace. My brother's hair and face looked also as if they had been held over a steaming kettle, but we were both of us too proud to complain; and so, after a great deal of labour and toil, we got to the mound where grew the fir-trees.

We were very glad to get into the shade; and finding the trunk of a tree which had been blown down, we sat upon it, and were extremely pleased to find that we were able to look quite over all the high trees on the side of the bank, and to see the whole extent of the country beyond, with most of the towns, and villages, and farm-houses, which we had ever seen or heard of in all our lives, and many others which we had never heard of, and which I had never seen before.

"How pleasant it is to be so high—to be above every body!" said Edward; "I wish every body knew where we are, and that we are looking down upon them. Our very feet are higher than the spires of their churches," he added, whilst he kicked them out, as if to shew that there was nothing before him high enough to interfere with them.

"But the fir-trees are higher than we are, Edward," I remarked.

"So they are," he answered; "don't you think we might climb up into one of them?" And thus speaking, he sprang up, and went round the grove, to see if there was any tree which he could climb: but whilst we were looking about us, suddenly the air became very dark, and we heard distant-thunder; at the same time a sound of rushing was heard in the tops of the trees, and a sort of shaking among the branches.

"Oh! Edward," I cried, "what is coming?" Before he could answer, a flash of lightning gleamed through the grove, and then came another clap of thunder, more near, and much louder.

"Oh! Edward," I cried again, "Oh! that we were in the valley, and not in this high place, then the lightning would pass over our heads, and do us no harm; but it will come, and kill us now; I am sure it will kill us; I am quite sure it will kill us; and then we ought not to have been here; we know that we ought not to have been here; Alice told us that it was our duty not to be here. Oh! Edward, Edward, we shall be killed, indeed we shall." Another flash of lightning, and another clap of thunder came, and Edward became as frightened as I was; and, like the children in the old ballad, we knelt down, and, lifting up our hands, we confessed our sins, and prayed for mercy in the name of Him to whom our dear parents had taught us to pray.

"We will not stay here," said Edward, "we will make haste to grandmother's; but I do not know on which side grandmother's is; we are come out of the way, I think, to this clump. Did you see grandmother's, Kitty, when we were sitting upon the trunk of the fallen tree?"

"I did not look for it," I answered; "I was think-

ing of something else; but it cannot be far off; I have seen this clump from the house, and it seemed but a little way above."

We then walked round the grove, and, coming to the farthest side, we found that the bank in that direction was covered with thick bushes, briars, and brambles, with low trees, forming a coppice; and beyond the coppice we saw the chimnies of a house and part of a roof of thatch, lying under the covert of the hill; but we did not know the house again, till we saw a bit of the wall, which was of lath and plaster, with large black beams; these were so particular, that we could no longer doubt but that we were very near to our grandmother's house; but, though we were really very near, we might as well have been very far off, for there was a deep ditch, and a high hedge, and a tangled coppice, and, what was worse than all, a very steep precipice, between us and the house; for in that coppice was a place in which stones had been cut for building houses, and it was a long way round to get clear of the coppice and the stone quarry.

And then the thunder rattled in our ears, and the lightning flashed around us, and the wind had risen, and blew furiously, and the whole heavens were covered with black clouds, the same we had seen in the south, when we were at the other end of the hill; and it threatened to rain violently every moment, for already large drops began to fall, so that we expected in a very little time to be wet to the skin; and then I thought of my pretty green silk bonnet and tippet; and, oh! how did I wish that I had followed Alice in the lowly way; for I doubted not but that, by this time, she and little Emmy were safe under our grandmother's roof, for there had past more than time enough even for little Emmy to have made the journey.

But there was no time to be lost; we ran down straight to the ditch, and, in trying to jump over it, I fell into the middle, and wet myself over my shoes; for a little stream ran at the bottom of the ditch, and though it was but small, yet it just served to rot the leaves which fell into the ditch from the hedge; but Edward helped me out of the ditch, and in trying to drag me over the hedge, my poor strawberry frock caught in a briar, by which a whole piece was torn out of it; then came the rain pouring down as if from a bucket, and in a few minutes all the beauty and freshness were gone from my green silk bonnet and tippet. And there was no path in that wood, but we had to push our way through briars and brambles; and my poor brother, in trying to help me, got his face and hands torn with the brambles and thorns, till the blood ran from them.

At length we got through the brambles, and found ourselves at the top of the quarry; and then our grandmother's pleasant house was right before us, down in the bottom, fifty feet below us. There was the green plot of grass before the house, and the little porch, and the garden beyond; but every thing looked dim and indistinct, because of the rain which was pouring down between us and the house.

And now, as we stood on that high place, what would we have given, could we but have found ourselves in the lowly path which we had so lately despised. Our sorrow was such, that neither of us could speak; but had we cried ever so loud, we could not have been heard for the beating of the rain, and the rushing of the wind.

At length, however, the storm passed away. The thunder was heard no more,—the lightning had ceased,—the wind was still;—and then Alice, and Emmy, and my grandmother, coming out into the porch, saw us perched on the top of the precipice.

R. Clark Sc Edinr

Alice & Emmy & my Grandmother coming out into the porch saw us perched on the top of the precipice

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My grandmother called, "Stand still; stay where you are, and I will send you help. Stay where you are, for heaven's sake; if you do but stir, you may be dashed to pieces." And the old lady ran in, and the next minute the labourer, who helped her in the farm, was seen coming round the house, bringing a long ladder; and he set this ladder against a ledge of the quarry, near to where we stood; and he climbed on the ladder, and lifted me down first, and then he helped my brother down, bidding us go on to the house; at the same time calling us naughty children, for giving so much pain to our grandmother and sisters.

We walked on to the house, all dripping with wet, and plastered with mire; and when we got into the porch, we fell down on our knees before our grandmother, and begged pardon.

"It was all my fault, grandmother," said Edward, "don't be angry with Kitty; and I have got half-a-crown and fourpence at home, and I will give it all to mend Kitty's frock and her bonnet." And the poor boy looked quite pitiful, all covered, as he was, with mire and blood.

"My boy, may this be a lesson to you, and teach you to love the lowly way," replied our kind grandmother; "for what have you got in the lofty way, but pain, and sorrow, and shame. Had you had a call of duty to that way, no one could have blamed you; for wherever duty calls, there is honour and safety: and let this be a lesson to you through life, my children," she added, looking at both of us; "be content with the lowly way, and be quite sure that God is your guide when you quit it for a more lofty path."

Our kind parent then had us into the kitchen, and having washed our faces and our feet, she put us to bed, and there we remained till the next day, Alice and Emmy having gone home alone.

Our father then came for us, bringing our ordinary clothes; and my grandmother was so kind as to put a new breadth into my strawberry frock, and to make my bonnet as fresh as ever.

From that time, whenever any proud thoughts have come into my head, Edward has always said, "Kitty, remember the Lofty Way."

THE FATHER'S EYE.

PREFACE.

This little story is an allegory, which almost every child may understand. Our earthly parents are the types or emblems of our heavenly One; for which reason we are taught to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven:" and if you will look to the Galatians, chap. iv. 26., you will understand that a kind and good mother is the type of the church which is above.

What love is there so great as that of a tender mother for a little baby? yet the holy Bible says, that the love of God for his children is greater than that of a mother for her baby; "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee," Isaiah xlix. 15.

Children are safe when they are under the eye of a kind and wise father, but our earthly father can not watch us at all times. The eye of our heavenly Father is, however, always upon us, and in this consists our safety. The Bible says, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good," Prov. xv. 3.

Bad children like to get out of the reach of their earthly fathers' eye, and wicked people would be glad to get out of the sight of their heavenly Father; but it is a very great blessing to them that they can not so do; for although it is the root of their wickedness, to think their Creator their enemy, yet his watchful eye is ever over them for good, as will appear when the words of Timothy are fulfilled; "for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth; for there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time," 1 Tim. ii. 3—6.

WHEN we desire to teach little children any difficult truths, we are glad to make use of pictures and signs, by which to lead them to understand these truths. Before a little baby can speak or know the meaning of words, we shew him a rod when he is naughty, and he very well understands the sign; a rod in his young eyes

is the emblem of chastisement: and when he is good, we give him an apple, or an orange, and this emblem is also understood by him.

Our duty to God is also taught us in childhood under types and emblems.

Our natural parents are the same to us, in our infancy, as God and our church are to the believer in after life; and hence the little child who is taught to love, honour, and obey his parents, to trust in them, and submit wholly to their wills, is as well prepared, as sinful man can be, for that state of dependence on his heavenly Father, in which all human wisdom doth consist. But these are hard words for little children, such as they do not much like; so I will put no more of them in my book, but will hasten to tell my story.

My name is Mary, and I was blessed in having the kindest and best of parents. I had one brother, a little older than myself, whose name was Robert; and I had a little sister, who was born when I was four years of age: we called her Sally, and sometimes little Sally; she was the gentlest baby I ever met with, and the darling of the whole house.

It was a pleasant place where my parents lived, far in the country, down narrow lanes, and over steep hills, where carriages seldom travelled, and where fine ladies were rarely seen, and where people never talked about the fashions, or read newspapers: but there were pleasant fields there, and cuckoos, and wood-pigeons, and cowslips, and buttercups, and shady walks cut through woods, and squirrels and owls in hollow trees, and flocks of sheep, and pretty cows feeding in quiet meadows; and our father's house, too, was very neat, and had a parlour with a nice carpet in it, and a study full of books, although the roof of the house was thatched, and the nursery window opened out upon the thatch. And our papa and

mamma had nothing to do but to teach us, and to lead us to our God; and we were so happy! surely no little children were ever so happy as we were.

We had no neighbours but a rich gentleman, who lived in a large red house, about a mile off; but we did not see his house from our windows, because there was a hill between, and a long wood with high trees, and at the bottom of the wood a very deep brook; that brook was so deep that we could not get over it without crossing the wooden bridge in the bottom of the coppice, or going two miles round by the mill.

This gentleman had two children a little older than Robert. The eldest was Master Billy, and we thought him very grand, because he had a watch, and also a pony to ride on; and the other was Miss Maria, and she was as great in our eyes as her brother, because she wore silk slips, and feathers in her hat. But we did not see much of William and Maria, because they went to boarding schools, and I feel quite sure that our papa and mamma were not sorry that we did not often meet these children.

Now I could tell you a great deal of the happy way in which we spent our time. When we had done our lessons, we had a number of pleasures, such as little children who live in towns can have no notion of. Robert made a collection of snail shells—he would not have two exactly alike, and you cannot think what a number of different coloured snail shells he had; and I used to make little boxes of card for his shells, and Sally had all those which Robert did not value;—then we had dried flowers and leaves, of such various shapes and so beautiful, and our papa gave us some old books to keep them in;—then Sally and I had each a doll, and Robert used to make ships, and put sails to them, and give them names;—and in the summer how many happy schemes we had! As long as I live I shall remember those schemes; but as I

cannot describe all of them to you, because I shall not have room in my little book, I will tell you of one in particular.

It was the middle of June; and when we awoke one morning we remembered that it was little Sally's birth-day. We got up in haste, and, running to our papa and mamma, we said, "It is Sally's birth-day, and the birds are singing, and the sun shining, and the flowers smelling very sweet, may we have a scheme?" We always used to call our pleasant days in the woods and fields—a scheme.

"What sort of scheme would you have, my little ones?" replied our kind papa; "one with me, or one without me?"

"Oh, papa," said Robert, "a scheme with you and mamma, if you please; we are so safe and happy when you are with us, and when you are away we are not safe, and we are not happy. Please, papa and mamma, to be with us if we may have a scheme—we are not satisfied when we do not see you, dear papa and mamma."

Our dear papa smiled; for he had taught us, that whilst we were little, our happiness, and our peace and good, depended on our delighting in his presence; as the happiness of the children of God depends on the presence of their heavenly Father; according to the words of the Psalm, xvi. 11., *in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.*

"Well, my beloved ones," said our father, "you shall have what you ask; be ready half an hour after breakfast, and we will have a scheme."

As soon as we had finished our bread and milk, we made haste to pack up what we thought we might want in our little baskets. Robert carried his knife and some string, and a volume of Robinson Crusoe, with some other odd things, such as boys always have

about them; and Sally and I packed up our dolls and some penny books, and needles and threads, and some bits of silk and linen; and then, when we were quite ready, we went down into the hall, and found our parents there, each with their baskets, and out we set.

The dew had not dried up from the leaves and the herbs when we passed through the garden gate to go towards the wood; but we had not gone far before our great dog Cæsar came after us, with a basket tied upon his neck, for Cæsar was always with us when we had a scheme, and it was Cæsar who carried our dinner, for which he was always rewarded by having his share.

Well do I remember the delightful feelings which we used to have on such occasions as these, when we got fairly out into the fields and woods; we did not go straight forward, but we ran this way and that way, before and behind our parents, to the right and to the left, as far as we would, being only bound by one condition, which was—that we were never to go out of our father's sight; this was a rule which had been long fixed, and which we all knew; and so settled was it upon our young minds, that in the midst of a race or a game of play, we used often to stand still, and to look towards the place where our parents were; and then having seen them, and perceived that their eyes were upon us, we would begin to play and run again with new delight.

We could never think that there was harm or danger when the kind eye of our father was upon us; and so, in after life, there can neither be harm nor danger when we are so acting as that our God may look upon us with approbation. And although we cannot actually see the face of our God, (for no man hath seen God at any time) yet we always can tell, by the means of our hearts and consciences, when our

dear heavenly Parent is making [illegible] and this we may be sure of—that when we would rather [illegible] did not see what we are doing, that we are doing what is not right;—but to go on with my story.—

We went on, and we came to the large wood which I spoke of before, and then we entered into a shadowy walk, and proceeded till we came to the head of a dingle (now a dingle is a deep, narrow valley), and then we went down into the dingle, and came to the brook, which we passed over by a wide wooden bridge; and when Robert and I got into the middle of the bridge, (for our papa and mamma were behind us,) we began to jump upon the planks, or long pieces of wood, of which the bridge was made, and were vastly pleased because the boards sprung under us, and invited us to jump higher; but we were under our father's eyes, and he called loudly to us to leave the bridge: for the boards were decayed, and if we had broken them, we should have fallen into the brook. So we ran off the bridge to the other side, and there we stood waiting for our parents.

Our dear papa was not angry with us for jumping upon the bridge, because we had left off doing it the moment we had heard his voice; but he pointed out the danger of it, and shewed us how (if we had broken the planks) we should have fallen into the brook.

Little Sally cried when she thought how Robert and Mary might have fallen into the water and been drowned, but she began to smile again before her tears were dry. So we went on a little, and came to an open place in the wood; about ten yards farther, and before us, was a little green mound all encompassed, excepting in front, with beautiful high trees. At the top of the mound was a sort of natural arbour, formed of wild honeysuckles, and there our dear pa-

dear heavenly Parent is looking favourably upon us; and this we may be quite sure of—that when we would rather God did not see what we are doing, that we are doing what is not right:—but to go on with my story,—

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Engd by W.H.Lizars

There our dear parents sate themselves down upon the old stump of a tree; and our Mother took out her work and my Father his book and the basket was taken from Cæsar.

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rents sate themselves down on the old stump of a tree, and our mother took out her work, and my father his book, and the basket was taken from Cæsar; and, I dare say, the poor dog was very thirsty from the exercise, for he ran down to the brook to lap some water as soon as his burden was taken from him.

"And now," said my dear father, "now, my little ones, you may amuse yourselves; you may go any where in my sight, but not an inch beyond it. Remember, my beloved ones, that the presence of the father is the safety of the child. Whilst you are very young, you must look to me, my little fair ones, to be your guide and protector; and it must be my business to lead you to that blessed God who will be your friend when I am no more. When you remember this day, which I trust will be a happy one, and think how you enjoyed yourselves whilst I and your dear mother looked down upon you from this our pleasant seat, you will be admonished to *lift up your eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh your help,* Psalm cxxi. 1. But be it remembered by you, my children, that as the time will come when the eyes of your earthly father can be no longer upon you, and that, as even now, it must often happen that you are withdrawn from my sight, yet that you never can escape the searching eye of your heavenly Father, as it is written, *if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee,*" Psalm cxxxix. 8—13.

"Endeavour then, my beloved ones, so to act that the eye of God may be ever turned to you, in kind-

ness, for you cannot escape that eye, my children; and if it is dreadful to you for me to look angrily upon you, how much more terrible would it be to have the eye of your Maker fixed upon you in displeasure! But God grant that this may never be the case, my children."

Our beloved father then gave us leave to amuse ourselves in any way we pleased, and the next minute we set ourselves to plan our little pleasures.

And first, we made a hermitage, with moss and stones, and I made a hermit to put into it with a little piece of cloth and some black silk; and then, when this was done, Robert got out his knife and some bits of sticks, and made a little boat, with a mast and sails, the rigging being of coarse thread; and whilst he was thus employed, I read aloud.

We were sitting on the grass; the birds were singing, and the bees were humming, and the waters rippling; and little Sally looked in my face, and wondered at the marvellous things I was reading about, for it was the account of Robinson's Crusoe's parrot, and the wonderful manner in which he had taught the poor bird to repeat his name, in order that he might hear something like a human voice in that solitary desert.

At one o'clock our dear parents called us to dine upon what Cæsar had brought; and after dinner, because the sun was then quite off the glade, we amused ourselves by more active games. Robert was a hare, and we were hounds; and then again, he was a wolf, and we were sheep; and we ran and screamed till the woods rang again with our playful cries, and the very echoes of the valley began to join in our cries. From time to time, however, our father called to us, cautioning us not to be too rough with each other, and bidding us avoid such and such parts of the glade, where we might by chance injure ourselves with the

thorny brakes, or the rough stones which lay concealed among the moss; and thus our father's presence was our protection, and we were kept in safety, and our happiness and sense of security were increased by the consciousness of that presence.

At length, however, having run ourselves out of breath, we sate down near the bottom of the glade, not very far from the bridge and the brook; and there, whilst we were sitting quietly, in order to recover ourselves, we heard a voice calling to us from over the water, and, looking the way from which the voice came, we saw Master Billy and Miss Maria.

"Robert," said Billy, "come here; I want you to see how I can make these pebbles spin along the water, just as if the brook were frozen."

"I must not come, Billy," replied Robert; "papa and mamma are on the hill, and we must not go out of their sight: if you want me, you must come to me."

"Not go out of their sight! What is the use of that?" asked Master Billy. "Don't be a fool, Robert;—how am I to spin the pebbles from where you sit? Come this way only just to the bridge; one would think you were only two years old, and in leading strings still." And then he turned to his sister, and set up a loud laugh, adding, "I say, Maria, he's afraid of getting out of his father's sight; —a'nt he a great baby?"

"I don't like him to laugh at me," remarked Robert, looking very red.

"Well, but won't you come?" said Master Billy. "Oh! you are afraid of papa being angry:—why don't you get mamma to tie you to her apron string, like a pair of scissars? What are you afraid of?"

Robert looked more angry; and I, seeing his anger, took upon me to answer, and said, "You are a naughty boy, Master Billy, to try to persuade Robert

to do what papa has bid him not do. We are safe and happy when papa's eye is upon us, and we are not so safe when papa is not looking at us; and Robert will not go to you, and so you need not call him."

"You are not to say that my brother is a naughty boy, Miss," said Maria; "he is as good as your brother, I am sure, and much better too; and he is not such a baby neither; he may go where he pleases, and do what he pleases; he is not afraid of being out of his papa's sight."

"I am not afraid," said Robert, getting up from the bank where he had been sitting; "I am not to say afraid of any thing; only I know that when papa is looking at me whilst I am at play, that I shall not do any thing very wrong, and that makes me happy."

"Do hear him!" cried Master Billy, who by that time was come with his sister as far as the middle of the bridge. "Do hear him! He is not afraid, and yet he is afraid! Pretty little Master, he does not dare to go out of his father's sight, and yet he is eight years old!"—And the naughty boy stood in the middle of the bridge, defying poor Robert, and daring him to come to him, repeating his taunting expressions, till my brother, being overcome by passion, sprang forward, and running beyond his bounds, rushed to meet William, saying, "Get off the bridge, this minute; you shall see whether I dare."

"I shall not go back a step, Master Robert," said Billy; "here I stand, touch me if you dare."

I cannot say who began the battle; but the next minute the two boys were at high blows in the middle of the bridge, whilst every plank groaned and cracked under their feet. Maria, who was also on the bridge, ran back to the other side; and little Sally and I made the woods ring with our cries. Cæsar, at the

same time, sprang up from his place at my father's feet, and came bounding down towards the water, and my father was after him and with us almost as soon; but not so soon, but that the mischief which might be expected was complete,—the bridge had given way in the middle, and the two boys were struggling in the water under its ruins.

All this had been brought about almost in less time than I have taken to speak of it. And our father and Cæsar had scarcely come up when they dashed into the water, and, whilst Cæsar was dragging my brother to the land, my father helped out the other boy, and set him on the opposite bank, bidding him go home with all speed.

My father then carried my brother over the brook, for Cæsar had brought him out on the wrong side; and then, advising my mother to return home with us by the way of another bridge, which was at least half a mile below, he walked straight home with my brother; and there was an end, for that day, of that scheme which had begun so pleasantly.

Sally and I walked home very silently with our mamma; and when we got home, we found our papa sitting in his study, by a fire, and poor Robert in a corner of the same study, placed on a stool, and looking very unhappy;—they had both changed their clothes.

"I hope you have not caught cold, my dear," said my mother.

"I think not, my love," replied my papa; "and I hope Robert will also escape: but Robert is not to be spoken to till to-morrow; he has been disobedient, and he is sorry; he asked me, very humbly, that he might not be sent out of my sight, and I am pleased with him, because he had rather be with me, though I am angry, than be parted from me. I hope, when he is a man, that should he ever feel that he has

justly offended his God, he will rather cling to him, though angry, than endeavour to fly from him. Dreadful is the state of that creature, who, like Cain, would desire to fly from the presence of his God."

Our mother did not answer; but little Sally and I both knelt at our father's feet, and begged for our brother; and Robert knelt too, in his corner, for he did not dare to come near to us; and after a little while, our dear papa granted our petition, and pardoned his little boy. But the events of that day were ever fixed upon our minds, and the lesson which they were calculated to convey was never forgotten by us, namely, that if little children are most safe and happy in the presence of their parents, so persons in advanced life should ever seek to be present in spirit with their heavenly Father, and to make this their perpetual prayer, (Psalm li. 11.) *Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.*

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

PREFACE.

The Mountain Ash is a true story, and shews how the father of Marten and Mary was enabled, in one respect, to be a faithful type of the Father of all men: "for the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth for ever," Psalm c. 5. When we look into the Bible we may find numbers of the most

beautiful promises given to those who are brought to love the blessed Saviour; these promises will not be accomplished in their full extent in our present state of being, but they will be fulfilled to those who are made to receive them, when our blessed Saviour returns in glory.

That which the tender father promised and gave to Marten, viz. the bough of Mountain Ash with its coral berries, has long faded and perished; and the hand of that beloved parent who gave the bough to Marten has lain cold in the grave for forty years; "for all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever," 1 Peter i. 24, 25.

In a certain county of England, whose name I do not choose to tell, there is a valley which has not its superior throughout the world. There are banks which in spring are covered with violets, and woods where cuckoos sing, and little grey squirrels frisk in deep shades, and waterfalls glisten and sparkle in solitary glens, and cowslips fill the air with their sweet smell, and lofty hills shut out all the rest of the world, seeming, as it were, to lift up their own proud heads as high as the region of the clouds. There is a river also, which runs along the bottom of that valley, which often hides its stream behind rows of silver willows, and again comes out to view among meadows

filled with cattle, and sprinkled by daisies, butter-cups, and marsh-marigolds, with their large bright flowers and polished leaves.

Marten and Mary lived in that valley when they were little children. Their papa's house stood under a wood; there was a green lawn before it, and a beautiful shadowy dell on the left hand of it. If you would like to see the picture of this house, there it is in our first page.

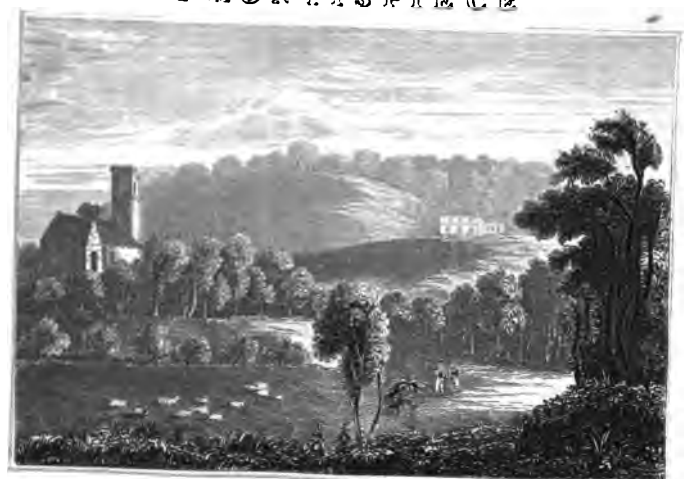
I have seen Marten and Mary's papa and mamma; it is more than fifty years since I first saw them: if they were alive now, they would be very old; but they are now in heaven. I know that they are in heaven, because they trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ, and no one who ever trusted in him is cast out of heaven, for it is written, John vi. 37. *him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.*

These good parents brought up their children to obey them in every thing, although they denied them nothing that was really for their good. I know Marten and Mary very well, and I hear them often speak of their happy early days, and of their dear father and mother who are now in heaven.

Marten has many pleasant stories to tell of those days; and the last time I saw him, he told me a story which I put down on paper, thinking that you would have great delight in knowing what it is.

When Marten was five years and a half old, and Mary one year younger, their dear papa and mamma invited them to walk out with them one fine evening in the autumn. The trees had not yet dropped their leaves, and the birds had not yet finished their summer song, and the little squirrels and dormice had not yet shut themselves up in their holes for the winter; so the woods were still very pleasant and gay; and, I dare say, that Marten and Mary were very happy when they were told that they were to take a long walk.

FRONTISPIECE



The House of Marten & Mary's Papa.

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Marten and Mary saw the kind looks of their dear papa and mamma, and they began to skip like little lambs upon the high piece of ground on which they were standing, and Cæsar yelped with joy, for he was young and happy then. But Marten, and Mary, and Cæsar, did not stay in that place till their papa and mamma came near; they had only got a very little way up the high hill which they had to climb; so they took another run, and a long run it was; and when they stopped to look round the next time, they were in a very high place; and the bridge, and the waterfall, and the trees about it, were very far below them, and their papa and mamma looked very small, as people do when they are at a distance.

"And now," said Marten, "if I had a pair of wings, I would fly over those woods, and sit down on the top of those hills which are very far off. Oh! I wish I had wings."

"And so do I," said Mary; "I should like to have wings; I should like to be a bird."

"No, but I should not," replied Marten, "because birds have no souls; birds will not go to heaven when they die."

Then Mary wondered when she heard Marten talking so wisely; and Marten said, "When you are older, you will understand these things better, Mary; papa told me that birds and beasts have no souls, but that we have souls; and that, if we love our Saviour, we shall go to heaven; and there, I dare say, that we shall be like the angels in the picture book, and have wings; and then, Mary," added Marten, "we will fly faster than any bird." And Marten gave a great jump, and took another run, and Cæsar and Mary went with him, and they got to a still higher place, and a very fine place it was: I wish I could bring you to see it; but as I can not, you must be content to look at the picture.

The Bridge Hills &c.

It is a most agreeable thing to sit in a very high place, and look down on fields, and brooks, and lawns, and woods, below one's feet. We can fancy in the sabbath of the millenium, the Shepherd King sitting on a hill, and looking with pleasure and delight on the happy world spread around him, and the peaceful dwellings of the people whom he has bought with his blood.

Now, in that place to which Marten and Mary were come, was a very tall and beautiful tree, spreading its boughs far and wide, so as to make a very nice shade; so the little ones sate down under the tree upon the soft grass, and Cæsar sate by their side.

Whilst Marten, and Mary, and Cæsar, were sitting under that shady tree, they saw their papa and mamma come slowly up the hill; sometimes they were almost hid by the trees, and sometimes they came quite into sight: Marten and Mary loved them very much, as they watched them coming up the hill.

When their papa and mamma were come up, they sate down also under the tree; and whilst they were sitting there, Marten looked up among the branches, and saw some very beautiful red berries, hanging in bunches among the boughs.

"What are those berries?" said Marten; "Are they the same as those which make Mary's necklace?"

"No, my little boy," replied the papa; "Mary's necklace is made of coral beads. Coral grows in the sea, but these are only seeds or berries; this tree is a mountain ash, and these beautiful berries serve for food for the little birds, when there is no other food for them."

Marten talked about these berries till his papa and mamma were quite rested, and then they set out again.

Now, they were not yet near the top of the hill;

they had a great way to climb, and their path lay through an intertangled coppice. Do you know what an intertangled coppice is? A coppice is a wood of low trees, and brambles, and bushes, all mixed together, and tangled like a skein of silk when you cannot find the end. There were jagged roots which ran across the path, and dried leaves and stumps, which made it difficult to get along for old people, but not for Marten, and Mary, and Cæsar. They were at the end of the path very soon, and then they were on the very top of that high hill which they used to see every day from their papa's parlour; and there they found a wide square field filled with cowslips, and from thence they looked over the whole of the country around them, and their papa's house seemed to be a great way down below them.

When Marten's papa and mamma came up to this high field, the papa shewed his children a narrow path, through woods, which ran along the brow of the hill, and told them they might run along this path till they came to a gate at the end of the wood; and there, he said, you must wait till we come up.

So Marten and Mary took another run, and Cæsar ran with them; and they went so quickly along the wood, that they very soon came to the gate at the end of the trees. I have put the picture of this gate in this place. You see what a high gate it is; it is called a five-barred gate.

Marten and Mary looked through the bars of the gate, and saw a hill, and another wood, and a red house in that wood, and corn fields, and meadows, and many pleasant things: and Cæsar jumped over the gate, and ran forward, and then came back again, and put his nose through the bars for Marten and Mary to pat his yellow head.

Then Marten tried to open the gate, for he saw his papa and mamma coming down the steep side of the

The Gate which Marten fell over

wood; and then, because the gate would not open, he began to climb upon it, and he got upon the first bar, and there was no harm in that; and then he got upon the second bar, and then he got upon the third bar, and then he called to Mary to get up by him; but she was busy with Cæsar, stroking him, and patting his head, and did not hear him. And then Marten got upon the fourth bar, and then on the very top of the gate; and there he stood, and began to shout and spread out his arms, as if they were wings, and his papa and mamma called to him; but he was shouting so loud, that he did not hear them. And he swung his arms still more, till he lost his balance, and down he fell on the out side of the gate, and his head struck upon a stone with such force, that he could neither move or cry.

But though Marten could not cry, little Mary screamed till she made all the woods ring again with her cries. "Oh! papa, papa," she cried, "Marten is killed! Marten is dead!" And the papa and mamma ran as fast as they could; but the papa got to the gate first, and he jumped over the gate, and lifted up his little boy. It was a sad sight to see how pale little Marten was; and his papa was dreadfully frightened when he found that he did not know him. He took him up in his arms, and walked home with him as fast as he could, whilst Mary and her mamma followed.

As Marten's papa was carrying his little boy home, he met a gentleman whom he knew very well, riding on horseback, and the gentleman was so kind as to gallop on to fetch the doctor.

When Marten was brought home, he was laid on a bed, and his temples were rubbed, and something given him to drink; I do not know what it was, but he did not get much better; and when the doctor came, he found him very ill, and his papa, and

mamma, and Mary, and Cæsar, all standing round him.

That evening had began very pleasantly, but it had ended in sorrow. We can never be sure that trouble will not come in this world; but in heaven we shall be quite sure that trouble will never come.

The reason that trouble comes in this world, is, because there is sin in this world. There will be no sin in heaven; so there will be no trouble there. How happy shall we be when we are all in heaven, with our dear Saviour! How good it was of him to come down from heaven to die for us, that we might live for ever!

Marten's papa talked to his little boy about his dear Saviour, as he lay on his bed; he had often told him about him before that day. At last the doctor came, and he said that Marten must have something done to his head which would give him pain.

Marten did not like to have it done, for his head was very sore; but his kind papa told him that if he would have it done without crying, he would give him a whole bag full of blue beans.

"I would rather have some of those red berries which we saw to-day on the tree, papa," said Marten.

"Then you shall have them, my little boy," said his papa.

The doctor hurt Marten as little as he possibly could whilst he was doing that thing to his head; and then Marten was much more easy, and fell asleep, and had a good night; and the next morning he was so much better, that his papa and mamma were quite easy about him, though he was forced to lie in bed; but Mary sate on his bed, and shewed him pictures, and his mamma came to see him every now and then.

That same day there came a letter about business to Marten's papa. Grown up people always have

business; little children do not know what business is. But this business, which was in the letter, was of so much consequence, that Marten's papa was obliged to take a long journey, and to be away for several weeks.

Whilst he was gone, Marten got quite well again, for his mamma took very great care of him; but in that time the fine weather went away, and frost came, and the poor birds, having no other food, were obliged to eat the berries which were upon the trees and bushes. The frost passed away, however, before Marten and Mary's papa came back, and the weather was become warmer again. It was a very pleasant sight for Marten's papa, when he had done all his business, and was come home again, to see little Marten with the roses in his cheeks, and looking quite well.

"How good God is to make little Marten well again!" said his papa, as he lifted him up to kiss him. "How very good our heavenly Father is!"

It was then that Marten reminded his papa of the berries of the mountain ash, which he had promised him when he was ill.

"I have been in towns and places where there are no mountains, and no ash trees, my little boy," said his papa; "but now that I am come back, I will get some berries for you, if they are to be had."

Marten was quite satisfied, and very happy, because his papa was come home.

How pleasant it is for a little child to see his parents again, when they have been away a long time!

The next morning Marten's papa went to the mountain ash, to gather the berries; but the birds had eaten them all up; there was not one on the tree.

The good papa then went all over the wood to find some of these berries, but they were all gone; there

were none in all that wood; so he came home, and the next morning he had his horse got ready, and he rode a great many long miles, looking for a mountain ash tree with the berries on it. At last he found one, and he gathered a great many berries, and brought them home to Marten.

Little Marten did not know, at that time, how much trouble his papa had taken to get those berries; but when he was a little older, his mamma told him all about it; and she told Mary too: and she said, "Marten, you see that when your dear papa makes a promise, he will take the greatest pains in the world to keep his promise; and this is the reason wherefore he desires to keep his word, it is because he is a child of that dear Saviour who never departs from his holy word, but performs every thing which he has promised to his people; and you must learn from him never to promise any thing which you do not intend to perform." Then she shewed him a verse in the Bible, Psalm xv. 4. *He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.*

Marten is an old man now, but he has never forgotten the story of the mountain ash; and every body knows that Marten never makes a promise, which he does not endeavour to keep to the best of his power.

MY GODMOTHER.

PREFACE.

My Godmother is a pleasant little story, and shews that parents, in seeking sponsors for their children, would do wiser, in seeking them for heavenly reasons, than because they are great and rich. But God was better to the little girl than her proud mother, and provided for her a friend in that beautiful house in the wood, such as she would not have found in the worldly godmother, who had been provided for her. From this story you may learn, that what we think to be misfortunes and troubles, often prove to be great blessings to us; "for the Lord will not cast off for ever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies; for he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; to crush under his feet all the prisoners of the earth," Lam. iii. 31—34.

My Godmother was a very old lady when I was born, insomuch so, that two years after my birth she became so infirm, that she never afterwards left her house, excepting to crawl to the bottom of her garden, leaning upon her stick, in some fine summer's day. As she was old, so she was also poor; no one ever

told me by what accident she became so poor, for she was not born in poverty, and had by her many vestiges of old magnificence; of these, however, I will speak by and by.

My parents knew very little of her; they were high people, and lived in some state. It was not till late in life that they were brought to the knowledge of the Redeemer. I thank my God, however, that they did not depart this world in unbelief; this reflection is sweet to me, beyond all that I can express: but the state of my parents has no farther to do with my story than to prove that they took little care to bring me up in the ways of holiness.

I had several brothers and sisters, some older some younger than myself, and this was again in my favour; for had I been an only child, I should probably have been too carefully watched, to allow of my deriving that benefit which through the divine mercy I was enabled to do, by the seemingly accidental connection which was formed between me and my godmother.

But my reader will say, if your parents were high people, and your godmother in obscurity, how happened it that they did not choose some more exalted person to be your sponsor?

I will relate the circumstance: by some it may be called a work of chance, by others an arrangement of a tender Providence. I was born in the beginning of summer many years ago, and when I was six weeks old, a day was appointed for my christening, and two noble ladies and a noble lord were invited to be present and stand for me at the font.

Great were the preparations for this day, and when all the family were assembled, and the baby dressed in cambric and point, and wrapped in her satin mantle, my lord and one of the ladies being arrived, and the carriages being all in readiness to drive to the door, for we lived in a large mansion far from the church,

a difficulty arose respecting the other and the greatest lady, who, notwithstanding an assurance which she had given, that she would positively be present, neither came or sent. Every one was in a fidget; the clergyman was waiting in the church, the dinner was all in readiness, the baby in its highest beauty and in its deepest sleep. But the offence was marked: the countess had been known to shew these airs aforetime; yet my parents had thought that she would not have exhibited them to people of their consequence in society.

Such was the state of things when the person who was afterwards my godmother was ushered into the drawing-room; the kind old lady had heard of my birth, and had taken one of her best days, for she was getting infirm even then, to pay her compliments to my mother, and to express her hope, (and hope with her was not allied to doubt,) that God would bless the little stranger; and because she did not presume to offer a gift which the world might count more precious, she had brought some of the most beautiful flowers from her small garden to present with her blessing to the little one.

And thus she entered dressed in her only remaining gown of better days, better, I mean, as to the world's opinion; it was a green watered silk, consisting of a petticoat and train, the last of which was looped up behind, a well saved apron of clear muslin, trimmed with lace, and a black mode cloak and bonnet finished her equipment. She came courtesying in, under the modest shade of deep humility; that manner was, however, apparent, which cannot be mistaken and cannot be assumed, viz. the manner of one who had been early accustomed to polished society.

She was already slightly known to my parents, and lost no time in explaining her errand; and the baby being brought forward to her, she kissed me tenderly,

and laying the flowers on my feet, she pronounced a blessing on me with a fervency of devotion, and tenderness of manner, which brought tears into every eye.

She was then withdrawing, when my lord ——— having whispered something to my father, and received his approbation, extended his hand to her, and said, "Madame, we are disappointed of one of our sponsors, and as we feel that the little baby could not easily be provided with one more anxious for its welfare than yourself, I am empowered by my friend to request you to take the vacant seat in the carriage which is to convey us to the church."

The old lady looked at my mother and at my father, as if doubting what was right; and then, as if her mind had been suddenly made up, she smiled, and permitted herself to be led away by my lord; and thus she became my godmother. Having taken the place at the font by the other godmother, she was, of course, invited to dinner, and was sent home in my lord's carriage before the close of the evening.

My mother has told me since, that, when all was over, she was much vexed at this transaction; she thought it would make a curious tale; she wished it had not been, and charged my lord with having been too brisk and forward in the business; and such being her feelings, my godmother was thought little more of, but being withdrawn to her own home, to which she was soon afterwards entirely confined by infirmity, her name was never mentioned, and I had attained my sixth year without even knowing that there was such a person in existence as this lady; not that my dear godmother had forgotten me, far from it, for she had sent many little notes to my mother, with nosegays of her best flowers, and earnest entreaties that I might be permitted to pay her a visit.

My dear mother, when her heart was turned to her God, told me all these things, pointing out to me, at the same time, the effect of pride in hardening the heart of one creature against another, and even against that sort of interest which may be appreciated by worldly people; for my mother could have lost nothing by permitting me to visit my godmother, who, though in poverty, was a perfect lady, and she might have gained some small advantages. Such, however, was the case when I attained my sixth year. I was then a little, curly headed, merry thing, and because my eyes were of a particularly dark, and I may now say, without vanity, a brilliant blue, my father called me Violetta, and by that name I was universally known.

I had two sisters older by several years than myself, and it happened at this time that my mother sent them to a boarding school; and as my brothers also were at school, I was the eldest left at home, and as those in the nursery were quite babies, I used often to walk out alone with the maid who had the care of me.

Her name was Sally, and I was very fond of her; I do not remember that she ever used her influence to lead me to any thing which was wrong, for in those days, that is more than half a century, the lower classes had vastly more respect for their betters than they now have; and if we do not yet comprehend how this principle affects the good of society in general, and of private families in particular, I fear that we shall soon be made to feel this by direful experience.

It was one fine morning in May, when the hawthorn was white and fragrant in the hedge row, whilst the cuckoo was singing in the woods, and every gale was embalmed with the odour of blossoms, that Sally and I walked out to wear away a long

ter for them not
nicely dressed. Now,
she need not be dressed
over; and as Betty knows the
must help the cook, and you mus
her just while they are dishing the
moving the courses."

"I hope then, that Miss Susan will do
bid," said the nurse; "and if Miss Constanc
she will take care of Miss Bell."

"Constance, indeed!" said Mrs. Burton
depend on her, I beseech you; she is you
Susan."

"No, Ma'am," said the nurse; "no,
sha'n't depend on her. I only meant to
being strange like, would try to be agr
Miss Bell and she"—

"Well," said Mrs. Burton, "you
trust, to what I say; and Betty nee
just whilst they are changing the cou
There were a great many fine ladie
who came that day to dine at Mr
dinner was to be at six o'clock, and
stance was brought into the nurser
All little children are pleasan
they are dressed clean, and are l
and Constance was always nea
kind. As soon as she came into
round and kissed every body, a
nurse, if she might bring in
flowers, which she had brou
fields around her papa's house
leare, she emptied all the flow
nursery, and sate down amon
who was quite delighted wit
of pulling them to pieces.
"These are cowslips, li

"and these are buttercups, pretty buttercups, which make the milk yellow and sweet. These are sweet violets, sweet violets for little Bell; and these are daisies, pretty white daisies, that look like stars, and I will make Bell a cowslip ball." And thus the little girl went on talking to her favourite cousin, whilst the eyes of the lesser one quite watered with wonder and delight.

In the meantime Betty was combing and curling Miss Susan's hair, and changing her shoes and stockings, the nurse being engaged with the baby; and thus the time wore on, till the cook, putting her red face in at the door, said, "Now, Betty, now, come."

"No, no," said Susan, "Betty must stay to finish dressing me."

"You are not to have your frock on, Miss Susan," said Betty, "till the dinner is gone out of the parlour."

"But I must," said Susan. "Betty, you shall not go."

Betty pulled her apron out of Susan's hands, for she had taken hold of it, and ran out of the nursery; on which, the little girl attempting to follow her, the nurse was forced to bolt the door, and drawing her back, she made her sit down by her, giving her a lump of sugar to keep her quiet. Little Charles, who was dropping asleep just as the nurse was forced to get up to bolt the door, began to cry at the same moment, and little Bell, being alarmed at the bustle, threw down her flowers, and joined in the cry.

"Do, Miss Constance, try to keep her quiet," cried the poor nurse, "or I shall go out of my senses with one thing and another; do, there is a dear young lady."

"I will, nurse, I will," replied the little girl. "She begins to be tired of throwing the flowers about, but I have thought of something new,"—and with

I was a little thing then, and as children never consider whether it is, or is not, proper to indulge their curiosity, I no sooner saw the lady than I slipped my hand from Sally's, and ran up to her, standing before her about the distance of a yard, and making a courtesy, as I had been taught to do to all strangers.

The old lady closed her large book, and smiling very sweetly, she put out her hand and said, "My little lady, I am very glad to see you, though I do not know your name; so you are come out this fine morning to see the works of God in this his beautiful world, and I am come out too to enjoy the same," and she invited me to sit down, and made room for Sally by her side, speaking most kindly to her, "and you must come in too," she added, "and take some refreshment; you have had a long walk no doubt;" and all this she did and said without knowing who we were, but Sally presently informed her, thanking her at the same time for her kindness. She had, however, no sooner heard my name, than she turned and caught me in her arms, kissing me even with tears, saying, "and is it my own little godchild whom I now see, and whom I have so long desired to see; my own little girl, for whom I have been so often led to pray?"

"They call me Violetta, Ma'am," I said; "but why do you call yourself my godmother?" She then related as much of the story which I have told you, as she thought right, and, taking Sally's arm, she led us to the house, where she had lodged for many years with an old farmer whose wife waited upon her. I shall not describe more of the house than my godmother's parlour; it was the room on the right hand of the porch; it had a large oriel window which had a step up to it; it was wainscoted, and had a polished oaken floor; in one corner of the room was an old japan cupboard, all gilt, and having many colours. I

Engraved

MY GODMOTHER.

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thought it very grand. There was a famous Dutch clock at another end, in which there were little figures, which came out and struck the hour upon hammers; Oh! it was a wonderful clock. There were many figures in Dresden china on the mantel shelf, and over it a portrait of a young man in a military dress, above which were crossed a sword and musket. I never knew the history of that picture, but my godmother sometimes looked at it, till a tear came into her eye; there was a book case too in that parlour, and many books, and a cabinet full of old curious things, such as rings, and brooches, and silver cream jugs, and spoons, and buckles, and old pocket books, and tweezer cases, but I did not see these treasures at that time.

So we were brought into the parlour, and bread and honey and milk set before us, and I eat and wondered, and thought I would come again if mamma would let me; but before we took leave, my godmother taking me before her, and holding both my hands, gave me my first lesson upon religion. It was of God she spoke, trying to make me understand the first principles of revelation, viz. the nature of God, the Trinity in Unity, and the work of that blessed Trinity in restoring lost mankind. If I did not take it all in, there was one present who was enabled in a wonderful manner to receive much of it, and this was Sally. I could not tell what made Sally wipe her eyes many times whilst my godmother was talking to me; I thought that the old lady was saying something to frighten us. I did not then understand how the eyes sometimes run down with tears when the individual is first brought to admit a view of redeeming love; but it was through the divine mercy, as testified to me, that Sally was thus touched, for she thus became the means of exceeding good to her little nurseling, repeating again and again to me

many things which my godmother had said; and she did more, for when we got home, she told my mother where we had been; this indeed she did by the express desire of the old lady, and begged permission to take me again to see the nice lady. I was present when this request was made, and when my mother seemed to be slow in granting Sally's request, I began to cry, for I was a little petted thing, and would not be appeased till my mother gave way and said, "Well, Sally, as you say she is quite a lady, I suppose it will not harm the child to visit her sometimes; to be sure she stood for her at the font, and she owes her a duty, and when you go, fail not to take her some little present from the dairy or hothouse." Thus permission was given by my indulgent mother for that which I desired, and from that time for six years, for so long my godmother lived, I never failed to visit her three or four times a week.

It was my beloved godmother who was made the means first of leading Sally, and then myself, into the ways of holiness; it was my godmother who was used by God to render Sally the channel of large blessings to all who were afterwards connected with her, and who made me, as far as human instrumentality can go, such as I am, and such as I was in my early youth; though still vile indeed by nature, yet having that principle of life which rendered it impossible for me to be at rest or peace, till I had seen father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all near and dear to me, were as sensible of their lost condition by nature, and of the assurance of their hope in Christ as I now am myself; though I have fulfilled the years appointed for the life of man, beyond which all is but labour and sorrow, and am now, through infirmity, tottering on the very brink of the grave, and waiting, as it were, till the earth shall close over me, and my place shall remember me no more.

I conclude, my gentle reader, with this enquiry—"Was it chance which led my godmother to put on her best silk gown, in order to pay her compliments to my mother, on the morning of my christening?"

OBEDIENCE.

PREFACE.

PERHAPS you have never considered, my little reader, how curious it is, that people should come into the world so small and helpless as they do, and always provided (unless in casé of misfortunes, which will happen), with a father and a mother to supply all their wants, till they can take care of themselves. It is also wonderful to think how God has filled the hearts of all creatures with love for their little ones; so that even a donkey, almost the dullest of all four-footed creatures, will, they say, run through fire in order to assist its young ones when in danger.

Now think, if parents had not such feeling for their little ones, what would become of all the silly helpless young things which come into the world?

But whereas the love of parents for their young ones is ordained by God, so it is a law of God that children should obey their parents, and not only obey them, but honour them; and that not only whilst they are small and helpless, but when they grow up; and this law is given not only for the present good of the world, but in order that we may be led, first, to obey our father which is on earth, and then our Father which is in heaven; always considering, that He that is in heaven is to be obeyed before him which is on earth; that is, if our father which is on earth would have us to do any thing which is not pleasing to God, we are not to do it.

Now, in the present day, people are falling into two faults; the first is, that fathers and mothers do not force their children to honour and obey them whilst they are little; and the second is, that children do not use themselves to pay that respect and obedience to their parents that they did fifty years ago when I was a child.

They tell me, that it is not the fashion now for children to give their parents respectful titles, or to make haste to obey their commands; but as the fashions of this world ought not to be studied by holy children, especially when they are contrary to the commands of God, I trust that none of my readers

will fall into these habits of disrespect, but that they will continue to honour their parents, though at the risk of being called unfashionable.

The venerable Mr. Scott being one day asked, what particular means he had used to produce so good an effect upon his children, all of whom had turned out remarkably well, replied, I know of nothing very peculiar in my plans or systems, excepting that I made a point that it should be a settled matter before the fifth year of each child's life, who was to be the master,—the father or the son.

Had the unhappy Eli settled this matter in like manner with the excellent man above spoken of, his history would not now stand on record, after the lapse of three thousand years, as a warning (and one of the most awful nature) to all indolent and careless parents.

Would pious parents but consider, that during the infancy of their children they stand in the place, in some degree, of the Almighty, as it respects these children, and that their little ones ought to be taught to exercise towards them, during their infant years, that sort of faith and of entire dependance which must hereafter be transferred to God,—how much trouble would be spared to both. We are indeed taught that faith in Christ is the gift of God, and can only be exercised by regenerate persons, whilst filial piety in some respects may be felt by the natural man, and has often been exercised by the heathen; nevertheless, humanly speaking, we cannot doubt but that where the habit of obedience and respect is early enforced towards the earthly parent, the individual is more likely, than in opposite cases, to place his entire

and the children withdrew to a distant part of the room to get acquainted with each other in their own way. More than half an hour passed, during which period they were very quiet, but at length they began to make a noise, and as the little foreigner's voice was as loud as that of her cousins, both the mothers called to them at once to be less noisy.

The noise however proceeded, and indeed became louder, on which Celia again commanded silence, and Belinda repeated her orders. The noise however continued, though Lucy's voice was heard no longer: on which Celia's husband, whom we shall call Ernestus, rose from his seat, and going up to his children, reiterated his wife's injunctions in an angry tone, which produced a momentary silence, but only a momentary one, for he was scarcely seated again, before the uproar recommenced. On this Belinda called her daughter to her, made her sit at her feet, and told her not to move from where she had placed her.

The little creature being thus situated, remained perfectly quiet, admiring the flowers on the beautiful Brussel's carpet on which she was seated, and tracing their outlines with her fore finger. Celia and Belinda had many interesting questions to ask each other, and it was not therefore a little thing that disturbed their reciprocal enquiries; for a little while, therefore, their attention was withdrawn from the children, whose noise had now ceased, till suddenly Belinda felt Lucy moving from her feet, and perceived that Robert had got her by the arm to drag her away.

"My dear Robert," said Belinda, "you must not meddle with your cousin. She must sit still at my feet."

"Why must she?" asked Robert.

"Because I have ordered her so to do, my dear," replied Belinda.

"And why did you order her, aunt?"

"I never give reasons for what I do (to Lucy) my love," answered Belinda; "little children must obey their parents, and not ask for reasons."

"And why may not they ask for reasons?" said Robert.

"Because little children cannot understand all the reasons which their papas and mammas may have for giving them such and such orders, and the shortest and easiest way for papas and mammas, and little children, is, for parents to give their orders, and for little children to obey them, without asking questions." Robert made no answer to this, but gave Lucy another pull, on which Belinda took the little girl on her lap, and Robert being offended, pushed himself between his papa and mamma at the table.

Now there was seated at that tea-table a grave old gentleman, in a white wig, and this old gentleman had attended to all that had passed, and when he saw Belinda take Lucy on her lap, he said, "and so, Madam, I see you are for the old fashioned notions of implicit obedience; you are not for reasoning with an infant wearing a coral and bells."

"No, Sir," replied Belinda, smiling; "you must recollect that I belong to the army, where we find that a strict discipline saves a vast deal of trouble. I am not inclined to give reasons to infants who cannot understand them, but I wish so to act by my children that they may approve all my motives when they become parents themselves."

"Then you do not suppose," replied the old gentleman drily, "that that babe in your lap is able to appreciate the reciprocal duties of parents and children."

"She is able to appreciate the value of a slice of cake," replied Belinda, asking her sister's leave to give Lucy some plum-cake, on which the little girl

was meditating with deep anxiety; and here the discourse would have dropped, if Celia had not taken it up, remarking, that she was not entirely of the same opinion with her sister, respecting requiring implicit obedience from children, previous to convincing their reason, adding, that the obedience which is derived from the conviction of the will, is always more cheerful and more hearty than that which proceeds from a slavish feeling of necessity, appealing at the same time to her husband, for a confirmation of her assertion, who immediately brought forward certain authors, who have risen up in these latter days, to prove that Solomon was strangely mistaken, when he asserted, that foolishness was so bound in the heart of a child, as now and then to require the rod of correction in order to displace it. How long this discussion might have lasted, cannot now be ascertained, had it not been suddenly interrupted by Robert, who in repeating his attempts upon his little cousin, had crawled under the tea-table, and displaced one of the legs, on which one of the leaves began to give way, and the tea-urn had nearly slipped into the lap of the old gentleman above mentioned, had he not saved himself from farther injury, by receiving the hissing enemy on his open palms.

As soon as it was ascertained that the gentleman was not materially hurt, there was a general smile round the tea-table at the issue of the argument. Politeness however compelled every one present to keep their thoughts to themselves, and the conversation took another turn without loss of time.

The present specimen will probably suffice to shew our readers the manner in which Celia and Ernestus brought up their children. Whatever Belinda might think, she felt that any interference with her sister's plans would not have answered in her present situation as an inmate of the family, and she was the more

delicate in this matter, as she perceived that both her sister and Ernestus were extremely particular in never meddling with her management of her own little girl. In all other matters nothing could be more cordial and candid than the behaviour of the brother and his wife to their sister; notwithstanding which, Belinda could not witness without great pain the rebellious spirit of her nephew, and the weakness of his parents. Time however passed on—the winter months wore away, and spring appeared with all her flowers. Belinda began to observe with delight fresh roses blooming on the cheeks of her lovely Lucy, and to see the fair and gentle little creature begin to play and frisk around her, when she took her out to walk with her, to shew her the lambs, and place her hands for the first time on the primroses and violets, the eldest and not the least lovely daughters of our English summer.

About this time Celia and her husband went to a neighbouring town for a fortnight, taking Robert with them, and leaving Belinda with Lucy and Julia, in whose society this amiable woman promised herself more happiness than in the visit in which her brother and sister had pressed her to accompany them. Belinda had precisely those habits and that disposition which render grown people pleasing to children.

She was lively, could be playful and amusing at proper times; knew when to interfere, and when to let the little ones under her care proceed with their own pleasures; and was never fretful, but always decisive.

The fortnight she spent in the absence of her sister, was amongst the happiest of her life. She had been prepared for that happiness by an unexpectedly agreeable letter from her husband, with a hint that he might speedily return; and the calm and blameless tenor of these fourteen days, spent in no other

society than that of two little girls, the elder of whom was only four years old, was the very best which could be conceived for keeping alive the flame of pious gratitude which had been kindled by the reception of the colonel's letter.

She rose with the children at the dawn of day, and walked out with them whilst yet the herbs were wet with the dew of evening. She breakfasted early with them, and then taking one or other on her lap, gave them a short easy lesson, which continued only about ten minutes, and was renewed about four times in the day; the children were then permitted to play in the room, whilst their aunt read, or worked, or drew, or wrote. Belinda dined at an early hour with them, and again led them into the fields; and before bed-time she told them little stories, and taught them to pray, leading their young minds to the only source of perfect happiness. During those peaceful days, how many little holy lessons were insinuated, I could not pretend to say; for a pious mother, having her eye continually fixed on the goal to which she desires to lead her babes, cannot cease to warn and apprize her little heedless ones of every devious step; and inasmuch as love is the regulator of her conduct, it cannot be otherwise than that she should endeavour to direct their wanderings with a gentle hand.

Thus passed Belinda's happy days. But before we proceed in our history, it is our wish to insinuate a word of advice to young mothers, on a subject suggested by what has been written above. The time when children's hearts lie most open to parents and instructors, are the hours of relaxation; these are the occasions in which the evil one is commonly most busy, and the parent most off his guard. It can not be expected of the father of the family, whose occupations generally lie without, that he should be troubled with the noise of children when he returns to

his home; but the mother should make it a matter of principle to accustom herself, from the commencement of her becoming a mother, to that sort of mixed murmur which must exist in the room where children play. Let the writer of this little volume entreat every young mother to endeavour to acquire the habit, as soon as possible, of carrying on her studies, her needle-work, her family accounts, and her different occupations, in the presence of her children, and amid the bustle of the nursery or school-room. By this important habit, when duly attained, more benefits accrue than can be enumerated in the small space which our limits allow: but enough has no doubt already been said, to give a subject of meditation to many of those into whose hands this narrative may fall.

Belinda, during the first few days, had several slight contests with Julia, before the little girl could be made to understand that she would be obeyed. On one occasion, the two children being seated on the carpet, were going to cut their doll's hair, each of them having taken a pair of scissars from the work-table. Belinda perceived what they were about, although engaged with a book; and it was enough for her, as it respected Lucy, to say, "Don't do that; bring me the scissars;" but Julia thought proper to dispute the command as it related to herself. Belinda repeated her entreaty, on which the following short conversation ensued.

"Me will cut doll's hair," said Julia.

"It will not grow again as yours does," replied Belinda, trying what reason would do, as she knew that this was her sister's method with her children; "the doll is only a piece of wood, and the hair does not grow out of its head; it is sewn on."

"Doll is not wood," replied Julia, "doll is doll."

"But its hair does not grow out of its head," said Belinda.

"It does grow, and me will cut it," answered Julia.

"Naughty girl," said Lucy, "you must not say will."

"Me will say will, and me will cut the hair, me will," replied Julia.

"Mamma will not let you," whispered Lucy; "Mamma will make us be good."

Julia raised her dimpled hand, and slapped Lucy's face; on which Belinda rose, took the scissars and doll from her, and led her to the foot of the sofa, where the child having roared for two minutes, sobbed another minute, and cried softly and tenderly another, she stretched out her arms to her aunt, and was received with starting tears into her maternal arms.

This was the last quarrel, though not the first, that Belinda had with Julia, and happened on the third day of Celia's absence. The important matter was then settled between little Julia and her aunt, respecting which was to be the ruler; and how important that settlement was, will appear by subsequent events.

At the end of fourteen days, the family returned; they did not arrive till about six in the evening. Belinda ran to receive them at the carriage door, but was somewhat startled, on lifting little Robert down, at the inflamed appearance of his eyes, and the high colour of his cheeks. "Is Robert quite well?" she said to her sister, as soon as they had entered the drawing-room, and were preparing to sit down to tea.

"Not quite so," replied Celia, "he has been very sick in the carriage. I fear that he has eaten something which has not agreed with him."

"Had he not better have a little medicine immediately," said Belinda; "I think that one can never be wrong in cleansing the stomach, when there is any reason to think it is disordered."

"Medicine, that is physic," said Robert, "I won't have any."

"Nay, my dear," replied the mother, "is it not better, dear Robert, to take a little medicine than to be sick, and have pain in the head?"

"No;" replied Robert.

"But hear reason, my dear," and the mother argued very reasonably, under the supposition that she had a rational creature to argue with. Robert listened to his mother till she had finished her exordium, and then proceeded to devour a portion from a large plate of bread and butter which had just been set on the table.

In the meantime Julia, who for the last ten days had appeared to be the most amiable little creature in the world, had taken up her former character, and was beginning to take all possible liberties, being only slightly reproved by her mother, at the same time looking at her aunt, in the first place, to ascertain whether she would now dare to interfere; and in the second place, with a kind of triumphant expression, which seemed to say,—so now you will not venture to reprove me. Belinda felt hurt, for the sake of the dear child, whom she had already begun to love most tenderly; yet her attention was soon drawn from the little girl to her brother, for Robert, after having eaten a few morsels of bread and butter, was taken with another fit of sickness, and was carried to bed.

Celia went up with her son to the nursery, and came down in about an hour, saying, that he was better, and fallen asleep, and then began to relate the events of their journey; but as the mother did not ask Belinda's advice respecting her son, she was

rather delicate in offering it, though she ventured to recommend again a dose of physic.

The next morning Robert was very heavy and languid, and his mother seemed uneasy, and called her sister to look at him; the child was excessively dull, and he was at one time very hot, and at another seized with cold fits; there was also a general redness in the skin.

"I would certainly advise a doctor to be sent for," said Belinda; it must be some hours before he can be here, and in the meantime give a powerful dose of physic."

"I think I will," said Celia; and she hastened to prepare one, whilst Belinda stood looking at the child, and having no doubt but that his illness was merely the effect of a disordered stomach.

Celia soon returned with the draught, and a piece of sugar, to take after it; and giving the potion into her sister's hands, she approached her son, raised him in her arms, and addressing him with kindness, said, "Now, my Robert, be a good boy, take this medicine, and you shall have a nice lump of sugar."

"I won't, mother," replied Robert, "I won't take it."

"Nay, my dear boy," said Celia, "think how ill you are, and this will make you quite well."

"I won't take it, I won't have it," said the boy, "take it away."

It were too tedious to tell all that the mother urged to persuade her son to take the medicine; the contest ended, by Robert spilling half the medicine over his mother, and spitting out the other half, when forced by his aunt to take it into his mouth; and it was then settled that nothing more could be done till the doctor came, and the doctor did not arrive till sun-set, during which interval Robert's disease was continually gaining ground; and so much valuable time was

lest, which ought to have been used in weakening its virulence.

When the surgeon had seen the child, and felt his pulse, he instantly ordered a strong dose of medicine to be administered, saying, that this should have been done as soon as the child complained; on which the mother immediately hastened to compound a second dose, and without saying any thing of what had happened with regard to the first dose, brought it into the chamber, and asked the surgeon to present it to her son.

Though Robert seemed to be excessively heavy, yet he was perfectly aware of what awaited him; and he no sooner saw the cup in the surgeon's hands, than he exclaimed, "I won't have physic."

"But you must, my little man," said the surgeon, "you must either take this, or be very ill indeed."

"Then I will be ill," replied Robert.

His mother rebuked him for this, and the surgeon held the cup to him.

"I shan't take it," repeated the child.

"Yes, you will, my dear Robert, I am sure you will, my darling," said the mother.

"I won't then." We need not add who said this, on which the surgeon coloured, but did not speak. "I shall never get him to take it," said Celia, "he has such an aversion to medicine; what shall I do?" and the tears stood in her eyes.

"Take it he must, madam," said the surgeon. "Do you leave the room, and I, with the help of this lady, will make him take it, that is, if you do not wish to see him die."

Celia was too much alarmed to dispute what the medical gentleman proposed. She left the room, and after a violent opposition on the part of Robert, the surgeon and Belinda contrived to make the child swallow two-thirds of the medicine; but it was im-

possible to make him lie still after he had taken it, so as to assist the stomach in keeping it down. The child even strained to throw it up, and in less than two minutes his sheets and coverlid were all discoloured with it.

The surgeon walked to the window, saying, "he must have another dose of some sort;" and then added, for he was an old practitioner, and somewhat testy,—"If parents could see what I have seen of the fatal effects of humouring children, in cases of the occurrence of disease, surely they would not be so cruelly kind—so foolishly fond;" and then addressing Belinda,—"I can assure you, madam," he said, "that more children are lost in illness from the effects of the want of parental discipline, than by any other cause that experience can assign; but come, shew me your medicine chest, and let me try if I can not compound something which may deceive the palate of this wayward urchin; for, after all, he is a fine lad, and I should be sorry to see him continue long in his present state."

"What, Sir," said Belinda, "do you apprehend any danger?"

"Danger!" repeated the surgeon,—"the stomach is violently disordered, and if we don't relieve it there may be great danger."

The surgeon was more successful in his next attempt, for having mixed some powders in sweetmeat, he persuaded an old nurse of the family to present it, and the child being for *once* deceived, swallowed the powders in the sweetmeats, the nurse having implicated her veracity, by solemnly assuring the suspicious child that there was no physic in the spoon, but all sweet nice jelly for her darling boy.

The doctor then took his leave, promising to return by sun-rise, having another patient to visit very early in the morning, in the same direction, and ordering,

that nothing should be given to the child all night but barley water.

As he went out by the door he somewhat alarmed Belinda, by saying, "I thought I saw another child sleeping in the nursery; I would advise you to remove it, and keep it separate from the patient."

"What do you fear, sir?" said Belinda; "I can not precisely ascertain that there is any thing to fear," replied the old gentleman; "but it is a rule of mine never to allow a child who is well to remain in the same room with one who is sick."

On this hint, Belinda immediately went up into the nursery, and having informed her sister of what she was going to do, carried the sleeping Julia to her own apartment, and laid her by Lucy, in her own bed, where she left them for the night, being resolved to watch by her nephew.

Robert had a very uneasy night, and complained of his throat. He was excessively irritable, and frequently sick, and his fever increased every hour. It was evident to his mother and aunt that some sort of eruption had already appeared on his skin, and they both watched with impatience the dawn of day, as the forerunner of the return of the surgeon.

At length the surgeon came, and having carefully examined his patient, he said, "I have now little doubt that your son, madam, has the scarlet fever; but don't alarm yourself," (for Celia had burst into tears,) "he may do very well, it is a complaint incident to children; but he must be made to take his medicines, and to attend to my injunctions."

It was natural for Belinda, in addition to her own uneasiness respecting her sister and nephew, to think of her little Lucy, her only child, whose father was now so far away; and her apprehensions were greatly heightened, by one of the female servants, who (having slept in the room with Lucy and Julia,) with a

thoughtfulness not too common in persons of her station, came to apprize her mistress before the surgeon went, that the two young ladies had been restless during the night, and that Miss Lucy, though not yet awake, moaned very much, and was very hot.

Belinda flew to the bed-side of the little girls, and it may well be conceived what the feelings of this tender mother were, when she discovered that the report of the servant respecting her little girl was but too true. Lucy was still asleep, but her sweet face was flushed, and her dimpled hand burning hot. Julia too startled in her sleep, and moaned, and Belinda no longer doubted but that they were both affected with one and the same disease with poor Robert. When the surgeon came, he confirmed Belinda's worst fears, and Celia was summoned to the bed-side of the little girls, who by this time were thoroughly roused.

"What is the first step we must take, sir?" said Belinda, trying to restrain her feelings, and endeavouring to cast her cares on a tender Providence.

"A dose of medicine must be immediately administered," said the surgeon; "a great deal depends upon taking these things in time;" and Belinda immediately hastened to compound these medicines.

When she returned, she found that her sister had removed Julia into the nursery, naturally wishing to have both her sick children under her own eye. Belinda immediately dispatched a servant with Julia's portion, and sitting down on the bed by Lucy, who had again fallen into a state of stupor, roused her gently, and holding the cup to her, "My little girl," she said, "you must take this medicine." The surgeon, who had been watching the removal of Julia, returned at that moment, and stood still, as if anxious to ascertain that the medicine which he had prescribed was taken by the little patient.

Lucy being roused by her mother, started when she perceived the nauseous smell of the draught which was presented to her; and turned her head aside, saying, "Oh! No, dear mamma, no."

"My child, it must be taken," replied Belinda, gently, though decidedly; on which the little girl put both her hands to the cup, and drank its contents off at once, although she heaved a sigh more than once during the process.

"There's my little jewel," said the surgeon, smiling; and producing a ripe orange from his pocket, "and now for a bit of orange, and all will be well." The worthy man then gave some farther directions to Belinda, and returned to the nursery, where he found Celia still holding the cup to Julia, who was resisting all her entreaties to empty it. "No, me no take it. Me won't take it," said the lisping babe, who was farther gone in disobedience than in years. "Me won't have it;" and just as the doctor approached the bed, she succeeded in striking over the contents of the cup, and deluging the bed with its unsavoury contents.

"See, sir, see," said Celia, "I cannot get her to take it."

"But, madam, she must take it," thundered the doctor. "You must contrive to give it, or I will not answer for the consequences."

"Me won't have it, me won't have it," repeated Julia. "Go away, nasty man, me won't have it."

"Hush, my dear, my sweet child," said Celia soothingly; and winking at the doctor, "it shan't have any more nasty stuff;" and taking the surgeon aside, she asked, if something might not be so compounded with sweetmeat as to deceive the child.

The surgeon immediately repaired to the medicine chest, and with the help of the nurse, mixed up some

powders with a little treacle, of which Julia was very fond when in health; and the nurse, as the least suspicious person, was then sent up with the spoon into the nursery, whilst the mother and the surgeon followed, cautiously concealing themselves behind the curtains, where they had the satisfaction of hearing the following dialogue:—

The nurse first spoke. "Here, my darling—here, my pretty Miss. The naughty doctor shall not give my darling any more nasty stuff. Nurse won't let him come near my little beauty. Nurse is come to bring something nice to put the nasty taste out of her baby's pretty mouth. Nice sweet treacle in a silver spoon."

"Treacle in a silver spoon," repeated Robert, who had heard all that had passed from his bed. "Don't take it, Julia, there is physic in it."

"Physic! master Robert; physic in treacle, sweet nice treacle," said the nurse.

"Was not there physic in the sweetmeat you gave me last night, will you say there was not, nurse, will you?" retorted Robert.

"Physic in sweetmeat, master Robert, who ever heard of such a thing?" replied the nurse. "Did not you see the cook boil up the jam last summer, and did not you lick the stewpan?"

"And can't physic be put in after the sweetmeat is made," remarked Robert, as rationally as his parents could have wished; "and treacle too, and so, Julia, don't touch the spoon."

"Me won't have it, me won't have it," screamed Julia, trying to dash away the spoon which the nurse was approaching to her mouth; "Me won't take it, me won't take it."

At this minute the surgeon came forth from behind the curtain, and tried some arguments and entreaties; but the captious child would neither attend

to the one or the other, and the old gentleman feeling his anger rise, walked down stairs, followed by the weak mother, where, having given his directions in a very decided manner, he took his leave, promising to return in the afternoon.

The fever, which had seized the children, was attended with many malignant symptoms, and after a certain time the throats of all became inflamed and ulcerated. Robert and Julia had naturally finer constitutions than Lucy, who had been born in a hot climate, and was in consequence more liable to inflammation; hence this fever was worse for the first few days with her than with her little cousins: but there was one thing in her favour, she was *obedient;* there was no violent effort or irritating contest with her when desired to take medicine, or to gargle her throat. At first it was difficult to make this little creature understand how to gargle, and it was pitiable to witness the pains she took to learn; but when she had once learnt it, there was no farther trouble in making her do it, and then the peaceful and happy state of her mind was of the greatest benefit to her; and it was sweet to see how the pious lessons, which, from babyhood had been inculcated by her affectionate mother, at this time administered consolation to her tender mind.

"If I die, Mamma," she one day said to her mother, "I shall go to heaven."

"Do you think so, my love?" replied Belinda, restraining her emotions with difficulty.

"Yes," said Lucy, "because of our Saviour, who loves me, and who died for me." And then she spoke of heaven, and angels, and lying in her Redeemer's bosom, and being comforted by him; and she often called her mother to lie down by her, and hold her head on her breast, and talk to her about Christ and heaven; though for one or two days, at the height of

her fever, she hardly knew any one, and could not express herself articulately.

At length the worst seemed to be over with Lucy; her fever abated, and she slept with little interruption from midnight till dawn of day.

During the last forty-eight hours in which the life of Lucy had seemed as it were to hang by a hair, Belinda had been so wholly occupied that she could only inquire, from time to time, respecting the health of her sister's children, feeling herself more than ever depressed by the sad reports which were brought to her from the nursery.

But this morning her heart being full of gratitude for the blessed change in her still sleeping infant, she left her with her own maid, who had been very kind and attentive during the whole course of the illness, and hastened to the nursery.

Bad as the reports she had heard had been, they were short of the truth, It was indeed a scene of distress she had then to witness. Her brother and sister, the nurse, and the surgeon, were standing round Robert's bed. Celia had wept till she could weep no more, and was now a pale and neglected figure of fixed grief. A still more solemn and deeper sadness rested on the features of Ernestus. The nurse was weeping, and the surgeon looked fixedly sorrowful.

But oh! how changed was little Robert; death sate on his infant features, his eyes were closed, and he breathed convulsively.

Through the whole course of his illness he had either absolutely refused to take his medicines, or when compelled to take them, (when actually drenched by force,) had excited himself so violently, as entirely to counteract the effects of the medicine; neither had persuasion or threats been available at any time to induce him to gargle his throat. Hence the

fever and sore throat had been permitted to take their destructive course, and the unhappy parents had now nothing left but to await, in helpless misery, the effects of their own misguided conduct, and self-sufficient assurance, that their own wisdom was superior to that of Solomon, the gifted and inspired of God. The deep sigh which Belinda could not suppress, was the first thing which drew the attention of the unhappy parents to their sister. Celia gave her her hand, but no one spoke; at length the surgeon, with a hopeless and helpless look, which seemed to say, human art can do no more, turned from Robert's bed to the little cot where Julia lay, and Belinda following him, saw with agony the devastations which the fever had already made in her little niece. She lay apparently insensible on her pillow, whilst a female servant was bathing her burning temples with vinegar and water.

"There might be some hope here," whispered the surgeon, "could we get any medicine down; but the want of discipline, the want of obedience"—here the surgeon added no more for a moment, and then said, "would the mother trust you—you have been an excellent nurse with your own; in all human probability had your little bark failed to obey the helm, it could not have weathered the storm."

"Propose that I should take charge of this little girl, sir," said Belinda, "and I will do my best. I am ready to divide my attention between her and my own, and perhaps I might be able to influence the dear babe."

"Influence!" repeated the surgeon testily, "influence! I hate the words influence and reason; you are a woman of sense, say compel at once; it saves a great deal of trouble both to parent and child." The old gentleman then turning to the unhappy parents, made the proposal he meditated without loss of time,

extolling the skill of Belinda as a nurse; and plainly stating, at the same time, that Julia, without the best management, must sink under the disease; and as no objection was made, the surgeon himself assisted in removing the little cot, with the child in it, from that room which was doomed in a few hours to be the chamber of death; and from weak and irresolute nurses, to where she was to receive every attention which wisdom and affection could bestow.

We will spare our reader the pain of entering too particularly into the scenes which speedily followed the removal of Julia from her brother's chamber.

Before the noon of that day little Robert breathed his last, and the distracted mother was carried to her room, wildly lamenting her first-born, her beautiful, her beloved boy: whilst the more silent grief of the father was more affecting even than the groans and cries of the mother. How much of blame they took to themselves on the occasion of their son's death, we have no means of ascertaining. Certain, however, it is, that when blessed some years afterwards with another little Robert, their plans of education were entirely changed; and Solomon was more frequently quoted by them at the tea-table than J. J. Rousseau, Mrs. Woolstoncroft, or any of their disciples.

But whilst every variety of melancholy scene was passing in the chamber of poor Robert, whose remains were consigned to the grave in the yard of the parish church, Belinda was doubly occupied by her own little daughter, and the only remaining child of her afflicted sister.

Lucy's convalescence continued from the morning of the death of her poor cousin, and Belinda was enabled to consign her, in some degree, to the care of the kind house-maid, whilst she gave her chief attention to poor Julia.

The little creature lay in a heavy doze after her

removal, till it was time to administer a medicine, on which the surgeon depended much. Belinda then went up to the cot, and raising the child on her arm, "Julia, my beloved," she said, "you will be a good girl, and take your medicine."

Some moments passed before the little girl was sufficiently aroused to know what was required of her; but this matter was no sooner understood, than she exerted all her little remaining strength to resist it.

Belinda immediately took upon herself a tone of authority, such as she had used in the case of the doll, on which Julia called out for her mamma to help her.

"The medicine must be taken, Julia," said Belinda, calmly; "you know that when I say a thing it must be done; and if you will not take it cheerfully, I shall force it down your throat."

Julia looked very hard at her aunt, and having ascertained that no mamma or nurse was near, she made an effort, and swallowed the potion, after which she fell back on her bed, and was asleep in a few moments, the blessings of her aunt descending on her pillow.

"Sleep on, poor babe," said Belinda, "and may God bless the healing draught. May you be spared to your unhappy mother, and may you live to be a blessing to her."

Another medicine was to be administered in two hours after the first—there was a second struggle then between Belinda and Julia, but it was far less vehement than the former; the child swallowed this second medicine, and dozed again, and again Belinda roused her some time afterwards to endeavour to make her gargle. This was a difficult matter, but Belinda carried her point, and thus with one thing and another, that long sad day wore away.

Engd by W.H.Lizars.

"Papa, Papa, it is Papa" screamed little Lucy, flying into the extended arms of that dear Parent.

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the Incarnate God, through his death, his sufferings, and his perfect obedience. In this place Belinda awakened the feelings of Julia, and directed those of Lucy into their proper channels, and she herself enjoyed some sweetly melancholy seasons in the contemplation of the passing nature of all temporal things, and the unchangeableness of those which are eternal.

But on the day mentioned above, whilst the children were shedding their flowers from their little baskets on the grave, the sound of carriage wheels was heard on the other side of the thick yew trees which separated the church-yard from the high road. These presently ceased, and the next moment a gentleman in a travelling dress appeared at the wicket.

"Papa, Papa, it is Papa," screamed little Lucy, flying into the extended arms of that dear parent; and from that instant the happy family were united never again to endure those long and anxious separations, the pains of which none can conceive, who have not, in some degrée, experienced them.

I am happy to add, that both these children, under the kind and judicious instruction which they received, grew up in habits of implicit obedience to their parents. They were thus led on, by the blessing from above descending upon the habits of obedience inculcated by their earthly parents, to that submission to the divine will, as revealed in the holy scriptures, whereby the children of wrath are fitted to become members of the kingdom of heaven.

Let my young readers, whilst in childhood or youth, learn, that self-will and obstinacy are entirely opposed to their own happiness—that submission to parents is a duty enjoined by God—and that the path of obedience is the path of peace and happiness.

THE USEFUL LITTLE GIRL, AND THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS OF NO USE AT ALL.

PREFACE.

THERE is a very sad habit which many children have, and even children who talk about God, and think themselves very good, of being very troublesome to their parents and to servants; and instead of doing what they can to be useful, they make as much work for other people as they possibly can. Now I tell you plainly, my young reader, that nothing that you can do will ever be worth any reward from God, and that if you enjoy the kingdom of Christ, which I hope you will, it will not be on account of any good you ever did, or can do, but on account of what your blessed Saviour has done for you; "for by grace (which means free favour) are ye saved, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast," Eph. ii. 8, 9. Yet I must tell you, that you must never think that you are a child of God, or that the Lord the Spirit is in your heart, whilst you are always thinking of yourselves, and never put yourself out of the way to help or please any body, and whilst you give as much trouble as you can, and are always putting yourselves

forward in company. Now read what is said of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who was one with God, and equal with God, John x. 30.; and pray that you may be made able to submit yourselves in all things to the pleasure of those who are older than you are. The words which I wish you to study are in Luke ii. 51, 52.; "And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; and Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

MRS. BURTON lived in a large town, and had three little children; the eldest of these was Susan, and she was just four years of age at the time when my story begins; then came Bell, a pretty little girl about two years and a half old, and the baby was Charles, he might be six months or a little more.

There was an old nurse who took care of these little ones, and sate all day in the nursery, excepting when she took the baby out to enjoy the air; and there was a young maid servant also, who waited upon her, and carried little Bell when they went out, and I can assure you, that nurse and Betty had quite enough to do, for Susan, who was, as I said, four years of age, gave them more trouble by far than the other two put together.

There was not a thing which could be laid down, that she did not take up and put out of its place; and if she were told not to touch any thing, she was then sure to watch the very first moment to get hold of it;—when the nurse was dressing her brother she

would run away with his cap, or his shoes, and whenever she saw him asleep, she chose that time to make most noise.

Bell was a very quiet, gentle little baby, and every body loved her, but Susan was always contriving something to make her cry, so that there never was any peace in the nursery excepting when Susan was in the parlour with her mamma.

Now it happened one day in spring, just at that time of the year in which the mornings are often fine and sunny, and the evenings very cold, that Mrs. Burton's sister came from the country to see her. Susan was sent for into the parlour, to see her aunt, and found that the table was spread with cold meat for luncheon, for her aunt was going back into the country in about an hour. When Susan saw the meat upon the table, she immediately asked her mamma for some of it, and her mamma cut her a slice, and put it on a plate with a bit of bread, which kept her quiet for a while; and, I dare say, that Mrs. Burton was not sorry for any thing that would keep her in her place, for she was always ashamed of her rudeness before her sister, though she did not take the right way to keep her in proper order. So Susan being very busy with her cold meat, was quiet, and could hear what her aunt was saying to her mamma.

"I went this morning into a print shop," said Mrs. Burton's sister, "and I met with two very beautiful pictures both alike. I have bought them both, and one is to be hung up in your nursery, sister, and the other in mine. They are gone to be put into frames, and, I dare say, that yours will be sent home to-morrow. They represent a shepherd with his crook in his hand, and a crown on his head; and on one side of him is a flock of milk-white sheep and lambs, and on the other a flock of goats." Then

turning to her niece, she said, "My dear Susan, this Shepherd represents the Lord Jesus Christ at the day of judgment, and the milk-white sheep on his right hand are the redeemed ones who have been made white in his blood, and the goats on his left represent those who do not belong to him. Those are the naughty people; but I hope, my dear Susan, that you will be made like one of the milk-white lambs who stand at the right hand of the Shepherd, and that you will be taken to feed in the pleasant fields which the good Shepherd has prepared for those who love him."

Mrs. Burton then said, "I hope so too, sister. Indeed I do trust that Susan is one of God's children."

"We can only tell whether a little girl is a child of God by its behaviour, you know, sister," replied the other lady, "*for even a child is known by its ways;* and if Susan really loves God, she will try to be kind, and gentle, and useful to nurse, and to her little brother and sister." Just as her aunt had spoken these words, Susan had put the last bit of meat into her mouth, and before she had swallowed it, she cried out—"Useful, aunt! How do you mean? How can I be useful with these little hands? Mamma says I am a baby, and that I cannot be useful."

"You cannot do much, Susan," replied her aunt; "none of us can do much, and especially such a little thing as you are: but you can help being troublesome—and you can fetch and carry what is wanting—and you can rock your brother's cradle—and you can lead Bell about—and at least shew that you love the good Shepherd by trying to please him, and being kind to those whom he has made."

Susan got very red whilst her aunt was speaking, and if some company had not entered at that moment, I think that she would have burst out into a loud cry,

make me wish more than ever I did before, to be one of that flock which are to enjoy them for ever."

"But, as I heard Mistress's sister say once, when she was in the nursery, talking to Mistress, 'It is not by our good works that we are to get heaven, but through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; nevertheless, every one of us is to try to shew his love to his Lord by endeavouring to please him; and it is his pleasure that we should be kind to one another, and so we are all bound to try, big as well as little;' and I suppose this was the lesson she was endeavouring to teach Miss Susy there, and I wish to my heart she could succeed, for then we should lose our worst plague."

"Well, well, Betty," said the nurse, "can't you learn to hold your tongue; we servants, who are to get our living, must try to please our Mississes."

The nurse and Betty, whilst they were talking, had sate down on the trunk of a tree which had been felled, and Susan and Bell were playing about five yards' distance on the grass; but before Betty could make any reply to the last remark of nurse, little Bell set up a violent scream, and the next moment they saw her rolling in a bed of nettles, into which her sister had pushed her, because she had refused to give up a bunch of cowslips which she had plucked from the grass.

"There now," said Betty, taking up her little darling (for Bell was her favourite) "there now, Miss Susy, see what you have done;" and she took the little one in her arms, and sitting down with her on the trunk of the tree, tried to soothe her.

"Poor little babe," said the nurse, "her little hands and arms are all in bumps. Can you see never a dock leaf? it's the best thing in the world for the sting of nettles. Ah," added the old woman, "there I see some dock," and she tried to persuade Susan to

fetch them for her. "Do, dear Miss," she said, "fetch me one or two of them broad leaves to rub little sister's hands, for Master Charles is asleep on my lap, and I don't like to disturb him." Susan pretended not to hear, but walked away, and not choosing to return at their call, the nurses were both obliged to walk after her.

"If it was not for this dear child here, in my arms," said Betty, "I would rather wait on a cobler's wife than stay with Missis, to be put upon in this way by that little torment."

But now, if I were to give you as true an account of all the little teazing ways of Miss Susan Burton, and tell you how she used to draw the pins out of nurse's knitting—to lose Betty's needles—to overturn the cups and saucers—to cover the floor with crumbs of bread, bits of meat, and half-picked bones —to contrive almost every day to wake the baby two or three times, with a thousand other disagreeable tricks, I am afraid I should tire you as much as every body else was tired by this spoilt child;—and yet this little girl, had she been properly managed, and now and then duly chastised, and constantly made to obey the word of command, might have been a very nice child, and been an honour and comfort to her papa and mamma, instead of being the torment of the whole household.

Well, but time went on, and at length the morning of Susan's birth-day arrived. After breakfast, Mrs. Burton came into the nursery, bringing a new frock, a pair of pink kid shoes, a pink sash, and a pink necklace, with a gauze cap adorned with artificial flowers, in all which she directed that her little girl should be arrayed in the evening.

"You will not bring Bell and Charles into the drawing-room, nurse," said Mrs. Burton; "let them be put to bed. Your master thinks it would be bet-

ter for them not to appear; but let Susy be very nicely dressed. Now, do not neglect my orders, and she need not be dressed till the parlour dinner is over; and as Betty knows the ways of the house, she must help the cook, and you must try to do without her just while they are dishing the dinner, and removing the courses."

"I hope then, that Miss Susan will do as she is bid," said the nurse; "and if Miss Constance is here, she will take care of Miss Bell."

"Constance, indeed!" said Mrs. Burton; "Don't depend on her, I beseech you; she is younger than Susan."

"No, Ma'am," said the nurse; "no, to be sure, I sha'n't depend on her. I only meant to say, that she being strange like, would try to be agreeable, and so Miss Bell and she"—

"Well," said Mrs. Burton, "you will attend, I trust, to what I say; and Betty need only be away just whilst they are changing the courses."

There were a great many fine ladies and gentlemen who came that day to dine at Mr. Burton's. The dinner was to be at six o'clock, and at five little Constance was brought into the nursery.

All little children are pleasant and lovely when they are dressed clean, and are humble and gentle; and Constance was always neat, and modest, and kind. As soon as she came into the nursery, she ran round and kissed every body, and then she asked the nurse, if she might bring in a large basket of wild flowers, which she had brought with her from the fields around her papa's house; and when she had got leave, she emptied all the flowers in one corner of the nursery, and sate down among them, with little Bell, who was quite delighted with the liberty allowed her of pulling them to pieces.

"These are cowslips, little Bell," said Constance,

"and these are buttercups, pretty buttercups, which make the milk yellow and sweet. These are sweet violets, sweet violets for little Bell; and these are daisies, pretty white daisies, that look like stars, and I will make Bell a cowslip ball." And thus the little girl went on talking to her favourite cousin, whilst the eyes of the lesser one quite watered with wonder and delight.

In the meantime Betty was combing and curling Miss Susan's hair, and changing her shoes and stockings, the nurse being engaged with the baby; and thus the time wore on, till the cook, putting her red face in at the door, said, "Now, Betty, now, come."

"No, no," said Susan, "Betty must stay to finish dressing me."

"You are not to have your frock on, Miss Susan," said Betty, "till the dinner is gone out of the parlour."

"But I must," said Susan. "Betty, you shall not go."

Betty pulled her apron out of Susan's hands, for she had taken hold of it, and ran out of the nursery; on which, the little girl attempting to follow her, the nurse was forced to bolt the door, and drawing her back, she made her sit down by her, giving her a lump of sugar to keep her quiet. Little Charles, who was dropping asleep just as the nurse was forced to get up to bolt the door, began to cry at the same moment, and little Bell, being alarmed at the bustle, threw down her flowers, and joined in the cry.

"Do, Miss Constance, try to keep her quiet," cried the poor nurse, "or I shall go out of my senses with one thing and another; do, there is a dear young lady."

"I will, nurse, I will," replied the little girl. "She begins to be tired of throwing the flowers about, but I have thought of something new,"—and with

great readiness she snatched a doll from a chair which stood near, and hiding the doll under the flowers—"Look, little Bell," she said, "look, look, dolly is lost—all gone. Ah, there she is; Bell has found the doll." This joke served so many good turns, that the first, and even second course, were nearly over, before its delights were exhausted.

"In the meantime, Susan, having sucked her sugar and licked her lips and her hands, began to teaze the poor nurse to put on her frock; and so tiresome she was, that when the nurse had at last got Master Charles to sleep, and put him in his cradle, she took down the frock, which was of fine wrought muslin, from a peg on which it had hung ever since the morning, and tied it on with the pink sash and necklace, after which, she fixed the cap on her head; but this was hardly done, when the footman, looking in at the nursery door, said, "They want the Indy preserves, nurse, do you know where they are?"

"Yes," she said, "I will reach them in a minute; they are in a closet on the lobby."

"Cook has looked for them there already; come, for your life," said the footman, "you won't be a minute; I will hold the candle."

The nurse having charged the children not to stir, ran out on the lobby to look for what was wanted, Susan, in the meantime, following her quietly to the door, and bolting it upon her, a trick which she was very fond of playing, as it was one which had more than once got the servants into a scrape, and afforded her much amusement.

As soon as this was done, the little naughty girl took the candle from the table, and walked to the looking-glass to look at her cap.

In those days, for we are telling a story which happened forty years ago, children's caps were formed upon a frame of wire made to fit the head, and adorn-

Engd by W.H. Lizars

Little Constance, who springing up from her corner, seized the flaming cap, and threw it on the hearth.

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ed with gauze, lace, and artificial flowers, standing up very high above the forehead.

Susan, whilst examining all the fine colours and beautiful ornaments of her cap, put the candle so close to the gauze that it took fire, and the next minute her whole head-dress was in a blaze, the flames rising up over her brow, burning her hair, and scorching her cheeks. She screamed dreadfully, and called her nurse; but the naughty child had bolted the door, and no one could come in.

There was therefore none to help in this time of dreadful need, but little Constance, who springing up from her corner, seized the flaming cap, and threw it on the hearth; in doing which she burnt her own hands, though she saved her cousin's life; for had the flames caught the muslin frock, a child like this could not have put them out; and had it been the fashion then to tie the cap on as it now is, Susan's life probably could not have been preserved.

The screams from the nursery had by this time called every person from every part of the house, for Charles, Bell, and Constance, had joined their cries to those of poor Susan. Neither were any of the children, in their fright, able to unbolt the door, so that no one could understand what was the matter, till the door was forced open; and a dreadful sight it then was to see Susan with her face all in red blisters, and the hair almost burnt from her head, whilst the ashes of the cap yet appeared on the hearth.

The first thing that was to be done was to apply what was needful to the burns of Susan. She was laid in bed, and a surgeon sent for. She suffered great pain, and whilst she lived, she never lost the mark of the scar on one side of her face. But whilst some were sorry for Susan, and some blamed her mother, and said, she was rightly punished for her selfish indulgence of her child, every one saw reason to

admire the fruits of that wisdom and piety which leads a good parent to bring up his child in habits of obedience, and induces him to accustom his infant children rather to serve and oblige their fellow-creatures, than to indulge and please themselves.

From this time, Mrs. Burton never presumed to say, that little hands might not be rendered useful; for, humanly speaking, had it not been for the little hands of Constance, poor Susan would have lost her life.

From that period, I am happy to say, that Mrs. Burton was ever attentive to any advice which might be given to her, by her sister, on the management of her children; and from that period, she never held her hand from giving that salutary correction, by which a pious parent hopes to save his children, with the divine blessing, from far more serious trials in after life.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

PREFACE.

THE Golden Chain will, if you will go with the writer, carry you into France, and shew you the manners and ways of people in that country some years ago, when little boys wore swords and pig-tails, and little girls had their hair dressed, and were set out like fine ladies; but this is not the best lesson

which this story has to give you; if you attend to it, it will guard you against the commencements of disobedience. When people begin to do wrong, they do not consider where the first bad step may lead to. When Eve ate the forbidden fruit, she did not foresee the misery which would come upon herself and her children from this one action. My children, believe me, that there is no such thing as a little sin, or a small wickedness. Whatever you do, knowing it to be wrong, is sin, and "the wages of sin is death," Rom. vi. 23. In your own strength you cannot do well; but we have a promise, that our blessed Lord will keep us in the hour of temptation, Rev. iii. 10. You perceive, my young reader, that I assert nothing but what the Bible upholds me in; and if you doubt me, take your Bibles, and prove me thoroughly; for, as I have before said, if what any man writes goes contrary to the word of God, his books are worse than of no value, and ought to be cast into the fire.

THE wise man says, *If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.* If little children would never hearken to the enticing words of bad people, they would often avoid many evils into which they are led by wicked companions. I will tell you a story of a little girl in France, which I myself heard, when travelling in that country, many years since.

About fifty years ago, there lived in the south of France a certain gentleman, who had a wife and two children, a son and daughter, Louis and Adelaide.

These children were very nearly of an age; but although Louis was the eldest, he was of so kind and gentle a disposition, that he always gave way to his sister whenever there was any little dispute between them, and sometimes was persuaded to hide her faults from their papa and mamma, for which, however, he was afterwards very sorry, as I shall shew you by and by.

The house in which Louis and Adelaide's papa lived, was such a one as you do not often see in England, though there are many such in France. It was large, and built of grey stone, with many doors and windows. In the front of it was a long avenue of lime trees, cut very stiffly, and within the house was a great hall, the walls being all painted over with trees, and lawns, and castles, and ladies and gentlemen, very beautiful indeed. At the back of the house was a square garden, laid out with straight walks, and adorned with stone figures of dragons and lions, and there were borders of roses and tulips; and in the very middle of the garden was a little square tank or pond, in the midst of which was a dolphin of brass, spouting water up into the air to a great height. At the bottom of the garden was a terrace, or high walk, laid with flags, on which a person might walk, and look over the parapet, or low wall, on the country beyond; and, as I was told, the view from that terrace was as pleasant as any one could desire to see. Far away were certain mountains, called the Pyrenees, or hills of fire, because many ages ago there was a dreadful fire on those hills, which blazed up, it is said, to the very clouds; and between the hills and the garden, there was a long extent of forest, beautifully scattered with little villages, and spires of churches, and green lawns and downs, on which last, the flocks belonging to the villagers were led to feed by shepherds and shepherdesses.

Louis and Adelaide in the garden.

These were the sights which were to be seen from the terrace at the bottom of the garden, and Louis and Adelaide were very fond of playing upon that terrace, and looking over that wall. There they saw many things which amused them very much; for there was a little path which came out from the forest, and passed under the wall, and many people used to go along this path, either passing from one village to another, fetching faggots to burn from the wood-cutters, or water from a spring which was not far distant. Louis was a very merry boy, and had often something to say to any poor person he knew as he went by, and as he never spoke rudely to any one, he never met with rudeness in return.

Now, besides the people who lived in the villages which were in the forest, and who were for the most part decent and quiet persons, there were often seen, in some of the darkest parts of the wood, certain ragged tents which were moved from place to place, and which supplied shelter to a set of wandering gypsies or beggars, who had no fixed home, and who lived no body knew how. These people had dogs and asses, and those who walked late in the forest at night, have often been warned not to come near their tents by the low growling of their dogs, (for these dogs did not bark out like honest men's dogs,) and by the blazing of the fires which these people lighted to boil their victuals.

It was not very often that any of these beggars appeared under the wall of the garden, or passed that way; but they did come sometimes, and as Louis knew them by their patched dresses and wild features, he never said any thing to them, but generally left the terrace when he saw them coming, for his papa had warned him never to enter into any discourse with a person he did not know.

Now it happened one afternoon, that Louis and

Adelaide being together upon the terrace, saw two persons coming out of the wood. At first they could not make out what sort of persons these were, and, indeed, when they came nearer they were not able to make out much more than when they were at a distance, because they were so very unlike to any people they had ever seen before. One of these was an old man, with white hair, dressed in a shabby green suit, and carrying a small violin, and the other was a girl about the age of Adelaide, without a bonnet, or shoes and stockings, but set off with many old ornaments, such as artificial flowers and ribbons.

"Come away, Adelaide," said Louis, "these are not proper people for us to talk to. We do not know who they are, and papa has forbidden us to converse with strangers;" and as he spoke, he laid hold of his sister's arm to lead her away.

Adelaide began to shake her elbow, as you have seen rude children do, and said, "Let me alone, Louis, I am not going to speak to them, I only want to see what they are."

"But, if you stay here looking at them till they come up, they will speak to you," said Louis, "and then you know it will be rude not to answer them."

"Let me alone," repeated Adelaide, "I only want to see what they are."

Louis again begged her to come away, and she answered him as she had done before; and thus the time went on, till the little girl and the old man were come under the wall, and then the old man bowed and said, "Pretty lady and noble gentleman, please to take pity on a poor old man, and his little grand-daughter; I have been blind a long time, and my poor little fiddle, and my dear little grand-daughter are my only supports. Please to see my little girl dance; she dances so nicely to my music:—please to condescend to look at us, and to give us a few pence,

The little beggar and the old man.

for we have not broken bread for twenty-four hours."

"Poor old man," said Louis, "I am sorry for him, and he is blind too; let us give him something, sister, but do not let us stay to talk to him, or to see the little girl dance. Pray, come away;" and he took hold of her arm again, and she again shook him off; so saying, Louis threw some pence over the wall, and finding that his sister would not be persuaded to leave the terrace, he came away and left her; and if he had gone straight to his parents to tell of her disobedience, he would have done the kindest thing a brother could have done; but I am sorry to say, that his false good nature prevented him from doing this duty. So Adelaide was left on the terrace, looking over the wall, and there was nobody near her but the old man and the little girl.

Now, the little girl had very quick eyes and ears, and, I dare say, that the old man, blind as he pretended to be, could see and hear as well as most people; and no doubt they had heard the dispute between Louis and his sister, and had found out from this dispute what sort of a girl Adelaide was, and had formed their plans accordingly; for no sooner was Louis gone, than they began to flatter and praise her, looking up from under the wall, as the fox in the fable looked up to the crow, whom he saw in a tree with a large piece of cheese in his bill. I dare say you have read that fable; and if so, you will understand how the beggar and the little girl began to flatter Adelaide, in hopes, no doubt, of getting something better than a piece of cheese from her. The little girl praised her beautiful face, and said that charity and pity shone from her eyes; and the old man said a great deal about her sweet voice, and then he began to play upon his fiddle, begging his grand-daughter to dance her very best in order to please the pretty lady.

Adelaide was much delighted with the dance of the little beggar, but more so with the flattering words which fell from her lips; and when she had finished her dance, and stopped to make a low courtesy, Adelaide threw her another penny, which was all she had in her pocket. The little girl picked it up, and then begged her, as a great favour, to bestow upon her any old ribbons, or gauze, or bead necklaces, which she might have among her play things. Adelaide ran to the house, and into her own room; she brought away a variety of these things, which her mamma had given her for her doll, and threw them over the wall to the little girl, who gave her another dance for the present; and then having stopped to take breath, she took one of the bead necklaces out of the bundle, and fastening it round her neck—"Now, pretty lady," she said, "I am as fine as you are—I have a necklace of beads round my neck, and you have one of shining copper."

"Copper, indeed!" replied Adelaide; "Do you think I would wear any thing of copper? This necklace is all of pure gold; it was given me by my godmother, and it is worth I do not know how many guineas. In truth, if that which you have on is worth a few pence, mine is worth many guineas, for it is all gold, pure gold, and so heavy."

"Gold!" repeated the little girl,—"Is all that fine chain made of gold? I did not think there was so much gold in the world."

"Hold your peace, you little fool," said the old man, "and don't trouble the lady with your nonsense:—but come, follow me, we have a great way to go to-night, and if we do not get to our journey's end, we may have to sleep in the forest, and who knows what may happen to us there." So the old man and the little girl passed on, and Adelaide went to seek her brother, and to tell him

what had taken place between herself and these travellers.

"Well, you did wrong," said Louis, "to stand and talk to them as you did."

"Why, what harm could come of my looking at these people over the wall?" replied Adelaide.

"I don't know that any other harm is likely to come of it," replied Louis, "excepting that it was what papa and mamma had forbidden you to do, and perhaps you may be tempted to tell an untruth about it."

"No, indeed," said Adelaide, "I am sure I shall not be tempted to any such thing; I shall tell no lie about it. If my mamma asks me whom I have been talking to, I will tell her."

"I would advise you," returned Louis, "not to wait till she asks the question, but tell her at once what you have been doing. I don't like to tell it for you, because it might look as if I wished to make mischief, but if you were to mention it yourself, I am sure it would be the best thing you could do."

"Well, I wish, Louis, you would mind your own affairs," said Adelaide, "and leave me to take care of mine. You are only a year older than I am, and yet you think yourself so wise."

Louis and Adelaide talked no more on that subject that evening, and I do not suppose that Louis thought any more about the old man and the little dancing girl that night, or for some days afterwards; for when they left the garden it was supper time, and there were some visitors in the hall where the family supped, so that no questions were put to Louis and Adelaide.

The next day after dinner, Louis rode out with his papa, and Adelaide went out alone to play in the garden. There, as she stood by the fountain, watch-

ing the water as it rose up in the air, and fell down again in small drops into the basin, she thought she heard the sound of the old man's fiddle, playing one of the same tunes as she had heard the day before. She did not wait to reflect, but ran towards the terrace, and having ascended it, she looked over the wall, and saw the same old man, and the same little girl again.

"There is the pretty lady again," said the little girl, lifting up her dark sparkling eyes towards Adelaide; for her eyes were very bright and very sparkling; and she began to jump and dance about as if she had been half out of her wits with joy.

I was not exactly told what passed between Adelaide and these people at this time; but I was informed that, before they parted, the little girl told Adelaide that she would come again in a few days, and bring her some flowers; and an hour was fixed for her coming, when Adelaide knew that Louis would be out of the way.

During this third meeting, Adelaide told the little girl that her birth-day was to be kept the next evening, and she was even foolish enough to boast of the smart dress she was to wear, describing her frock trimmed with the finest lace, and her gold chain, and pearl ear-rings; and she also promised the little girl that she would come and shew herself upon the terrace, when her mamma was engaged with the company:—"And then," said the cunning little beggar, "I will bring you a beautiful garland, lady,—I know where some of the most lovely flowers in the world are to be found, and you shall have such a nosegay as nobody ever saw before."

Now, perhaps you will wonder how any little girl, who had been tolerably well educated, could have been so very silly, and I might say wicked, as Adelaide was, through the whole of this affair. But I

think, that your wonder will cease, when I tell you, that Adelaide knew nothing about true religion.

There are a great many long, hard books about the Christian religion, some of which, I dare say, you have seen, and heard, or read; and sometimes, I fear, that you have thought these books very tiresome. Well, and if we think a moment, every book must be tiresome which we do not understand; and how can little children understand all the hard words which are put in some religious books! But I will tell you what religion is, without putting hard words into my book, if I can help it; and then, when you have read my explanation of true religion, you will not wonder again at any little child being sly and wicked, who does not know or feel it.

The Bible tells us that there is one God, and in that God that there are three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. These three persons in one God, are all engaged to make us happy for ever. God the Father made us, and knowing that we should be corrupted by Satan, sent his Son to die for us. God the Son did actually die for us upon the cross, and God the Holy Ghost enters into our hearts, and teaches us to do well.

Our father Adam was made quite innocent, but he corrupted himself through disobedience, and hence-forward all his children, who are born in his likeness, have, from that time, been so corrupt, that they can not even think a good thought without the help of God the Holy Spirit. And as to doing any good works, such as would make them fit to go to heaven, we know that it is impossible. Therefore, all those persons who are are true Christians, are humble, and have no trust in themselves, and know that they can not cease from doing evil, but by the divine assistance. But the papa and mamma of Louis and Adelaide, were Roman Catholics, and worshipped images, and

believed that they could do good things without God's help, worthy of reward in the next world. Besides which, they had many other false notions, all of which they taught their children; and thus Adelaide, whenever she thought about religion at all, which was not very often, comforted herself with this idea, that if she sometimes did wrong, she might easily make up for it, by confessing it to the priest, and saying a certain number of prayers to the Virgin Mary.

But now to go on with my story:—Adelaide thought a good deal of the beautiful garland which the little beggar had promised her, and when the afternoon of the next day was come, she was very anxious to be dressed, in order that she might have time to go down to the bottom of the garden, before the company, which were invited, should meet in the hall:—for Adelaide's parents had invited all the young people in the neighbourhood to be present that evening, and had sent for some musicians to play, in order that they might have a dance. The dance was to begin when it was dark, but the young people were to come early, that they might have some refreshments before the dance commenced. Besides the young people, some older ones were invited, who were to sit and converse with Louis and Adelaide's parents.

Adelaide, as I before said, was very impatient to be dressed as soon as she had dined; and, accordingly, when she left the table, she called her maid, and gave her orders, desiring her to have all her very best things put out, and ordering her to curl her hair very carefully, and friz it very stiffly, as was the fashion in those days.

"It is my birth-day, Jannette," said Adelaide to her maid, "and on my birth-day I may wear what I please. I choose to wear my rose-coloured slip, and my lace frock, with my golden chain, and the pearl

Louis and Adelaide in full dress in the Hall.

ear-rings and drops, which my godmother gave me; I will also have my satin shoes, and silver buckles, and I will have my hair adorned with artificial flowers."

Jannette would have persuaded Adelaide that it was not genteel to be very smart at one's own house, but she would not hear a word which her maid said, and was very cross and impatient until her hair was finished, and whilst Jannette was dressing her, and putting on her ornaments.

"See, Jannette," she said, "it is getting quite dusk already; how awkward you have been to-day, and how long you have been dressing me!"

"It is because you would not stand still, Mademoiselle," replied Jannette; "but why should you be in such a hurry? the company are not yet come, though I think I see some carriages at the end of the avenue."

"Indeed!" said Adelaide; "then give me my fan and my gloves, and let me go;" and she snatched these things from the hand of Jannette, and ran out of the room, and down the wide stairs as fast as her feet would carry her.

In the hall she met Louis, who was in full dress, like herself, according to the foolish fashions of those times, with his hair powdered and tied behind, and wearing an embroidered suit, with a little sword by his side. "Where are you going in such haste, sister?" said Louis; "I hear the carriages coming up the avenue, and my mother has sent me to receive the ladies."

"Well then," replied Adelaide, "stay and do what mamma bade you, and let me pass." She then ran on through the hall, and down a flight of steps into the garden. There the paths under the trees were already almost dusk; but when Adelaide reached the terrace, she found that the shade was not so deep as

to prevent any one, who stood under the wall, from seeing the beauty of her dress. She ran straight to the place where she had been used to see the beggars, and there she saw the little girl sitting under a tree, immediately opposite the wall, and with her some other person, whose figure she could not quite make out, but it was not the old man.

"There is the beautiful lady," exclaimed the little girl, as soon as she saw Adelaide; at the same time springing up, and coming forward, with her hands joined together, as if she were almost wild with delight, repeating all the flattering expressions which she had ever before used to Adelaide.

"See, see," said Adelaide, "look at my dress, and I have got my pearl ear-rings, and my gold chain, and my lace frock;—but where is the garland, the beautiful garland you promised me?"

"Wait a moment, pretty lady," replied the little gipsy; "I have hung it on a tree to keep it fresh,—fresh and fair, that it may the better suit the pretty lady;" and she advanced close under the wall, uttering, in a low but distinct voice, "Now, now, now."

At that instant Adelaide felt some thing thrown over her face, and bound upon her mouth, and at the same time, she found herself in the arms of some very strong person, who raised her up, and though she struggled with all her power, lifted her over the wall, where she was received by another person, who held her fast, and began to run with her, she knew not whither; although she was certain it was among trees, for she felt the branches flapping, from time to time, against her.

Now, who can describe what poor Adelaide felt, as she found herself borne away, she knew not whither; being unable even so much as to cry, on account of the handkerchief which was bound upon her mouth.

She struggled to get away from the person who held her, but struggled in vain; the more she strove for liberty, the tighter she was held: yet the person continued running, and there were others running too, as Adelaide could hear by the tread of several feet; and now every moment she was getting farther and farther from her home, her dear parents, and her beloved brother, and she had no one to blame but herself. All her misfortunes were owing to her disobedience, and inattention to her parents' commands.

But the person who held her, continued to run; and she after a while perceived, that they were come to a thicker part of the wood, and out of any common path, for they had some difficulty to make their way through the tangled branches, and the poor child received many blows from the boughs against which she was hurried.

At length she heard a rough voice addressing the person who carried her, as if calling from some distance; and though she could not understand what was said, the next minute she was set down; though such was her terror, that she could not support herself, but fell down, like one fainting, on the dry leaves which were gathered under the trees. At the same moment the bandage was taken from her face, and she found by the glimmering light of a few burning sticks, that she was in a corner of the wood, where, on one side, was a kind of cave cut in the rock, and on the other, a little brook. Between the rock and the brook was a small opening, in which were gathered several wild looking persons, and three or four asses, bearing loaded panniers. Amongst the persons whom she saw, was the wicked little girl who had deceived her, the old man, and a very tall woman, dressed in a patched petticoat and jacket. This woman stood nearest to her, and had, indeed, been the person who had received her into her arms over the

wall, and carried her into the wood;—besides these there were other men and women.

As soon as Adelaide had recovered her breath, for she had been almost stifled by the handkerchief which had been bound round her mouth, she began to scream and shriek, and call upon her parents, her brother, and her maid;—on which the tall woman gave her a smart blow on the back, bidding her to hold her peace.

Adelaide had never been struck before, and when she felt this blow, she renewed her cries, and raised her voice still louder. Several of the party then reproved her, threatening to make her suffer more, if she would not be silent; nay, they even spoke of being the cause of her death; and the tall woman having first given her a severe shaking, at the same time calling her many harsh names, began to take from her, one by one, her necklace, her ear-rings, her golden chain, her lace frock, and her satin shoes, and silver buckles, together with her artificial flowers, and rose-coloured slip. She was by this time so terrified, that she did not dare to speak one word, though she could not help directing several angry looks towards the artful little girl, who stood before her, smiling at the success of her wicked trick.

At length, when the miserable Adelaide was stripped of all her finery, and all her jewels, and left with scarcely clothes enough to cover her, the gipsy woman made up all the spoil in a bundle, wrapped them in a coarse dirty cloth, and stuffed them into one of the asses' panniers; after which, the party prepared to make off, taking no concern about the situation of the miserable child, who had fallen again on the damp leaves, weeping and sobbing, in a manner which would have melted any hearts, excepting those of the merciless gang who had brought her from her father's house.

Adelaide stripped by the gypsies in the wood.

Adelaide heard the sound of the party as they moved off, yet was scarcely aware that she was left alone, till some moments after they were actually gone. Then, looking up from the ground on which she lay, she perceived, with inexpressible terror, that she was quite alone. Terrible as it had been to her to be with the gipsies, it was still more dreadful to be quite left in a solitary wood, with no human creature near her, and in a place where she knew that wolves had often been seen. The sun had been set some time, and the wood would have been as dark as pitch, had not a few stars glimmered through the openings of the boughs, and broken the mass of shade, making darkness, as it were, darker still, by the mixture of the indistinct shadows of the tall trees, which made themselves visible in the star light. The wind also whistled and moaned in the woods, and owls hooted from the hollow trees, and Adelaide knew not where she was, nor could she tell which way to turn, to find her home;—her limbs trembled too, with cold and fear, and, what was worse than all, her conscience told her that she had done wrong, and that she deserved the affliction into which she had fallen: for although, as I before said, this child had never been taught what true religion was, yet she knew that disobedience to parents was a sin, and such a one, indeed, as deserved the anger of God; and now, that she was in trouble, and alone, and in the dark, she thought more of the anger of God than she had ever done before; but she was afraid of crying out, for the echoes of her own voice frightened her, as they were given back from the cave near which she lay; and she knew no prayers, excepting such as she could not understand, and such as she had always been used to repeat like a parrot. So this poor little girl gave herself wholly up to despair, sitting on the ground, with her head resting on her knees, whilst her shoul-

ders and neck were all bare to the evening wind, and her thin petticoats quite soaked through with the damp and dew.

But now we must leave poor Adelaide in the wood, whilst we go back to tell what had happened in the mean time at her papa's house.

Adelaide had just parted from Louis in the hall, when the first party of visitors arrived in their carriage; and these were followed by others, some in carriages, some on horseback, and some on foot, till, in a short time, all who had been invited were arrived, and introduced into a parlour, where the master and mistress of the house received them, and where the servants brought fruit, and cakes, and coffee, for their refreshment.

But when Adelaide did not appear, it was supposed, at first, that she might not be quite dressed, and her mamma made several excuses for her. At length, however, the mamma began to feel some surprise, that her daughter should be so long dressing, and she told Louis to go and look for her. Louis informed his mamma, that he had seen his sister, a short time before, go out into the garden, and promised that he would presently bring her in. Accordingly, he went into the garden, and sought her in every corner, calling her with a loud voice, but there was no answer; he then returned to the house, and went up stairs, into all the rooms, but could not find her.

He then went back to the company, expecting to find her there; (supposing she might have gone into the parlour, whilst he had been in the garden;) but when he found she was not with the company, he told his mother how he had sought her in vain; and then the lady took the alarm, and spoke to her husband, and the company were immediately made acquainted with the state of the affair.

Oh! what an uproar then followed; all the persons which were gathered together in the house, began to scatter themselves, in all directions, seeking the child, and calling upon her. The alarm spread presently, from the great house, down to the meanest cottage in the village; and such a scene of noise and confusion followed, as you can have no idea of, unless you had seen it. Some persons got long poles and nets, to examine the tank in the garden, and also a little pond, in a field, at some distance from the house. At length, Louis found an artificial rose on the terrace, in the very place where Adelaide had stood, when she was seized by the gipsies, and which had fallen from her head in the struggle; and then he remembered, for the first time, that Adelaide had stood in that place to see the little gipsy dance; and he ran instantly, to shew the rose to his papa, and to tell him what had happened respecting the gipsy.

"And I saw Adelaide go out to-night, papa," he said, "with all her fine things on!—Is it not possible that the gipsies may have stolen her?"

Adelaide's papa was almost too much agitated to be able to pay any heed to what Louis said; but some gentlemen who were present, thought that this hint was very well worth attention; and they immediately ordered their horses to be got ready, and, with their servants, and some arms, went out into the forest, to seek for the unhappy child, in the usual haunts of the gipsies. Louis begged leave to go with them; and his papa having satisfied himself of what he most dreaded, namely, that the poor child had not fallen into the tank in the garden, also joined the party as soon as his horse could be made ready.

It was nine o'clock, or more, before the gentlemen had thought of seeking Adelaide in the forest, and by that time, all the villagers were roused and gathered about the house; and when many of these heard what

was suspected, namely, that Adelaide had been stolen by the gipsies, they divided into small bands, and went in various directions of the wood, examining every dark corner among the trees; but, in the meantime, the thieves had made off with the things of which they had stripped the poor child; and, I dare say, it was many years after that, before they ventured into those woods again.

The gipsy woman had not run more than a mile with Adelaide; therefore, the poor child was not distant more than one mile from her home, when she had been left by the gipsies; but that she did not know; and yet it was several hours before the persons who had gone out into the wood, arrived at the place where the little girl was.

The grey morning was beginning to break, when a young countryman, carrying a long pole in his hand, said to Louis, who had got off his horse to follow him into the thickets,—"There is a place hereabouts, Monsieur, where there is an hermitage, and a deep cave; the place has no good name, for they say, bad deeds have been done in it; but it is much haunted by the gipsies, and if you are willing to go with me, we will examine it. May-hap we might see some traces of these people, and be able to guess in what direction they went off; for it is certain they were in the wood a few days since, and almost as certain that they are not here now."

Louis agreed at once to go wherever the countryman would lead him; and, in consequence, after having made their way through briers and brambles, and a thousand difficulties, they at length arrived at the place where poor Adelaide, worn out with cold, and terror, and shame, had fallen, all her length, on the damp ground, and lay neither in a swoon, or asleep, but quite stupid and numbed with cold.

The countryman saw her first, and shouted to

Louis, who was behind him; and the next moment, that kind brother was down on his knees by his dear sister, kissing her, and calling upon her to open her eyes, and know her friends, and be comforted.

But the peasant said, "It is no use talking to her now, Monsieur; she can not understand you, or attend to you. Poor little lady, she is almost dead with cold and fright, and those wild thieves have robbed her of all her bravery; her own bed, and her mother's arms, must be her comforters now." So saying, he lifted her up, and soon carried her back to her father's house, where her mother wept with joy to receive her again, though she had lost all her gay ornaments: and when her father and the gentlemen were returning, in despair, from the forest, they were greeted by a joyful messenger, who told them that the child was found.

When Adelaide had been clothed in dry linen, laid in a warm bed, and made to drink some warmed wine and spice, she was able to embrace her friends: and it was then that she confessed her heavy fault of disobedience, which had brought on this severe punishment; and I am happy to add, that she was never again guilty of an offence of this kind, but grew up to be a blessing to her family: for when she was about fourteen years of age, she met with a copy of the Holy Bible, which proved the means of turning her heart from the Roman Catholic religion;—and as, by the divine blessing, the Holy Scriptures had been the means of turning her heart, so, by the same blessing, she was made use of by her heavenly Father to direct the hearts of her parents, and of her dear brother, to that true religion which ensures the happiness of all those who delight in it.

THE VIOLET LEAF.

PREFACE.

How often does it happen, that when there are several brothers and sisters living together in one family, they take little delight in making each other happy; and sometimes it is enough for one brother to like an amusement, or to enjoy a little scheme, in order to set another brother against it; and it is the same with sisters, if one loves a doll, another will say, I hate dolls; if one likes a garden, and delights in flowers, another will shew that she despises them; and so on, perhaps, through all the days of their early years, till they grow up, and parents die, and children are parted, and troubles come, and the hours of childhood are passed away, never to return; and then when a dear brother or sweet sister is laid in the cold grave, then comes the sad, sad thought—Oh! had I been kinder to them, when yet we were little children, living in our father's house.

My little reader, think of The Violet Leaf, whenever you feel inclined to be unkind to a companion; think what poor Rosamond felt, when she found

that faded leaf; and let it be your constant prayer, that the Holy Spirit may lead you so to behave to your young companions, that should they be shortly laid in their graves, you may not have to cry,—Oh! that I had been more kind to them whilst they yet lived with me.

WHOEVER looks back on his younger years, must observe that certain passages of those periods have left indelible impressions on his mind, whilst other transactions of his infancy, which at first sight might have appeared of more importance, have passed away into oblivion as figures traced upon the sand.

Who is there amongst my readers who will not carry to his dying hour, the memory of some peculiar act of kindness; of some word of love; of some precept sweetly insinuated, which seems to stand out, as it were, in high relief, among thousands of others, shewn through the years of infancy by the friends of those early days, which are now wholly passed away from the mind.

I once knew an orphan child, who traced all her religious feelings through after life to a walk taken in India, on a star-light night, with her adopted mother, at which period that tender parent had taken occasion to lead her mind to the goodness and power of God, by explaining to her the nature of the glorious heavenly bodies, scattered over the azure vault extended above her head. This lady had given her little adopted one a thousand other lessons upon the same important subjects, but these had all passed away from her recollection, and this one only lesson had left its distinguished record.

It is hard to account for this peculiarity of the memory, which seizes a lesser matter and permits a larger one to escape, unless we suppose that the peculiar circumstances which the mind retains, are those which have wrought the most permanent influence on the character, and awakened, most decidedly, the sympathetic feelings. Hence we find that a power is given to the regenerate person by God the Holy Spirit to retain those things which are true and holy, whilst the unconverted mind has a peculiar aptitude for seizing and retaining those things which are evil. When the apostles, on the day of Pentecost, received the Holy Spirit, the words of their Master, which had hitherto been uncongenial with their feelings, were brought with power to their recollections, whilst their former desires for worldly aggrandizement passed away.

I have been led to these reflections by the consideration of certain transactions of my early years, which are as fresh to me at this moment, as they were at the time when they first occurred; and not only do I remember them in their bare outlines, but with such a variety of small particulars as would render them tedious in their relation, were I to tell my story, in all its bearings, precisely as I remember it. Forty years or more are passed since that violet leaf, which gives the title to my story, was plucked from the parent stem, and the sod is thick over the graves of all those who then were the objects of my infant tenderness. Ah! what is human life! A vapour, a meteor, a passing cloud. Job xiv. 11, 12. "As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." How bitter must this reflection be to those who have no hope beyond this present being, to such as have not been enabled to receive by

faith the evidence of things not seen? but I must not digress too far from my object, which is to tell a simple tale of my early life.

My father was a gentleman, residing on his own estate; our habitation was far from any towered city, or even village. We were shut out from our nearest neighbours by thick woods, which, from time immemorial, had flourished undisturbed on my father's lands, and which added to the charms derived from those deep shades by which our grounds were diversified. Hill and dale, orchard and sheep walk, with deep dark dingles, through which pure streams of water poured their secret course, a region, in short, of such singular beauty, that it has ever afforded to my mind the prototype of every imaginary scene of natural perfection.

My parents never had more than two children, my beloved brother and myself. My brother's name was Adolphus, and mine Rosamond, or more commonly Rosa, a name which particularly suited me, as I was remarkable in infancy for my blooming health. On the contrary, my dear brother, who was a year older than myself, was from babyhood of a peculiarly tender constitution, neither did he ever enjoy that health which should have enabled him to associate generally with boys of his own age, or to enjoy their sports; and this circumstance, no doubt, made him more fond of me, and of his parents, and his home. In consequence of which, when it was thought advisable to send him to school, his absence from us was extremely painful to him, and the letters which he wrote to me always caused me some flood of tears. I was as much as nine years old when my Adolphus was removed to school—he was sent to a considerable distance, and was absent a year, not returning at the Christmas holidays. I counted the months of his absence, and numbered the days which were to bring

him to me again. At length the happy time arrived, and my brother came; it was the beginning of June, and the country was most gloriously beautiful, decked in all her fairest robes of summer.

During the absence of my Adolphus, a serious change had taken place in his heart, a change of which even my parents were not then aware; and indeed had they been so, I imagine that they were not then in a condition to be sensible of its infinite importance. But the fact was, that my brother's preceptor was a truly pious man, and as such, laboured above all things to inspire his children with feelings of piety, and, as in many other instances which had occurred among his pupils, his lessons had been particularly blessed to my brother. Whereas he had formerly been only a boy of a mild and amiable temper, he was then become a child of a changed heart, notwithstanding which, he mourned for home, and the more so because the larger number of his companions were different to himself. It was, however, according to the feelings of his renewed nature, when he did return home, to endeavour to make me a participator of his sentiments, and I well remember many efforts which he made to engage my attention to heavenly things, yet all, for a while, without success. At length, however, he bethought himself of a little stratagem, and on the morning of my birth-day, on the 10th of June, 1789, (for it is forty years ago,) I found, when I awoke, a bunch of violets laid on my pillow, and within the posy a small billet, in which was written these words:—"The company of Rosa is requested at the root-house, near the violet bank, at five o'clock this afternoon." My birth-day was, of course, to be a holiday, and there was no doubt that I determined to accept the invitation. I had no difficulty in guessing the person from whence it came, but Adolphus would not answer any of my questions

Engd by W.H.Lizars

THE VIOLET LEAF

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respecting it, recommending me to wait quietly till the appointed hour for the satisfaction of my curiosity. In those days people dined early, neither was I required to sit long after dinner; I had, therefore, some time to wait after I had dined before I thought it right to repair to the root-house, and during that time I missed Adolphus, and therefore well knew that he was gone to prepare for my reception.

The dingle, where was the root-house and the violet bank, might have been about a quarter of a mile from my father's house, and the way lay, for the most part, through the deepest shade of lofty trees; when the larger hand of the time-piece, in my mother's dressing-room, shewed that it only wanted so many minutes to five, as I judged necessary for my rapid passage to the appointed place, I delayed not another moment, and swiftly as my light young feet would bear me, hastened along the terrace, and down the steep path, till I found myself at the very bottom of the dingle, and in a place where a narrow plank served for a bridge over the stream, which tumbled from the heights a little higher up the glen. There, standing still, I looked up towards the spot on the other side of the dingle, where an old root-house, attached to the side of a rocky bank, opened its mouth directly in my view; I saw at once that it had been newly thatched, and that a sort of rude table, with seats of turf, had been prepared within; on this occasion, it was also hung about with garlands of roses, and my own sweet Adolphus stood in the door way; he had no hat on his head, and the gentle breeze agitated his hair, and raised it from his brow. He darted forward as soon as he saw me, and with a courtesy which was natural to him, but which, no doubt, was adorned and beautified by his improved feelings, he handed me to this root-house, where he had prepared a little feast of fruit and cream, set forth on vine

leaves, and garnished with his favourite flower, the violet. Then giving me a kiss, he set me at the head of the table, and invited me to partake of his entertainment; after which, putting his hand into a hollow tree, which formed one of the principal supports of the root-house, he brought out a Bible and two little hymn-books, and speaking with some hesitation,

"Rosa," he said, "I have been thinking that it would be very pleasant for us to come here every evening during the holidays, and I will read the Bible to you, and we will sing a hymn and pray; will you, dear Rosa, consent to this?"

It was impossible for me to refuse such an invitation, neither did I wish it; I loved my brother too well to deny him any thing which he could reasonably ask; though I am quite certain that the love of God had at that time no influence, either on my heart or actions; notwithstanding which, I drew close to my brother, while he read a small portion of the Bible, which he had expressly chosen; after which I joined him in his favourite hymn, which was one of Dr. Watts's Divine Songs, beginning with these words,—

There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love,
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

The portion of Scripture which he chose was this, Rev. vii. 17. "For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—And he pointed out to me who this Lamb of God is, and proceeded to endeavour to make me understand what we owe to this Lamb of God; shewing me our lost estate by nature;

unfolding, at the same time, others of the most important truths of our holy religion. We then knelt down together, whilst he prayed that we might both be made to follow the Lamb whithersoever he went. After which we rose from our knees, and he said, looking sweetly in my face, "Will you come again to-morrow, Rosa? Will you come, dear Rosa?" Could I have said I would not, could I have even wished to have staid away, when thus invited? Yet, as I before said, I had no religion in my heart.

The season favoured us, and for many days, till the holidays were nearly expired, we met every afternoon at the root-house. Neither did my beloved Adolphus fail in preparing me a little treat each day; I mean such a treat as I could then enjoy. Sometimes his dishes were composed of cockle-shells, and his treat of strawberries and cream; sometimes his table was covered with little baskets of rushes, filled with gooseberries and currants, and again the rind of the gourd supplied his dishes. He seemed to take a particular delight in varying my entertainment, and shewing his innocent ingenuity in supplying new ornaments for his feast; thus he kept up my interest in my daily visits to the root-house, whilst yet that better principle was wanting which should have made me delight in these seasons, though neither delicious fruit nor fragrant flowers had been there prepared to regale my senses.

During this period, however, I acquired many ideas respecting true religion, which, although they remained inactive for a time, were as seeds sown in my heart, which awaited only the divine influences of the Holy Spirit to strike their roots downwards, and to spring forth upwards in buds and blossoms, and rich promise of future fruit.

At length, however, my brother's holidays were within one week of their termination. We had met,

as usual, in our beloved root-house, and I had partaken of the entertainment my sweet Adolphus had provided for me, after which, taking his Bible from the hollow tree, "My dear Rosa," he said, "the time of my going back to school is very near, and the autumn will soon come, and then the leaves will fall, and the nipping frosts will visit this place, but we will hope to come here the next summer, and spend many happy hours together again in this place, and you will not forget, my Rosa, all I have endeavoured to teach you. I am young, like you, I know, and ignorant also, but God has made me understand what I did not know some months past, that is, that my soul is of infinitely more consequence than my perishing body; neither did I then comprehend any thing of the wonderful work of our salvation, and how it has been brought to pass by our heavenly Father. I shall shew you, my dear Rosa, the passage in the Bible which first made me think of these things, and the first hymn that I ever really delighted in. I have kept these till now, because I thought that just at first, that is, when we first came here, you would not understand these things so well as you now do; and I do hope, my beloved sister, that you will be as much pleased at the sweet chapter I am going to read as I was." So saying, he opened his Bible, his lovely face all bright and glowing with delight, and he was just beginning to read, when we heard my father's voice, repeating my name, from the other side of the dingle.

Rosa, Rosa, resounded across the water, and an echo, which haunted the upper regions of the winding valley, returned the name at several repetitions, each repetition becoming more indistinct than the former, and, at the same moment, my sweet brother putting a violet leaf in the place of the Bible which was open before him, deposited the sacred volume in

the hollow tree, and arose, with a disappointed air, to follow me to the house.

When I arrived at home, I found an old lady who was just come, a distant relation of the family, with two daughters somewhat older than myself, who had, as I afterwards learnt, obtained leave of my parents to carry me to the town where she resided; for as she said, it was impossible for me to receive any lessons in dancing, or to get any genteel accomplishments where I was, and therefore, as she added, nothing could possibly be more advantageous for me than to remain with her for half-a-year, and to attend the dancing-school with my cousins.

This plan, together with my parents' acquiescence therewith, was communicated to me as soon as I entered the parlour, it being signified at the same time, that I must hasten my preparations, as the lady intended to take her departure in less than two hours. I was so entirely confounded by these communications, and the variety of new ideas which burst upon my young mind in consequence of them, that I stood quite still in the centre of the room, like a person deprived of reason. Nevertheless, my heart beat with delight, and my whole countenance flushed with joy.

"You must excuse Rosa, madam," said my mother, "your kindness has quite overpowered the poor child; but come, my love, run to your maid, and get her to dress you in all haste; I will see to what further is necessary."

Being thus admonished, I ran up stairs, and had just reached the door of my room, when my attention was drawn to the sound of some one sobbing aloud, and looking round, I saw my dear brother in the gallery, not far from me, and so entirely overcome with grief, that he could not refrain from the open expression thereof, much as it seemed to hurt his dignity, as a boy, so to do.

"O, Adolphus!" I exclaimed, rushing into his arms, "Why do you cry?"

"And will you go, Rosa," he said, "Will you go with those people, and shall we never again meet in our lovely bower, never read and pray together again? O, Rosa, dear Rosa, you will not go—surely you will not go."

"Why, Adolphus," I answered, "are you not going to school next week? and if the weather was fine every day, we could only go seven times more to the bower; and surely you would not deprive me of such a pleasant scheme, only for seven days of my company?"

"I would deprive you of no pleasure, my dear Rosa," he replied, "no pleasure which is right for you; but oh! my sister, can you believe that you will find happiness in dressing, dancing, and those vain amusements, which that lady desires to make you acquainted with? O, Rosa, dear Rosa, think of the pleasant hours we have spent in our happy bower; what sweet verses we have found, and what sweet hymns we have sung, and do ask mamma's leave to stay at home, for, believe me, dear sister, that lady and her daughters are not fit companions for one who desires to be a child of God."

"How dare you say so, Adolphus?" I asked; "Are you a judge of what is proper in people's characters? What have you seen wrong in that lady?"

"I know her character," he replied; "she has a son at our school, and I know that she is a worldly person."

"Do you mean a wicked person?" I asked.

"I mean one," he replied, "that thinks more of pleasing the world, than of pleasing God; one, who would rather see her children great people in this world, than be sure of their being saints in heaven."

"I don't understand these things, Adolphus," I

answered; "let me go, I am in a hurry," and I broke from him, for I was very hard and cruel at that time; and as I was much pressed for time in making my preparations, I had no more conversation with my sweet brother, nor did I see him again till I was stepping into the carriage, when he came forward to give me a parting kiss.

I dare say, that no one of my readers will wish to know how I spent my time in the town whither the lady carried me. It will be quite enough to say, that I filled up my hours with dressing, dancing, shopping, visiting, and seeing company. I had a new pair of stays made as soon as I arrived at my journey's end. I was laced up till I looked as stiff as a wooden doll; and then all my dresses having been fitted to these stays, were so trimmed with lace, ribbons, and gauze, that no one would have known them again. I was also taught a number of fine steps by the dancing-master, and when my hair, which curled naturally, had been forced by hot irons and wire pins, to curl unnaturally, for the fashions of forty years since were very preposterous, then I thought myself a most accomplished little personage; the various follies which had been put into my head, having almost entirely chased away those sweet lessons of humility which my lovely brother had endeavoured to inculcate.

Two months, or more, passed in this ridiculous way; when suddenly one morning, before I was up, a servant came to my bed-side, and informed me that my father was come. I hastened to dress myself, and ran down, all anxiety, lest he should be come to fetch me home. Neither was this anxiety removed, when I saw him all pale and full of sorrow. As I ran into his arms, his eyes filled with tears, and he endeavoured in vain to command himself.

"I cannot, no, I cannot, my little girl," were the first words he said; "I cannot stay to choose the

mildest mode of communicating what I have to say; but Adolphus—our own sweet Adolphus—is very, very ill.—He will be taken from us—and we shall have deserved it, there is the sting; he would, when last at home, he would have won our souls to God; he would have persuaded us all to have become Christians, but I always silenced him, when, in his sweetly dutiful way, he would have led me to these subjects; and your mother too, she did the same; and we took you from him, or rather acquiesced the more gladly in your removal, lest he should infect you with his fanatical notions, for such we then called them, lest he should make you as much a child of God as he is himself, and now we have our punishment;" and my poor father, as he spoke, rose in haste, and leaning his head against the mantel-piece, groaned aloud.

When a little recovered, he informed me that he was going on to my brother's school, and should have to travel all night, and that I must be put that very day into the coach, to be carried home, in order that I might administer some comfort to my miserable mother.

Who is there who has lived any time in the gay world, and has ever taken delight in its vain pleasures, who has not experienced the horrors of being suddenly awakened from dreams of unprincipled gaiety, to the real miseries of human life? If afflictions find a person in a sober and pious state of mind, they bring their consolations with them, but when they fall upon the selfish, and the inconsiderate, they fall without one drop of consolation.

Oh! how dreadful, how inexpressibly dreadful, were those long and weary hours that I spent in the coach which was to convey me home. I was, however, slightly relieved when I met my mother, by finding, that by a letter received by the last post, my brother had been rather better. Owing to this letter,

and to my excessive fatigue, I got a comfortable night, which prepared me for what was to follow, for the next day my mother received another letter, informing us that there was little hope, and that not a moment was to be lost if ever she wished to see her son again. As his fever was of an infectious nature, my mother would not hear of my accompanying her in her journey, and in consequence, within two hours of the receipt of that letter, my mother had set out alone, and I was left at my solitary home, under the charge of servants, one of whom having been my nurse, paid me every possible attention; this excellent person had also been the nurse of Adolphus, and was attached to that sweet child as if she had been his own natural mother, and in one respect she was the happiest amongst us, inasmuch as she had often hearkened to his gentle entreaties, that she would take thought for her soul, and had, at his request, committed several hymns and verses to her memory.

I was more than a week with the nurse, before any decided change took place in our dreadful situation. During that time we had letters every day from my father, sometimes raising our hopes a little, and then sinking us into utter despair. It was the autumn, the wind was whistling, the leaves dropping, and a drizzly rain falling perpetually; at length, I remember well, it was a Monday morning, the rain had passed, and the sun was breaking out; we had received a letter late the night before; it spoke of some dreadful crisis near at hand; it was written in terms of the deepest depression, but my nurse remarked to me, that it was dictated in the true spirit of holy resignation.

"The Almighty," said she, "is working with us all in his own way, and this sweet child is being made the instrument of leading us to God." But this letter, such as it was, deprived me of all hope, and I

could think only of my Adolphus as already gone, as of a brother I once possessed, as of an angel I had formerly been permitted to hold converse with.

In this state of mind, finding the morning calm, I evaded the observation of my watchful nurse, and putting on my bonnet and cloak, I stole from the house, and took the nearest way over the lawn (then crisped with frost,) to the dingle, where I had spent so many happy hours during the last summer with my ever beloved Adolphus.

The dread of pursuit made me move rapidly, till I had descended into the dingle, and found myself on the bridge afore-mentioned; there I stood to take breath, and looked towards the bower, in which my brother had prepared for me so many sweet repasts, of which at the time I could only enjoy the husks and shells; but ah, where was that sweet brother then? Extended perhaps, cold and lifeless on the bed of death; silent for ever was that tongue which was wont to fill the narrow glen with songs of praise, and dim those eyes which used to beam with the sweetest expressions of holy love and pity.

The very woods also seemed to partake of the change which had passed on my sweet brother; every leaf was drooping and faded, and the ground was strewed with the fallen memorials of the glories of the summer.

I proceeded to the bower in that sort of temper which induces the miserable creature to drink the cup of woe to its very dregs. It had never been visited since we had left it, in all haste, at the sound of our father's voice; the fragments of our last feast were still scattered over the board, though mingled with the dried leaves which had been drifted into the hut; but the seat of Adolphus was vacant, never more to be filled,—such was then my thought.

Ah, loved Adolphus—I put my hand into the hol-

low tree, I drew out the Bible, the leaves thereof were glued together with moisture. I turned to the place which was designated by THE VIOLET LEAF. I opened it carefully. Where now was that hand which had plucked the leaf, and placed it there? and to what passage was it intended to point the attention? My eye dropped upon the verses on which the leaf had been laid, and on which it had actually formed the impression of its outline, Rev. vii. 15—17. "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." "Ah, sweet Adolphus!" I said, bursting into tears, "your dying, your last address to your miserable sister, shall not be lost. Where my Adolphus is gone, there will I go; where he is, there will I be. O Lamb of God, have mercy on me," I added, kneeling alone on the grass where I had so often knelt with my sweet brother, "hear my prayer; hear the prayer of a poor sinful child; take me to the fountains of living water, and let me drink of those immortal streams which imparted everlasting life to my angel brother, now no more." At that instant, looking up, I beheld a rainbow, all-glorious with his tints of violet, azure, and gold, extending over the whole valley, and at the same moment a young maid-servant appeared crossing the bridge, and exclaiming, "a letter, a letter, mercy and joy." I sprang to meet her—I seized the letter—I read these words in my father's hand,—

"The crisis is past, and after a long sweet sleep, our Adolphus has recognized and blessed his parents."

Neither were our hopes premature—the beloved son and brother were restored to us, and brought home within a few weeks. He was never more sent to school, but educated under a pious tutor at home; and when the violets bloomed again, and the voice of the blackbird was heard in the woods, our sweet re-unions in the arbour were renewed, and our beloved parents not unseldom were there found uniting in prayer and praise with their beloved children. There we anticipated a still more glorious and delightful re-union with Christ our Saviour, when the present order of things shall have passed away; and this sweet hope has accompanied me through life, and is now the consolation of my latter days:—for though my parents and my beloved brother, with many others dear to me as they were, are passed away from the present scene, yet shall I not find all that I have lost, yea, more than I have ever lost, when united with Him to whom I first was brought through the instrumentality of my own beloved Adolphus.

EMMELINE.

PREFACE.

Emmeline is a very favourite little story, and might be a partner to the useful little girl; Sophia was a useful little girl, and her history shews that children may do good even with the materials which are given to them for their dolls and toys. I trust that you will

be very careful not to suppose that any of your poor little works could gain eternal happiness for you, you had even better not do them, than have such a thought respecting them; and I also hope, that if you are made able to do any kindness to any body, that you will not do it in order that you may be praised for it, as I have seen some children do; who, when they have given a penny to a beggar, have turned round to see who is admiring them; for I tell you, that if you are proud of your good works, you are like the persons whom our Lord reproved, Matth. vi. 1—4. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men; verily, I say unto you, they have their reward; but when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly." But when you have read these verses, do not suppose that I mean you to keep any thing you do secret from your parents; let them see what you do; but let it not be boasted of to others, and thus you will keep close to the words of scripture.

THIS little volume is not intended for grown persons, or such as we may suppose to have lived so long in the world as to have forgotten that they ever were children, or ever delighted in such things as children love.

I am not now, indeed, a child myself, for forty summers and forty winters are already passed since I entered my teens—and my youngest child is older now than I was when the things took place which I am about to relate; but I am not purposing to write the whole history of my childhood, or to say more of myself than is necessary to make my little readers thoroughly understand an adventure which happened when I was in my twelfth year.

It was so sweet and so pleasant an adventure to me at the time, and left such profitable and delightful recollections behind it, that I cannot but hope that the account of it will be exceedingly agreeable to all such little people as may happen to become acquainted with it through my recital.

I am the eldest daughter of a clergyman, and had one sister a year younger—I wish, for my own credit, that I could say she was a year older than myself. My name is Margaret, and if my sister were called Sophia she well deserved the name, for from a babe it had pleased God to incline her heart to that heavenly wisdom whose price is far above rubies.

Our father's house was situated in the fairest valley in England; I will not tell you where that valley is, but I will so far satisfy you, that you shall see the picture of the house—turn therefore to the frontispiece, and look well at it; see how the woods arise behind it, and imagine, if you can, what delightful haunts there were in those regions. My sister and I had liberty to play in those woods, and to climb those heights, and to dive into the deep dells between the heights; we had, indeed, a wide range in those

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EMMELINE

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charming solitudes, though certain bounds were set to us which we were not to pass without leave. We never went to school, but our dear parents instructed us, and we were very happy.

I had no companion through all the days of my childhood but my Sophia. Any one who looked at my sister in those happy days would have thought that she was like one of those redeemed ones who shall enjoy the pleasures of the last millenium, when the Shepherd King shall reign in person upon earth, and when all tears shall be wiped from every eye.

One day generally passed with us as another; in the morning we learned lessons with our dear mamma —then came the hours of play, and in the evening our papa read to us, and instructed us, and we were allowed one hour each afternoon to work for our dolls.

We had our common dolls for every day, and our superior dolls for holidays; these last were locked up in our mamma's Indian cabinet. I shall never forget that cabinet; it stood in our mother's dressing-room —it was inlaid with woods of different colours—there was a flower-pot, with a bird sitting among tulips, and roses on each door. The drawers were full of curious things; it was a great treat to us to be shewn what was in those drawers. In that dressing-room there was a canary bird in a cage, and many pictures of old buildings in Rome, with other wonderful things, as we thought them then, and from the windows of this room we could see the sun setting behind the groves which arose in the west of the house.

I remember wondering how the sun, which went to bed on one side of the house, should get up exactly on the other—but I was a very little girl when I had that thought.

I was speaking of our best dolls—we used to call them our blue-eyed babies, for they had beautiful

blue glass eyes, and they had also auburn hair curling on each side their cherry cheeks, and they were quite large, like babies; we were allowed to have them on every birth-day, and when they were to be replaced in the cabinet, we had to fold up their clothes, and to arrange every thing in the neatest order, against another happy day, in two little trunks, which were also kept in the cabinet.

We very seldom had any visitors to stay with us in the house, or to put us out of our quiet happy way; but it happened, when I was in my twelfth year, that a letter came from a lady—a relation of my father—saying, that if agreeable she would come and spend a few weeks at the parsonage. This lady was a widow, and had spent many years in France, and when my father spoke of her he called her Madame, and so every one else took up the title, and every body called her Madame.

Children, however happy they may be, love a change, and I was vastly pleased to hear that Madame was coming, and I was delighted to see the best bed-room being put in order for her on the morning she was expected; and after I had done my lessons, I watched for the carriage which was to bring her, from my play-room window, for an hour or more, before I could see any sign of it. At length something black, and moving at a great rate, appeared coming down the opposite hills, and then I could see it no more for a little time, because it must needs descend into a valley, and not be seen for some time; but at length it appeared again, at the bottom of the hill on which our house stood, and it was a post chaise, and I knew it was Madame's. I waited a little while, and then I ran down out upon the lawn, and stood where I could see Madame get out of the carriage; I had never before seen a person I had thought so grand. She was a very portly lady, about 40 years of age,

and had cheeks as red as mine, (and I was remarked at that time as the very image of rude health,) and then her hair was frizzed and powdered, and she had large curls, fastened with black pins, hanging on each side her cheeks, and she wore what we then called a balloon hat made of tiffany, with feathers, and spangles, and roses—how I did admire her as she stepped out from amongst the band boxes with which the post chaise was filled and covered; and how filled with awe was I, when my papa, who spied me sculking behind the shrubs, called me to pay my compliments to her; how ashamed I was then of my brown holland pinafore, which had been put on to preserve my clean frock, and my garden bonnet, on which there was only a green band, and that even was much faded.

But Madame said I looked very pretty, and had bright eyes, and lips of coral and vermillion, and this comforted me a little, for I had never heard such fine words as these spoken to me before that time.

So I followed the lady into the house, and was sent back again to fetch her canary bird, and her little French lap dog.

Now I do not remember much of what this lady did or said when she was in the parlour, with my papa and mamma; but I remember very well many things which passed when I and my sister visited her, which we often did in her sleeping-room; she never got up till after breakfast, and we were often employed to carry up her tea and chocolate, and we used to go to her again after we had done our lessons, at 12 o'clock, and then we generally found her sitting at her dressing-table doing her hair, which was a long piece of work, and we were of use then to do the back of it for her, as we had been accustomed to do for our mamma, for dressing hair was a great business in those days.

On these occasions she used to shew us all her fine French dresses, silks of all colours, with painted and embroidered trimmings, and feathers, and flowers, and gauzes, and spangles, and foil, and tinsels—Oh! how very grand I thought them! and there was a large band box of old chiffons, as she called them—I remember the word very well—and when she heard that we had dolls, she turned out this box, and filled our aprons with bits of what she called rubbish; bidding us, at the same time, divide them in our own room, for we screamed and jumped, and were so glad when these things were given us, that we disturbed her nerves, she said, and brought on an insufferable agitation of her heart.

We only waited to beg pardon for this offence, and then running to our mother's dressing-room, emptied all the rubbish at her feet.

"May we have these things, mamma; may we have them?" we said, for we were not often allowed to receive presents; and when we had got leave, we proceeded to divide them, by casing lots for the first choice, and then choosing turn by turn.

Oh! how delighted were we then! And our dear mamma looked down upon us as if she felt that we could not have a joy in which she had not a share.

Amongst all this mass of rubbish we presently found out that there were two grand prizes, namely, two large pieces of silk—one was blue, with violet and pink stripes, all the colours being very bright, though the silk was somewhat slashed and much rumpled—and the other was a dark green, with very little rose buds wrought into the texture; there was more of the blue than of the green, the blue was therefore considered the first prize, and we both wished for it, but I thought myself fortunate in getting the first chance, and I immediately seized the prize. Sophia took the second, and then all went on smooth-

ly. My next choice was a piece of yellow gauze, set with spangles—then Sophia chose a long piece of green ribbon; then I got a gauze handkerchief, wrought around with violet leaves—and so we went on, till we had each such a glorious heap of treasures as we never had even dreamt of possessing. Our dear mamma then gave each of us a small drawer in her cabinet, and advised us, first to get our little irons, (for we had a small iron a-piece,) and smooth out all our treasures, and then lay them aside in the drawers till we had occasion to use them to some purpose. "But stop," she said, "I will ring for Dinah, and she shall iron them for you; and I hope that you will not forget to thank Madame for her kindness." This was all done as our dear mamma directed; but that very evening I took out my silk after tea, whilst our mamma was sitting in the parlour with Madame, and told my sister that I was going to make a French dress of it for my best doll.

"My doll shall not be dressed like a baby any longer, Sophia," I said; "I will make her a levet of this silk—Madame calls the gown she has on to-day a levet—and I will trim it with the French fringe which is among my bits, and I will make my doll a balloon hat, and a flounced petticoat." So I took mamma's large scissars, and I sate down on my stool by the window, having the drawer on the carpet by me; and I began to cut my silk in breadths, all by guess, for I did not even know the length of my doll.

"Oh! don't cut the silk, Margaret!" exclaimed Sophia, who was sitting on the carpet, looking over her own treasures; "don't cut it till you have spoken to mamma—think how valuable it is—please not to cut it."

"And why not," I answered, "it is my own silk, and have not I a right to do what I please with my

own silk?" and I set to work immediately, for I was very handy considering my age, and got a needle and thread, and began to make up the French dress which I had planned and cut out.

When Sophia saw what I had done, she very good naturedly put away her drawer, and set herself to help me; and we sate till it was dark, and got up early the next morning, and finished the dress; and when I shewed it to Madame, she praised my taste and ingenuity; those were the words she used, adding, as she looked at Sophia, "Well, I hope that you will make as good a use of what I have given you as your sister has done."

The next day was Sunday—I remember that day as well as if it had happened only a year ago.

The morning was bright, and the bells were ringing; when we opened our window, the smell of new mown grass (for it was hay-making time,) came into our room, and we went out into the garden to learn a hymn, for we had been always accustomed to say a hymn to our papa and mamma every Sunday morning before breakfast.

It was very hard work for Madame to get ready for service, but she was ready in time, though not till our papa was gone on to the church; and when she appeared, how very fine she was—I could not help thinking that my mamma and my sister looked like her servants, walking by her side—for I did not then understand that fine clothes are not necessary to make real ladies, though fine manners can not be done without; and my mamma and sister had such manners as might have fitted them for the apartments of queens; for, like the King's daughter spoken of in the Psalms, they were all glorious within, and hence could not be otherwise than very lovely without.

Now, if you look at the frontispiece of my little book, you will see that the church was not far from

my father's house; and because the people were not yet all come, and many were seen approaching in different directions over the fields, my papa stood a while at the entrance of the church, in his gown and cassock, to talk to those who were already come; for he had an exceedingly pleasant way of talking to his people, and his gentle and kind manner made his religion as acceptable to them as his beautiful sermons could possibly do, although his sermons were most pleasant, inasmuch as they generally ran upon the love of God for his poor lost creatures, and on the happiness of those who are found of that dear Saviour, who laid down his life for his chosen ones.

So, as it happened, there was abundance of time for Madame, in her silk shoes, and long train, and balloon hat, to get to the church without disordering her dress, and I was proud and pleased to see how all the people turned to look at her, for many of them had never seen so fine a person in all their lives. So we came near the church, and whilst Madame was moving slowly on, I had much time to look round me; I knew every body as I thought, at least by sight, through all the parish; I was therefore much surprised, just as I entered the church-yard, to see two people enter by another gate, neither of whom I had ever before beheld. I could at first only see the tops of their heads, as the church-yard sloped much on that side, but as they presently came in a line with me, and advanced towards the place where I stood, I had quite time to examine them from head to foot before we went into the church. One of these was an exceedingly old woman, and from her manner, even I should have taken her for something more than a cottager, had not her clothes looked very old and shabby. She wore a close black silk bonnet, a bombazine gown—which had once been black, but was become quite rusty—a clean lawn apron, a white

shawl of fringed muslin, and a pair of knit silk mittens, which had been darned with black worsted; she was leaning on the arm of a tall slender girl of about 12 years of age.

Children are perhaps no great observers of that sort of external loveliness which consists in delicacy and modesty, yet my eye had no sooner fallen upon this young girl, than I could neither take it off till she had passed out of my sight, or cease to think of her during the service; such pretty hair curling from under her bonnet, such a soft complexion, such dove-like eyes, such an innocent, modest expression, surely I had never seen, excepting in my own sweet sister, and who could she be? And then her dress—it was not like that of a cottager; she had a scanty and patched frock of old Indian chintz, which had belonged, perhaps, to the old woman in better days, a thin white tippet, and a very shabby chip bonnet, with a pair of cotton mittens; but she carried a handsome old prayer book, with silver clasps, and wore a sprig of old man in her bosom, tied together with two pinks. As the old woman and this little girl passed through the porch, my father bowed respectfully to them, and they both dropped courtesies so profound, that it seemed as if they felt the compliment to be more than their due.

When the service was over, our family walked out of the church before the rest of the congregation stirred, a compliment always paid in those more simple days to the heads of the parish. My father did not follow us immediately; and my sister and I, as our custom was, having ran home, hastened to a bower we had in the shrubbery, to read our Sunday books—for we had our Sunday books, and our week day books—we might read our Sunday books on a week day, but we might not read our week day books on a Sunday; when we had reached our bower, Sophia said, "Mar-

garet, did you see that little girl at church—that very nice little girl?"

"Why do you call her little?" I asked; "she is taller than you are."

"But is not she pretty?" returned my sister. "How gentle she looks, and how shabby her clothes are; and I can not think who she is—I never saw her before—what a poor bonnet and tippet she had, and yet how neat she was—I wish I knew more about her."

We talked over the old woman and the little girl, and made many guesses, and could make nothing out—no, not so much as to form an idea of the house in which they might possibly live, for we knew every cottage in the parish, and did not know of any which had been empty, excepting one which was supposed not to be habitable, standing in the depths of a wood, and at about a mile from the church; but we could not believe that such persons as those we were talking about, could possibly have taken up their abode in that desolate and solitary place.

We were interrupted in our discourse by the dinner bell, for we always dined early on a Sunday; and when we came to table, we found our papa and mamma and Madame talking about the very same persons who had afforded the subject of our discourse in the bower.

"I was as much pleased with them as you could be, my dear," said our papa, speaking to mamma; "that respectable looking old woman, and that lovely little girl, her grand-daughter—I am sure there is something uncommon in their histories; but I could learn nothing more of them than that they have been in the parish about six months, living in that poor miserable cottage in the wood, above the waterfall which tumbles into the dingle beyond the shrubbery. They took the house, farmer Taylor says, for cheap-

ness, requiring him only to make it weather proof and tight, and to white-wash the inside; and really, he says, they have made it look better within than could be thought possible with their poor means; but the old lady has never till to-day been able to walk to church."

"Lady!" said Madame; "What, my good friend, are you going to make a lady of this poor cottager?"

"I spoke without thought," replied my father, "and from the impulse of feeling. When I see a fine manner, I am apt to think that the person who has it is a lady or a gentleman, although but an inhabitant of a cottage."

I remember no more of this conversation, and before night I had forgotten the old woman and her little grand-daughter, and the cottage in the wood, and all about them; for Madame had asked for a whole holiday for us the next day, and the favour had been granted, and we were to spend it as we pleased, and without interruption; for our papa and mamma were going with Madame, who was to leave us that day for the nearest town, in which she had taken lodgings: so we expected that our parents would be out all day, and although it always vexed us much when they went out, yet we were not sorry to have a whole day to work at our bundles of odds and ends. Dinah, the servant mentioned before, had been our nurse, and we loved her very much; and when our parents were gone, she came and sate with us, having had leave so to do, and we consulted her respecting our treasures.

"This bit of green silk, Miss Sophia," she said, "is uncommonly neat and pretty; it would make a bonnet."

"Will you have it, Dinah?" said my sister; "you are very welcome to it."

"Thank you, my little dear," replied Dinah,

"thank you all the same; but I never wore a coloured bonnet in my life, and at my time of day I am sure I shall not begin with any such vanities. I was not thinking of myself, but I was thinking that there is many a tidy little child would be thankful for such a bonnet as I could make of this, with a bit of pasteboard, and a little cat-gut and wire."

"I have thought of something—I have thought of something," cried my sister; "and if you will make it, Dinah, I will give it that pretty little girl we saw at church—Oh! do, dear Dinah, do set to work."

"I will, Miss, I will, Miss," replied the good-natured servant. "I have the old foundation of a bonnet in my room, wire, and pasteboard, and cat-gut and all; and, let me see the silk, I think, if you could find me a little bit of something else for lining the front, I could make out a tippet too."

"Yes, yes," said Sophia, "and how lucky—here is a little bit of pink persian, and some green ribbon—make haste, Dinah, make haste; how can I help you? I will put all the other things away, and set to work at once; can not I make the tippet?"

When persons undertake to write true stories, they must tell all the truth, and not part of the truth, otherwise the story is not a true one, but a false one; accordingly, however ashamed I may be, I must not hide from my reader a very unpleasant part of my story, which is this;—that when I was a child, I was by no means what might be called a good child. I had some very naughty ways and bad propensities.

Although I had been brought up in the knowledge of religion from a baby, I had lived till the time I am speaking of, without taking any pleasure whatever in it. I could say several catechisms, and answer almost any common question belonging to bible history, as well as any of you, my readers; and I was forced,

as it were, to behave ordinarily well, by my good parents and my worthy nurse; neither would my sister have hidden any thing she thought very wrong in me from my mamma, for she was a holy child; yet, with all this, my heart was often as hard as a stone, as it regarded religion; in spite of all that was in my head, there was little in my heart that was right; and you know that the heart of man is naturally hard and selfish—thinking no good thought, and delighting in no good thing; and that this natural depravity always remains the same, till it is counteracted by the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, descending upon it like rain on the dry and parched ground. The change which the Holy Spirit produces in the heart is called regeneration, or the new birth. When Christ our Lord, who is God the Son, had fulfilled the will of his Father, in dying for the sins of the world, he obtained for all those whom his Father had given him, the restoration of that Spirit of life which had been breathed into Adam when he was created in the image of God, and lost by him at the fall. This is that Holy Spirit, which, entering into the heart of the believer, enables him to do good works, and acceptable unto God; and thus we are led on in safety through all the temptations which arise from our own evil natures, until by natural death we are set free from this perpetual struggle between our own wicked passions and the Spirit within us, and admitted to that glory prepared for us by the Father through the Son, ere yet the world was made.

Thus the three persons in one God, all work together to bring us unto glory, and all that we do by nature is to fight and struggle against every effort which is made to make us happy.

So we have no merit of our own; we have done nothing, and can do nothing; we are all utterly vile; neither was there any difference, by nature,

between me and my sister, though, at the time I speak of, she was very lovely and I was very wicked; therefore there was no credit due to her, for, had the Almighty left her in her original nature, she would have been just as unamiable, in one way or other, as I was.

But the Holy Spirit had prepared her heart to receive the love of Christ. I can venture to say that she had been regenerated even then, and the work of sanctification was going on, and power had been given her to overcome her evil nature; whilst as yet, as I before said, my heart was still in a very hard and unchanged state, and I was subject to violent fits of ill humour.

Therefore when I saw Sophia so pleased and busy in helping Dinah with the bonnet and tippet, and when I saw the bonnet grow into form and shape under Dinah's hands, I became very sulky, and said to myself, There now, when mamma sees that bonnet, she will say—or she will think it if she does not say it—that Sophia has made a better use of her silk than Margaret has of her's, and she will think it every time she sees the little girl in the bonnet at church, I know she will; and Sophia herself will think so, and Dinah will say so—she will say it in the kitchen before the cook and the footman—I wish Madame had not given us all this rubbish; and I took up all my bits from the table in my two hands, and threw them into my drawer in a heap, and shut up the drawer in the cabinet, and walked out of the room, though Sophia and Dinah called after me.

I was in a better humour when I met my sister at dinner, but I was vexed again when, just before tea, Dinah brought the bonnet into the parlour, where I was reading, all finished and trimmed, with the tippet hanging over her arm, whilst Sophia followed all glee and joy.

"Is not it beautiful, Margaret?" said my sister, "so neat and elegant—with that little bit of pink persian which we found for the lining, but we were forced to patch it in four places; and, if you please, we will take them this evening. You will come with us, dear Margaret; it will be a pleasant walk, and mamma said we might have a walk with Dinah; but you are vexed, Margaret," she added, "you have got tears in your eyes."

"Because I know you will say that you have made a better use of your silk than I have," I answered.

"No, indeed, I will not," replied Sophia.

"But you will think it though," I added.

"And so she well may, Miss Margaret," remarked Dinah; "she has indeed made a better use of her silk than you have done of yours."

"But if she had thought that her silk would have been of any use to a poor person, I am sure she would have given it to that poor person—I am quite sure," returned my fair sister. "Would not you, dear Margaret? you did not think of it, did you? But I have thought of something; you shall give me all that is left of your striped silk, and I will give you this tippet to carry to the little girl, and then it will be partly your present and partly mine; will that do?" and then she kissed me, and said, "Don't cry, dear Margaret, take the tippet, and we will have our tea and make haste."

When this was settled I got into better humour; so we had our tea, and set out; we knew the way pretty well, and it was a lovely evening, warm, but not too hot, and our path lay for the most part through woods. Dinah carried the bonnet and tippet in a large market basket, and Sophia and I each carried another small basket. In one of these we put some gooseberries, and in another a cauliflower and a

little two-penny book, of which we happened to have two of a kind in our library.

Dinah walked gravely on, but we ran and jumped; and so we went through the shrubbery, and along a coppice, and down into a dingle, and over a wooden bridge, and up the other side of the dingle, and at length we came out upon a very steep down—so very steep that Dinah was obliged to mount it by a zig-zag path made by the sheep, for there were sheep and lambs feeding on that down, and it was pleasant to hear the woolly mothers calling to their innocent young ones, whilst the echoes of the vallies repeated their cries.

What a pretty harmless creature is a lamb; how entirely helpless and inoffensive! What animal can be a fitter emblem of our Lord in human flesh when left defenceless in the power of the ravening wolf? But I should not say that our Lord was left defenceless; no, he was not left defenceless, but he rendered himself so for our benefit; even when persecuted unto death, as he himself said, he had only to speak the word, and ten thousand legions of angels would have instantly appeared in his behalf.

But where am I wandering? Whither have I been led by the remembrance of the milk-white lambs which were frisking on those thymy uplands?

We were hardly at the top of the hill when we found ourselves under a high thorny hedge through which it was impossible to scramble; we were therefore obliged to walk a long way under the hedge, till at length we found a stile over which we climbed, and entered a dark briery coppice, where we heard jays and magpies, and the harsh cry of the corn-crake.

"What a place is this," said Dinah, "for an old woman and a young girl! surely one must want a home indeed to seek one here."

"I like it vastly," replied Sophia; "how cool it is in these woods, and what a smell of flowers!"

"It might do in June," returned Dinah, "but what would you say to it in January, when the trees are without leaf, the ground strewed with rotting leaves, and the boughs bending before the cold north wind? Folks may talk of the country, but give me a single room in a town, if I am to live alone in my old age, or even with a child for my companion."

When we had got on into the deepest part of the coppice, the house we were seeking became visible to us. First we saw a huge ill-shapen chimney, and then a window in the thatch, but the door opened the other way. The place looked gloomy and dark, even in that fine season; but when we had passed round one side of the house and come to the front, we found that the wood in that place was somewhat more open, and there was a door, the upper half of which was unclosed, and a casement window having exceeding small panes of greenish glass. Before the door was a little plot of ground, roughly fenced out from the wood, in which were a few flowers, a small path laid with pebbles, and a rough bench. We walked up to the door, and looking in before the inhabitants of the house were aware of us, saw things which even as children surprised us much. The kitchen was exceedingly small, though the chimney was wide: the walls were only roughly white-washed, yet there were several curious pieces of furniture in the house —curious I mean when the place was considered— for there was a japan time-piece on a shelf in one corner of the room, an old mahogany round table, and the portrait of a clergyman, in a wig and gown and cassock, hanging on the wall. As to the rest, the house was extremely bare of furniture, though what there was, was delicately neat.

The old person whom we had seen at church sate

near the window, and although I had thought her but meanly dressed on the Sunday, she was still more humbly attired in a woollen petticoat and jacket, with a coloured apron and handkerchief, when we saw her again in her own house; but she was diligently knitting some coarse blue woollen, such as peasants wear, which woollen she had probably spun, as a large wheel for the purpose stood in an inner room, or sort of store room, the door of which was a-jar; but this poor humble person as she sate knitting was listening to her grand-daughter who was reading aloud from a large folio volume, which we afterwards found to be an ancient history, whilst another large book lay open before her; this last was the Bible, and she was, it seems, comparing and proving one of these with the other.

We stood for a minute or two looking on without being seen, for the back of the little girl was towards us, and the old woman's eyes were too dim to permit her to distinguish any thing at a distance; and whilst there we heard the old woman set her pupil right in one or two places, not speaking as a village schoolmistress would have done, but as one who had herself been taught in a superior way.

Dinah looked at us, and then she spoke; and addressing the old woman by her name, "Mrs. Norton," she said, for we had all learnt her name, "here are some ladies come to see you." The old woman arose hastily, and the little girl turned round; she knew us immediately, and telling her grandmother who we were, they made us come in and sit down, and the old lady, for I must call her a lady, although she wore only a blue woollen dress, regretted that she had nothing to offer us but some tea. Would we please to have a little tea? Of course we refused, for why should we, who wanted nothing, consume any of her little store? and then Dinah, by our desire, opened her basket,

and whilst I presented the tippet, Sophia gave the bonnet.

"What are these, ladies?" said Mrs. Norton.

"They are for your grand-daughter, ma'am," said Sophia.

"For my Emmeline," replied the old woman, whilst the tears started in her eyes. "Ah! no—no—it cannot be! my poor Emmeline. No, dear ladies, take them back, my little girl must not wear such things; she must bend to her lot; very poor she is, and she must submit to the divine will; she will think herself too fine in this silk bonnet, and get proud, I fear, and then what is to become of us? Lady," she added, speaking to Sophia, "you must not give such things as these to poor cottagers."

"But, I think," replied Sophia, looking at the books on the table, "you are not exactly like other cottagers."

"I am," she answered, "I am no better than the poorest person in this parish; I am not in want, thanks be due to the Giver of all good, but I am reduced to the lowest place in society, and so is my Emmeline; when I am dead and gone, she may perhaps do better, for I am endeavouring to give her an education; but we must either be content to be very poor now, or to be worse hereafter, and we choose rather to be poor now. But, dear ladies, this bonnet is too smart for my little girl."

"No," said Sophia, "no, please to take it—let her have it—would not you like to have it, little girl? she added, in her gentlest voice—I know you would, and we made it for you—please to let her have it, ma'am—see, the tears are in her eyes—let her have it, ma'am"—and Sophia pleaded till she fairly burst into tears, and was joined by the little girl for whom she was pleading.

"Bless you, little lady," said the venerable woman, "who can refuse your request—take the gift, my

Emmeline; in truth, my child, you did need a decent bonnet, but this is too good for you: kind ladies, may heaven bless you."

We then presented our other small gifts, and being reminded by Dinah, set off to return home, all of us being quite surprised at what we had seen and heard; for we felt sure that these poor cottagers, whom we had just left, had seen better days, and once lived in a very different sphere. When arrived at home, we found our parents returned; we told them how we had spent our day; and my father said,—"I must inquire into the history of these poor people; there is something in it which I can not understand; their wants must be relieved; they must be made comfortable;" and he made us understand how pleased he was with us with the manner in which we had spent our day, for Sophia had given me credit for having taken my full share in all that had been done for the poor little girl in the cottage.

However, during that week there was other business to be accomplished, and our papa and mamma had no time to attend to Mrs. Norton and her affairs, though Sophia reminded them of her once or twice; and during that week also, I remember having one or two thoughts of a more gracious nature than ever I had had before; I felt more ashamed of my ill behaviour about the bonnet and tippet than I generally did for any offence which had not been followed by reproof or chastisement, and I began to ask myself—What makes Sophia so much better than I am? Is it not because she believes that Christ is the only Saviour, and that she has been brought to feel what mamma so often tells us, that it is not our own efforts that can make us good, but that it is the Lord the Spirit, which, entering into our hearts, makes us able to resist the workings of our evil nature? I do believe it is so; and I do think that the reason why I am so

naughty is, because I do not like religion—I think I am very wicked—I wish I was better—I do wish I was better. These, you will say, were good and precious thoughts, and not such as proceed naturally from the heart of a child, for the wise man says, *foolishness is bound in the heart of a child*, Prov. xxii. 15. and you will not wonder if I love to think of the history of the little green bonnet and tippet, if it was the first means used by my heavenly Father to bring me to serious thoughts; neither were these serious thoughts without their influence upon my actions; for on the Saturday evening I went to my mother, who was reading in her dressing-room, and told all my ill behaviour on the day she was from home, and I took my piece of yellow gauze, adorned with spangles, and put it into my sister's drawer of treasures, and I never would be persuaded to take it back again. Sophia made a work bag of it some time afterwards, lining it with white silk, and putting a fringe round it, and she sent it as a present to a cousin of ours who had given her a book of birds and beasts.

Mamma kissed me, and was very much pleased with my confession; and she knelt down and prayed with me that I might be a follower of the Lamb whithersoever he went.

But we were very anxious to see Emmeline in her bonnet and tippet, and we waited for her at the church door the next Sunday; and indeed she did look very pretty, and she made us such a courtesy as she passed us, that every body in the church porch looked after her, and our papa said, when we got home—"That little cottager has not been brought up in an ordinary way, I am quite sure; we must see after this family to-morrow."

But when the next day came, we were again obliged to put off our walk to the cottage in the wood;

for, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a gentleman, attended by a servant on horseback, rode up to the gate.

This gentleman was a very dear friend of my father —we will call him Woodville;—his place of abode was in a cathedral town in another county; he was a clergyman, and had a high situation in the cathedral, and he was a pious man, and very kind to those in distress; he was come to spend a few days with his old friend, and my papa and mamma were quite delighted to see him; his journey had tired him, and therefore he did not walk out that evening; but at dinner the next day, papa told him of the old woman and pretty little girl who lived in the wood, and he replied, Let us all go in the cool of the evening, and see these poor people; moreover, he took his purse out of his pocket, and took out four half-crowns, and gave two of them to me and two to Sophia, saying, "You will spend these, my dear little girls, for any of your young friends who may be in need. I know that your papa has taught you to look on all your poor humble fellow creatures, as friends."

We never had so much money in our lives, and we looked at our parents for leave to take it; and they did not say, no; but directed us to thank the kind gentleman.

We were glad when the time came that we might leave the table, and run to add our money to our treasure drawer, for we were resolved to consult our mamma about the way in which it was to be spent, which we accordingly did some time afterwards.

At five o'clock our mamma called us to prepare for our walk, for we were to drink tea when we came back; and she also bade us go to Dinah to have our small baskets filled with fruit and vegetables, and any other little things which might be spared from the pantry, for we seldom went to see the poor people without carrying something for them.

There were no pretty tracts and little books in those days to give to the poor; at any rate, they were very scarce and very dear; but we often took bibles to houses where there were none.

We were all ready before six o'clock, and we walked, as mamma had directed us, quietly behind the grown-up people; for our parents used to say—little girls should be seen and not heard, an old proverb, which I fear is not much attended to in these days. So we went quietly on through the beautiful woods, and no body took any notice of us, any farther than to look back now and then, and smile at us; Dr. Woodville did so more than once or twice, and children who are humbly and properly brought up, are more gladdened by the smiles of their elders than a spoilt child would be with a handful of sugar plumbs.

Grown-up people, who are not very young, always find it more difficult to climb up steep places than children do. Dr. Woodville and our parents were a long time getting up the slope on the other side of the dingle, and my sister and I asked leave to run before, and tell the old woman that we were coming; and having leave we did so; we found her employed much as we had done when we had first visited her, for I suppose she kept particular times for particular work; and she put by her table with the books on it, and set all the chairs she had in order, and put on a white apron, and made the little girl get a clean pinafore, and tie it on; and this was hardly done before papa and mamma and Dr. Woodville arrived; the gentlemen were obliged to stoop as they came in at the door, and the moment Dr. Woodville raised his head again, he fixed his eyes on the picture of the clergyman, and said, "Who is this? Whose picture is this? I could fancy I had seen it before."

"It was my poor husband's, sir," replied the old lady.

"Your husband," returned Dr. Woodville, "Who are you? Let me know your history; are you the widow of a clergyman?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; and thus from one question to another she told her whole story, and I shall repeat it as shortly as I can.

Mrs. Norton's husband had been the rector of a poor little parish in Wales, and she had also been the daughter of a clergyman, and had been well educated, though she had brought no fortune; she described her husband as having been the best and kindest of men, and spoke of three children she had had, one only of which had survived his infancy, and this was the father of Emmeline, who, as well as her mother, was also dead.

"And thus," she said, "I was left a widow with an orphan grand-daughter, but the Almighty provided for me; I never knew want"—and she went on to say that she received twenty pounds a-year, which was given her from some charity which there is for the widows of clergymen.

"But if you have twenty pounds a-year, why are you so very poor as you appear to be, my good madam?" replied Dr. Woodville. Why should you choose so miserable a place as this, and why not rather live in a town, where, at least, you would have your fellow-creatures about you?"

"Sir," replied Mrs. Norton, "I have done what perhaps you may not think very wise. When Emmeline was left to me, I insured my life for two hundred pounds, for which I have eight pounds a-year to pay; I considered that if I died she would be left without a penny; and I am obliged to observe the closest economy in order to be able to live on the twelve pounds which remain; hence, chancing to know the worthy farmer in whose house I live, I was tempted to come to this place; and though it is dreary in winter, we

have been very happy here—have we not, Emmeline?"

"Yes, dear grandmamma," answered the little girl, "we have been very happy, and you have had time to teach me; but I wish that you had not done that about the money—I am young, and can work and maintain myself."

"But she was only six years old, and a tender little thing when she first came to me, sir," said the old woman, addressing Dr. Woodville; "and so I was tempted to do what I did, and we do very well indeed, sir; very well, we never want."

"But your child can have little education in this place?" said my mother.

"Madam," replied the old lady, "my dear husband took much pains with me, and for one in my station, I am not ignorant; and we have many books in the room above; they are our greatest earthly comfort, nay, I may say, our greatest heavenly comfort, inasmuch as we have a large Bible amongst them; and I understand needle-work too, ma'am, needle-work of most sorts, though I can not now see to do any thing but spin."

Whilst the old lady was talking to mamma, and shewing her some specimens of Emmeline's work, amongst which was a curious sampler, I saw Dr. Woodville standing with his eyes fixed on the picture, from which suddenly turning, he said, "Did your husband's house face the Brithen Hills? Was it in a deep valley? Was there a very small village just beyond the paling of the garden? Did the church look like a barn, with a wooden spire?"

"All was so as you say, sir," replied Mrs. Norton; "there I spent forty happy years, and in that churchyard rest the remains of my poor husband, and my dear children; but he was a holy man, the father and friend of his people, and so liberal to the needy,

sir, that he never had ought to lay aside for his family; but we have never wanted."

"I have it then, I have it," returned Dr. Woodville. "Do you remember (it may now be thirty or thirty-five years since,) two young gentlemen arriving on foot in your village, and being received in your house for want of accommodation at the public house?"

"Aye, sir," said the old lady, "the public house, with the sign of the Prince Llewellyn."

"Be that as may be," returned Dr. Woodville, "but you may perhaps call to mind that these same youths dwelt three days in your house, and visited all the wonders in the neighbourhood with the excellent man your husband; they call you Norton, I think; well, this is wonderful, I was one of these young men. But now, tell me, madam, would it please you to leave this place, and live in a towered city, in comfort and comparative affluence, with your pretty little handmaid there? speak but the word"—but Mrs. Norton could not speak, she had dropped on the chair, and was sobbing violently, whilst her fair grand-daughter had ran to her, and was holding her head upon her breast, weeping with her, she knew not why; and Sophia had tears also in her eyes, and my mother too. Dr. Woodville and my father could not stand this, and they hastened out of the house, whilst my mother did all she could to restore the old lady.

"I do not know exactly what Dr. Woodville means to do for you, Mrs. Norton," said my mother, "but you may be assured that he will not forget you; he is a pious, and, in consequence, a truly kind man; you have borne trouble with a calm mind, why then can not you rest with equal calmness on your heavenly Father when he smiles?"

"Grandmamma," said Emmeline, "remember the verse you have taught me,—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face."

"But, to think, Emmy," said the old lady, "that all this should come through the medium of your dear grandfather—blessed be his memory—and so many have been the times when I have thought him too hospitable, and too ready to feed and house the stranger, that it is that that cuts me; but bless that good gentleman, and bless you, little ladies, who brought him here."

Now I have made my book a great deal longer than I ever intended it should be, and what is to be done now, but to tell the parts of the story which come next, in fewer words.

Dr. Woodville went home the next day, and made himself so busy that in a very short time he got a place for Mrs. Norton in a charitable institution for clergymen's widows, established by an old gentleman, whom my mother knew very well when she was a child.

In these buildings live many widows; each of them has a little kitchen, a parlour, and two sleeping rooms, and I know not how much they have a-year, but it was what Mrs. Norton would have thought a great deal of money; and before the summer was gone, he sent mamma ten pounds, and asked her to see that Mrs. Norton and Emmeline had proper clothes, and were sent off immediately.

They came to our house for a week after their furniture was sold; for Mrs. Norton took nothing with her but such things as she had had in her husband's life time, and when they parted from us, they shed many tears.

We saw them once again after that, and only once; for Mrs. Norton did not live above ten years after

she was removed, and Emmeline married an affluent tradesman, in a distant town, where, as her letters tell me, for she writes to me every year, she is a happy wife, and happy mother, having fallen into the hands of one who fears his God; but you shall have an account of this our first and last visit to Mrs. Norton, in the place which good Dr. Woodville had procured for her.

We were travelling to see an uncle who lived in the north of England, and as we passed through the town in which Dr. Woodville lived, we intended to have spent the evening with him; so we walked from the inn to Dr. Woodville's house, which was in the cathedral yard, but it was summer time, and the family were gone to the sea; this disappointed us, and we turned away, intending to inquire next for Mrs. Norton; but as we passed one of the wide beautiful doors of the cathedral, it was open, and we heard the harmony of the organ, and of the choristers chaunting the evening service. We all agreed to go in there before we sought Mrs. Norton, and as Sophia and I had never heard cathedral service before, we thought almost that we heard angels singing as we walked along the lofty aisles towards the choir, which is that part of the cathedral where the service is performed. When we got in we were shewn into a seat; but there were few people present, excepting the singing men, and the little choristers in their white surplices.

At length, however, Sophia whispered—"Emmeline," and turning my eyes as she directed, I saw Emmeline nearly opposite to me, standing by her grandmother; and, oh, how pretty did she appear! her gentle eyes being fixed with looks of love upon us, and her cheeks all red and glowing with delight, and she was dressed so very neatly, without any ornament, as becoming one who lives by charity, for by charity she did live, although that charity was one

so noble and so ample. My mother remarked how proper this was, or I might otherwise not have thought of it.

As soon as the service was over, she came quickly to us, and brought us to her grandmother. What delight did the old lady express at the sight of us; she called us her benefactors—I am sure I was not deserving of the name—and brought us to her neat little dwelling, where we spent one of the happiest evenings of our lives. My father made us kneel down before we parted, to join in an act of thanksgiving to the Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow.

ST. HOSPICE.

PREFACE.

As the Golden Chain took you, my young readers, into the south of France, the Baby's Grave will carry you a little farther, to the beautiful promontory of St. Hospice, on the shores of the Mediterranean, where there are thick woods of olives, and wild anemonies of every colour, and flowing streams of very pure water, and an almost constant summer. I have walked in those olive-woods, and gathered those anemonies, and dipped a cup in those flowing waters.

Drawn by

ST HOSPICE.

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e spring had hardly commenced. Wild ane-
all colours ornamented my path, and the
ng of a nightingale reached my ear. I fol-
winding road between two stone walls, till
.t on a narrow, open path way, many feet
sea; and here I paused to look around me.
hen arrived at the eastern side of the pro-
; before me was a bay, bounded to the right
ige rocks which in that place terminate the
e Alps—vast and inaccessible rocks, where
i single tree or even bush could find support—
ie left by the tongue of land on which the
tower had frowned defiance to the Moorish
a ages of barbarism long past. There also,
s tower, was a small chapel, dedicated to a
saint, of whom the story runs as follows:
ospice, for such was his name, was said to
en shipwrecked here, and by his single arm to
ved his own life from the wild tribes who were
ing round the bay.

ked a few minutes at the tower, and again
l my path, which now began to descend nearer
ea. On coming opposite to an opening in the
or rather, I should say, to a spot where these
ad retired back so as to make a half circle on
e of the sea, a little dark eyed girl stood before
iout shoes or stockings; she had a beautiful
in her hand, which she presented to me with
urtesy. I accepted her offering, and bestow-
v sous upon her in return; and, in so doing,
ked that the place upon which we were stand-
s uncommonly beautiful; a steep path, paved
ones, led up amongst the grove of olive trees
ny head, and the trees had so interwoven their
es as to make a small arch-way close to the
On one side of this little path, a small torrent,
untain streamlet, was dashing into the sea from

an immense height, from which the mother of my little friend was filling a pitcher which she had just removed from her head. The peasant made me a low courtesy, when she was aware of the money I had given her little girl; for the poor people in France and Italy think as much of a few pence as they would in England of so many shillings.

After this little adventure, I set out again on my walk, pleased with all things around me; but my next adventure was far more interesting and singular than that which has gone before. As I was once more ascending towards the tower, I remarked an uncommonly neat little cottage, having a small garden behind it, and a court in front. On the opposite side of the court from which I stood were many olive trees, under one of which I saw a small marble slab. I knew very well that it is no uncommon thing to see marble in France or Italy, but my curiosity was raised, for I fancied that I saw some words carved upon the slab. However, I hesitated not to enter the gate-way, or to walk towards the little monument, though it was necessary in so doing to pass the cottage door. My purpose, however, was perceived by a young woman, who, coming towards me, courteously requested me to enter her habitation. Her dress was plain, but more delicately arranged than that of many of her neighbours; she wore a coloured petticoat, and a dark boddice curiously laced with ribbons in the front. She had no cap, but her hair was shaded by a neat embroidered handkerchief, tied plainly under her chin; her hair was dark, and braided over her forehead.

It was with a sweet smile that she requested me to sit down, adding, that with my permission, she would tell me the history of that fair white monument; for she had remarked that my attention was directed towards it. I replied instantly, by express-

ing my thanks for such kindness as manifested to me by a perfect stranger.

"A stranger you are not, Signor, for you are an Englishman," she replied; "but my story will explain to you why I love the people of your country. I was left an orphan, Signor," she continued, "at the age of fourteen, and my case appeared to be the more deplorable, because I was left in charge of an infant brother. My mother had had several babies between me and my little Sylvestre, yet all had died in infancy; being thus destitute, my father's brother took us into his house, where we were treated with much kindness; and there I became acquainted with my husband Mathurin, and we were on the point of marriage, when he was pressed into the French service under the emperor. We regretted this at that time, as a bitter evil; but you shall hear, Signor, what came of it. Mathurin was taken prisoner by the English, somewhere off the French coast, and being carried to England, his mind was opened, I will not say at once, for he was long afterwards in a state of comparative darkness, to the superstitions and gross deceptions of the Roman Catholic religion; and then after two or three years he returned to this country, and again sought to be united with me: but because he could not accommodate to the Popish ceremonies, he was rather looked upon with a suspicious eye by the priests; however, after a while, through the interest of an English gentleman who came to Nice about that time, the matter was settled; we were married, and came to this cottage; it was where I was born and bred, and I loved it, Signor, beyond any of their fine palaces on the hills round Nice. See you, Sir, how beautifully the sea shews itself over the tops of the olive trees, and how magnificently the mountains lift themselves above the woods; and then, Signor, we have flowers here which bloom the twelve months

round, and we are delighted with the sweet singing of many birds, such as are never heard but far from towns; and our little Sylvestre came to live with us, and was by this time of use to my husband in his business, which is that of a fisherman. He was quick too in finding the most beautiful shells, and it is wonderful how much he sometimes gets for them from the English ladies who come riding and walking about these woods. Indeed, Signor, he has been as a son to us. So in the early days of our marriage all things went well with us, and, as I have since often thought, we were in the way of having no religion at all; for my husband had, as it were, slipped his neck out of the yoke of Popery, and yet had not heartily entered into the Protestant way of thinking. And though some of our neighbours looked stiffly at us because we avoided attending Messe, yet, I am sorry to say, Signor, that even here there are so many who look upon all religion as a fable, that we did not want for those who countenanced and upheld us in our carelessness; and then my husband was known to have the ear of the English gentry in Nice, and the English are of too much consequence to the poor in this country to be lightly set by.

"It was more than two years after our marriage before we were in hopes that the Almighty would vouchsafe us a child. At length my boy was born, my little Antoine," (and as the mother spoke, she wiped away a tear with her hand.) "Oh! Signor, my precious one," she exclaimed; "he was so very fair and lovely, and he knew me so well, and would crow and smile with delight when I came near him, that in deed and in truth I loved him more than was right. My baby was so beautiful that many ladies from Nice would come to see him and admire him.

"It was in the summer, Signor, when my boy was nearly a year old, that having drest him in a new

dress, which I had been enabled to purchase for him by hard work, that I sat at my cottage door playing with him. My lovely Antoine smiled at my caresses; but I thought his dark blue eyes looked languid, and I trembled for my boy. Perhaps he is sleepy, I said to myself, and taking him in my arms, I soon hushed him to repose.

"It was under that olive tree, Signor," she added, pointing to the marble slab, "that I placed his cradle, and having laid my boy in it, I sat down to work beside him. Whilst I was thus seated, some young English ladies entered through the gate-way; they had seen the dimpled foot of my infant Antoine peeping from below the coverlid, and a burst of joyful surprise from the lips of the young ladies instantly followed, and coming towards the cradle, they begged to see my boy.

"As I removed the covering I had thrown over his face, with a feeling of pride, at possessing such a treasure, I turned towards the young ladies to witness the admiration I expected to see expressed on their countenance on beholding my lovely baby. I was not disappointed, nay I was satisfied. The fair white hand of my darling child was placed against his face; he had an unusual colour in his cheek, and his coral lips were parted.

"What is his name?" said the youngest of the party to me.

"Antoine, I repeated proudly, my boy is called Antoine.

"As the young ladies kissed the infant's velvet cheek, they presented him with some money, and one smilingly remarked, he has earned this tribute by his beauty. But, oh my baby! my baby!" added the poor woman, whilst the tears fell down her cheeks, "I can not yet think of thee without regret: but I shall go to thee, my fair one, thou wilt never come to

me. But, mon Seigneur," she continued hastily, "I shall get rebellious if I speak of my boy, or tell of half the beauties of my angel. And yet I would not have him back in this world of trouble. I would not earn another smile from his rosy lip, or another glance from his lovely eye at the expence of bringing him back into this scene of sin and pain: no, Signor; for he is in a safer home than my cottage could afford him, and in the bosom of Him who says, that though a mother may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb; yet will He not forget us, Isaiah xlix. 15.

"From that day, Signor, my infant was never well, though we could not discern what ailed him. It was his heavenly Father's will; the canker was in the bud, and the blossom faded before it could expand; it was hard to watch his sufferings, and yet to be unable to administer any comfort; although to have saved him from a moment's pain, I would have sacrificed my life. And then, Sir, I was not established in any religion. I had been brought to see the absurdity of Popish forms; but I knew not the truth as accepted by the Protestants.

"My Antoine had been privately baptized by a Protestant minister at Nice; but this I had not dared to tell my neighbours; and hence, when the people about me saw my little lovely one lying a pale, cold corpse, they spoke horrible words respecting the Limbo of Roman Catholics, the place where unbaptized babes endure an eternal separation from the divine presence, with other horrors which, although I did not believe them, tended to add woe to woe, almost to the bursting of my heart.

"The priests of St. Bartholemy declared that my boy could not be buried according to the forms of their church, unless my husband would openly re-

tract the heresies of which he was suspected; and I, in the agony of my feelings, would have persuaded him so to do, but he remained determined; and our little fair one was buried in a grave dug by his poor father in the dead of night, under that olive tree, where, after a while, we placed that marble slab, recording his name and tender age."

Here the poor mother wiped away a tear, whilst she stood with her dark eyes fixed thoughtfully on the tomb; then turning to me, with animation, "Now, Signor, you shall hear how all these things have worked together for our good, though I was long a rebel, and whilst months rolled on still wept my babe as lost. But during this time my little Sylvestre was a great comfort to me, for he was now nearly ten years old; he would sit for hours and hear me talk of my Antoine, when no other would listen, for my husband was engaged with his work, and nothing but the support of the English at Nice, saved us from the most cruel vengeance of the priests.

"It was one day when talking to him on this same subject, and thus nursing up my grief, we heard voices, though speaking in the English language, near our cottage, and a young lady alighting from a donkey, entered our door. I instantly recognized her as the eldest of the same party which had seen my boy in the prime of his beauty. On seeing no child before our door, she looked uneasy, and my tears confirmed her suspicion; but suddenly her eye fell upon the marble slab, underneath which was the last cradle of my baby. 'Oh little baby!' she said in French, for she had become accustomed to that language, 'sweet angel, you were too beautiful to live,' and as she leant over the monument, her tears fell fast upon it; her sisters also wept, but their sorrow was not so deep: they were younger, and the thorns of life had at that time scarcely appeared amongst the roses that

were strewed in their path. As the lady stood beside the grave, she took from her bosom a nosegay of beautiful flowers, which she laid upon it, and then, without bidding us adieu, she left the cottage.

"It was whilst trying to rouse me from this new burst of grief which this short visit had excited, that my kind little brother first perceived, that under the flowers the lady had placed a small book, very neatly printed in French. After removing it carefully, unperceived by myself, for he was fearful of making me uneasy, a sudden thought occurred to him, that if he could possibly learn to read, he might find a way of amusing his unhappy sister.

"This was a pleasant thought, and the dear boy immediately set to work to teach himself; but finding this impossible, he determined to apply to one of the priests of the Roman Catholic chapel in the neighbourhood, called St. Barthelemy. Accordingly every morning the little boy stationed himself near the mountain torrent, which you must have observed this morning, Signor, there to wait for the priest, who passed daily at a certain hour to the chapel, through the arch-way which is there made by the trees, and down the stone steps cut in the rock.

"My kind brother (as he afterwards told me) presented the Father the first morning with a nosegay of beautiful hyacinths, such as grow wild in our woods, Signor, and in return received only a bow, and a muttered blessing, which I doubt not came from the heart, for there are good men even among the deluded Papists; but the next day, Sylvestre being in his usual place, the present was received with a smile. And so from day to day he won more and more upon the kind old man, and thus by degrees the Father became fond of the child; although I never could understand whether he was aware that he belonged to the family of Mathurin, or whether he pur-

posely pretended ignorance on that subject, in order that he might have the better chance of leading him to his own way of thinking.

"At length Sylvestre took courage. and asked the Father to teach him to read. The kind old man was not offended, but promised the child that if he would come to his house at a certain hour every day, it should not be his fault if he became not as learned a man as St. Austin himself. He from that time attended his instructor from day to day, without once telling me how he spent the time which he was permitted to devote to amusement; during this period he had many opportunities of returning the kindness of Father André, by many small services which were not unacceptable, for the Father was very poor.

"My baby had been separated from me more than a year before I had hopes of again becoming a mother, and Sylvestre had been nearly seven months under the teaching of Father André before he was able to read the small tract left by the young English lady; but one day after dinner, finding himself prepared, Sylvestre blushingly begged me to sit with him in the court, for he wanted to talk with me.

"I was not struck by his manner at the time as being any thing extraordinary, but seating myself at my door with my work in my hand, he placed himself beside me, and after taking out the book, he began to read to me. It seems that the young English lady had chosen the tract on purpose for us, though on hearing of the death of my lovely boy she had been fearful of presenting it to me.

"We were long before we understood the contents of that little volume, which in a small space comprised much wisdom. It pointed out how that our first parents being made by God were without sin, though liable to fall—how they were tempted to sin by the

Evil One persuading the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit—and how, having cut themselves off from the happiness they enjoyed as the sons of God, they became subject to all the penalties of sin, their natures becoming wholly corrupt, being the slaves of sin and the servants of the Evil One. This little book farther shewed how man was again united to God, by the union of the divine and human nature in the God incarnate: how man was thus redeemed from the curse of his original sins, and hence, how infants dying before the commission of actual sin, are saved, not by the outward washing of water, but by the gift of an inward and spiritual grace, of which baptism is only the figure. Hence I was made to see that all the horrible fable of Limbo was an invention of man, and faith was given me to behold my little fair one amid the multitude of the redeemed which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. The book also told us that Purgatory was a false thing; for if Christ had died for our sins, why would there be a double punishment for them; it was thus making out the death of our Saviour of little or no avail. The last words of our precious little book were these: 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life,' John iii. 36.

"I have mentioned before, Signor, that all this appeared at first very difficult to me, but through the blessing of God I was led to pray that my eyes might be opened to the belief of the Saviour, and my prayer has indeed been answered; for I now can perceive the mercy of God, who has only taken our infant from us for a time, that sorrow for his loss might be used as the means of bringing his rebellious parents to their God and Father; and I now feel that my sins are paid for, and that when I die, through my Saviour's merits, I shall join my baby in the presence of my God. But," added the young peasant, her counte-

nance brightening as she spoke, "I must tell you, Signor, the end of my story:

"My little Antoine had been parted from us for more than two years before I was in possession of another treasure, precious as the first. My second little Antoine is not inferior in beauty to his angel brother, and I trust he will be spared to us for our good: for like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust, Psal. ciii. 14. No, indeed; he does not willingly afflict the children of men, unless for their good; but, Signor, when our second Antoine had passed his first birth-day, the young English lady who I have mentioned before, paid us a visit at St. Hospice. She had been married then for some time to a young clergyman, and they did us the honour of spending a day with us, and our baby boy was baptized under the olive tree beside his brother's grave. The young clergyman and his dear lady also took some oranges and figs, for we had laid out our best in hopes they would take something. Before they left, the kind gentleman read to us from his Bible, and advised us to be careful of our children, and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He also presented Antoine and Sylvestre each with a nice French Bible. And the lady, after kissing my boy, bid us adieu, and she is now, I believe, in happy England amongst those of her own faith."

As the peasant finished, she brought her baby, who had been asleep during our conversation, that I might behold the second little Antoine, to whose beauty I can not do sufficient justice. I shall only now conclude by saying, that should this short account fall into the hands of the young clergyman, or his excellent lady, I think it will encourage them in their duty, reminding them of the words of Solomon,

'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days,' Eccl. xi. 1.

Nice, 18—

THE ROSARY;

OR,

ROSÈE OF MONTREUX.

PREFACE.

As the little Antoine carried us to St. Hospice, which lies on the shores of the Mediterranean, close to the famous city of Nice, we must needs now travel northward to where the little valley of Montreux lies encompassed with the snow-crowned Alps, and there we shall be brought into a scene of such simplicity as we should hardly find any where else than in some sweet valley of beautiful Swisserland, nor even there unmixed with much evil, although that evil may not always be discovered by a person passing hastily through these glorious scenes.

But I have myself known a few young children, who, from the time they have been able to speak,

have seemed to try to please God and their parents, in every thing they did or said. I remember two in particular, they were sisters, and they came from a very distant land; and I have often heard one of these say to the other, we must not do this, and we must not do that, because it is wrong, it will not please God. I think that I may say of these children that they never sinned wilfully, and that when they had done wrong, they looked on Him whom they had pierced, and mourned sincerely. What made these fair little ones to differ from other children, but that same divine influence which makes a holy man to differ from a wicked one? in other words, it is this, that the Lord the Spirit had entered into their hearts, and ever dwelt within them.

When God made man he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, that is, the Holy Spirit; which breath of life was lost by Adam when he departed from his God; at which time the natural man became to be little better than the beast that perisheth; therefore the wise man says, Eccl. iii. 18, 19. "I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a

man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; for all is vanity."

But when through grace, or free favour, the Lord the Spirit again makes his temple in the heart of any man; or when he condescends to inhabit the breast of a little child, then that child becomes such as is described in the Rosary, and such as I have sometimes seen, such in truth as were those two lovely sisters, whom I shall remember, though I shall never behold them together again.

I now speak of them to you, my young reader, in order that you may understand that God sometimes condescends to manifest his power even in the heart of a little child.

ALTHOUGH I am not acquainted with you, my indulgent little readers, yet I much suspect that some of my small volumes are not altogether unknown to you, but that one of them, at least, has already found its way into your libraries. I now will tell you what you have not heard before, that I am a very great traveller, not only on the continent of Europe, but in sunny Asia. I have navigated the Indian ocean, and visited the stormy promontory of South Africa; I have been tossed on the bosom of the Mediterranean, and wandered over the cloudy heights of the terrible Corniche; I have seen orange groves, and clusters of palm trees, and heard the cry of the Gondolier in the

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MONTREUX.

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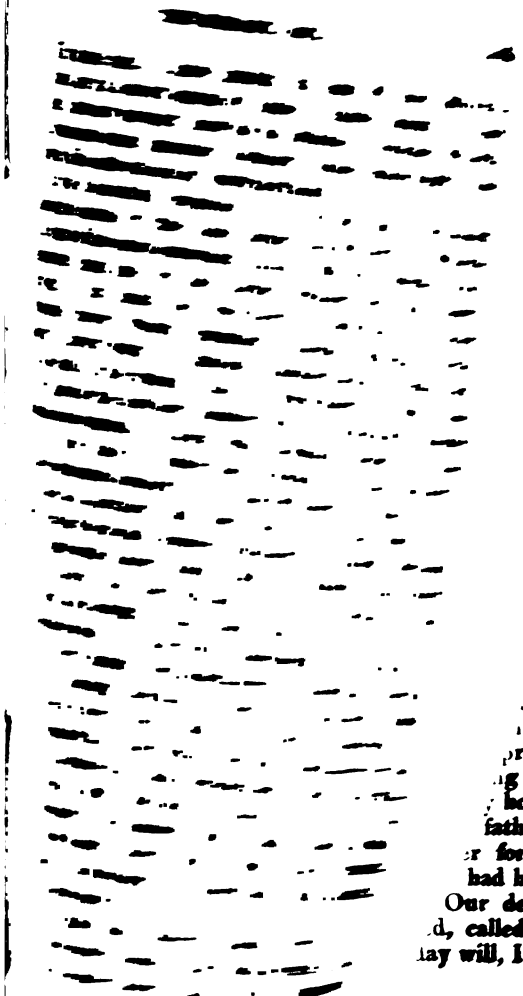
City of the Sea. I have much to say of my adventures, for in a short space of time I have seen a vast deal; but my purport now is to relate a scene which I witnessed when passing a short time amongst the lovely hills and vallies of Switzerland.

It was a beautiful evening in August as I walked along the banks of the lake near Montreux, where the sight of the snow-crowned Alps, which were only separated from me by the clear water at my feet, brought to my mind the wonderful works of that Supreme Power which created these magnificent objects. Every work of nature immediately around me was clad in the warm hue of summer, from the loftiest pine to the lowliest flower which inhabit these mountainous regions. There was a small boat on the lake, and from time to time the voices of the fishermen were returned distinctly by the echoes of the hills. As I walked on, solitary and pensive, a little boy between the age of ten and eleven suddenly stood before me; his figure was taller than that of most children of his age, though the uncommon youthfulness of his manner belied his height. His step was light, though his countenance was, at the first moment in which I beheld him, very much agitated—his cheeks being wet with tears, though a smile of delight played upon his lips; his eyes were dark and spirited, though at the present dimmed by the tears he had shed—he was close beside me, before he had remarked that a stranger was near him, but instantly taking off his cap from his noble brow, he bowed low, and then would have passed on without speaking; but after returning his salutation, I stopped to question him about a village which I saw near to us.

"What do you call this lovely place, my boy," I said, "and by whom are these glorious scenes inhabited—by those who love their God, or by those who know him not?"



"We call it Montreux, Monsieur," replied the boy; "but our village is more blessed than almost any other in the mountains, for the same God who guided our fathers in olden times still protects his children now, and we are taught to know and love him."

I was pleased with this answer, and next enquired the cause of the tears which I had marked on his cheek. "Are they tears of joy or sorrow, my young friend?" I asked.

"Joy, all joy, Monsieur," he replied, (his countenance at once brightening up as a fine landscape when a cloud has passed away) "for our Rosèe today has owned that she is our sister; indeed, she will be joined to us this evening, never to be parted again from us, no, not even by death."

"Rosèe," I repeated, "and who is Rosèe?"

"Have you not heard of our Rosèe, Monsieur," said the boy, fixing his dark eyes upon me, "of our own Rosèe, the Rosèe of the Mountains, as she is called?"

"No," I replied, "no, indeed, old as I am, my dear boy, your sweet sister Rosèe is a stranger to me, though I must confess I long much to see the little damsel who is worthy of being called the Rosèe of the Mountains."

"You must come then to our cottage, Monsieur, and then you shall see our Rosèe," he replied. "But, Sir, she is not our own sister, though her father was brother to mine, but we all love her as much as we do Nannette. Rosèe was very, very young indeed when she left our own sweet Montreux, and went to France with her mother. A lovely little girl was our Rosèe then, Monsieur, she would never answer angrily, but the tears would fall gently from her soft eyes if we spoke harshly to her; but they took her to France, and kept her there many years, and there they taught

her to worship little marble images, and to count long strings of beads whilst she says her prayers, and she had lost the remembrance of almost all we used to do and teach in our lovely Montreux, and on the banks of our quiet lake; but Rosèe's parents died, and she came to live with us again, and then we found that she did not love our religion, and therefore, Monsieur, we could not be happy, for Rosèe would not pray with us. When she returned, she brought with her two beautiful figures of a lady and baby, and she used to repeat many prayers to them. This vexed us, Monsieur, and my eldest sister Nannette hid the figures, and then Rosèe, poor Rosèe, wept bitterly for the loss of the little marble baby and its mother; but our pastor loved our sister, Sir, and he talked often with Rosèe, and explained to her that it was wrong to worship a piece of marble, though that marble had assumed a form supposed to be sacred. And now Rosèe sees we are right, and to-day all our family are to meet, that Rosèe may have an opportunity of shewing us that she means from this day forwards to be really our sister; but I know not how it was, when I saw our pastor coming down the path just now, I ran away—for somehow I could not help, seeming as if I were sad, although I was so very happy; but I think I can go back now, Sir, and if you will come with me, I will shew you our pastor."

I thanked the friendly boy, at the same time expressing the earnest wish I felt, to see the little girl with whose simple story I had just been made acquainted.

On descending the mountain we entered a small valley, where I first distinctly perceived the village of Montreux. My young guide pointed out to me a cottage separated by a short space from the rest as his home. I had long been accustomed to see the overhanging roofs and long galleries of Switzerland,

but my eyes were now attracted by a group of figures upon the green lawn facing the lake. The party consisted of a venerable grandmother, the parents of my young friend, and a group of children of both sexes, and of different ages, engaged in forming garlands of mountain plants, mixed with roses, that beautiful flower which is on the continent the emblem of our own fair countrywomen. In two young girls separated from the rest, I instantly recognized the Rosèe and Nannette I have mentioned above. The elder of the two was leaning against a tree; she was dressed in deep mourning; her long black curls fell upon her shoulders; her eyes were fixed upon the green turf at her feet; round her neck she wore a string of beads, to which was attached a small cross of ebony; beside her knelt a younger girl, whose face was concealed by the rustic hat so commonly used by her country people. Her manner was ardent, as if earnestly demanding some great favour from her companion; but the elder girl, though mild and gentle, appeared still firm to her purpose.

It seemed that the subject of the conference was the Rosary, for the dark haired maiden pressed it often to her lips and to her heart, as an object dear from some special reason. As I came nearer the cottage, I saw many persons all in the habits of peasants gathered without the porch; amongst these last was the pastor of the village, an elderly man of a middle stature; his dress was plain but uncommonly neat; his long white hair fell in natural curls upon his shoulders, and his benevolent countenance expressed peace with love to all mankind. He was the first to perceive our approach, and advancing quickly to meet us, he saluted me with a gracious smile and a low bow. "Monsieur," he said, (looking kindly at me) "I trust I am now welcoming a dear brother to our Mountains, one whom we shall meet again in a better

land—one fairer even than our own sweet Switzerland?"

"Sinful as I am by nature, dear Sir," I replied, "I have been made to know that God was manifested in the flesh, and that he suffered for sinners, of whom I am the chief, upon the cross, and having received this faith, which is the gift of God, I know I am made one with my Redeemer, as he is one with the Father; nor will his Spirit leave me till the everlasting hills of the heavenly Zion burst upon my view."

The countenance of the worthy pastor was lighted up with joy as I spoke. The smile of holy charity played on his lip, and the bright flashes of his eye shewed the pleasure he felt at my speech; at the same time placing my arm on his own, he requested to speak with me a few minutes aside.

"You have heard most likely, Monsieur," he said, "of the interesting scene about to be performed to-day in these mountains, on this very lawn—for here, Sir," he added, "we have no chapel at present; a neighbour's cottage in the winter, and the green sward in the summer, afford to us more sacred and retired places wherein to serve our God, than the richest gold of Peru, or the cunning workmen of Hiram could supply; but I must speak to you of our little Rosèe," he continued; "this dear child's mother was a native of France, and our little girl, during her absence from us, learnt some things we would have kept from her; but our God protects the orphan, and the last prayer of the dying mother was—that this her child, her only earthly hope, her greatest treasure, should return to her father's land, and there be instructed in that purer form of worship, from which she feared that she had herself in some measure been drawn astray. Our dear child," he continued, "is, I am convinced, called to be a member of the church above; to-day will, I trust, see her

declare her desire to become a member of our flock below; but she has requested my presence and that of many of her neighbours in this place, and she has asked me in their hearing to catechise her upon her present belief. This, Sir, may strike you as a peculiar manner of doing things, but we Mountaineers are singular in our habits; we are not all moulded into one form as you are in more polished life; we do things in our own way, and we have our own particular delights; but come forwards," he said, "let me introduce you to the kind peasants as a brother who wishes to be present during the scenes about to take place."

This was done, after which we seated ourselves under the trees in silence. The worthy man commenced by reading some passages in the Holy Scriptures of the pious Simeon's praise of the Infant Jesus. He next expatiated largely upon the meekness and humility of that Saviour, who, leaving the realms above, came to a sinful world to save mankind from death. After discoursing upon this subject some time, he particularly addressed the little girl who was the cause of our meeting.

"Rosèe," he said, "upon whom do you put your whole trust for salvation?"

"On our Saviour, Monsieur," she replied in a calm low voice.

"Is he our helper only, or a Saviour in the most complete sense, my little one?" asked the pastor.

"A Saviour, Monsieur, in the most complete sense," she answered, the tears starting to her eye.

"And why, my dear Rosèe, do you believe he will save you in particular, for you are a sinful child by nature?"

"Because, dear Sir," she replied, her countenance brightening, "the Bible—the witness of God—tells me that if I am brought to believe in the Saviour, I

am already saved, and that if I doubt, then I make my God a liar."

"Where is the verse that tells you this, my child?"

"'He that believes on me (the Son) hath everlasting life,' John iii. 36., therefore, if God says we shall be saved if we believe on the Son, and if we pretend to believe all we read about our Saviour in the Bible, and yet think we shall not go to heaven, we make our blessed God to lie."

"Do you depend on any work that you can do, Rosèe?" enquired the pastor.

"No, Sir," she replied, smiling sorrowfully; "for no work of mine is good."

"You are right, my child," he answered; "you are right, for no work you or any other human being can do, can be available to help forward our salvation; because God, who is infinitely holy, cannot even look upon any thing that is not perfectly pure. Is it then possible that we, who are by nature utterly sinful, should do aught but what is mixed with sin? And now, for ever adieu to your idolatrous images and created objects of adoration, and lift your eye above to Him who having died and risen again, will shortly re-appear in glory unspeakable, and prepared to array his church in robes made white and spotless in his own blood."

The worthy pastor next put many questions to the children around, and then he prayed both for the new born lamb which was that day added to the flock of his Master below, and for those already united to it in days that are passed. Nor was the stranger forgotten; at the same time desiring, according to the promises in the scriptures, that the Holy Spirit might descend upon us all, that the glories of the New Jerusalem should constantly fill our minds with a desire to depart and be with Christ. After the prayer we all joined together in singing a short hymn,

the words of which pleased me very much at the time, but I could afterwards recall only one verse:—

> High as the towering Alps do raise
> Their dark pines to the skies,
> Yet, blessed God, thy children's praise
> Is fairer in thine eyes.

As the last lines of the hymn died among the mountains, Rosèe rising suddenly, walked with a quick pace to the side of the lake, and taking from her neck the Rosary and Cross, she pressed them to her lips, and then threw them into the quiet lake; at the same time we heard her say—"This was my Mother's, my beloved Mother's; but it is right that I should give it up." The glassy beads for an instant were lighted up with bright and dazzling colours from the golden rays of the setting sun, then gradually sinking into the water the Rosary was lost for ever to our sight. The young girl then knelt on the ground beside the lake, and lifting up her dark eyes, from which the tears fell slowly down her cheek, she clasped her hands, and said aloud—"Dear Jesus, I am thine; be ever with thy child, for she is weak and entirely unable to take care of herself. Grant that the Lord the Spirit may never leave me to myself, or allow me to worship any other than the Lord Jehovah."

Nannette and her brother had joined their friend, and when the orphan maiden had finished her prayer, the little peasant of Switzerland embraced her with affection. The pastor also was moved, and laying his hand upon the clustering ringlets of the lovely child, he said, "God will bless thee, my Rosèe, with blessings from above; yes, my little one, God has made thee to pray, and he will make thee to do his will, and in the end he will remove thee to a land of hills and vallies, where the sun will no more be wanted, for the Lamb is the light thereof;"—and as he spoke, the

worthy pastor wiped away a tear from his eye. And now the little troop of children advancing, placed upon the head of the kneeling orphan a crown of roses and mountain flowers, at the same time a shout of infantine joy rang through the vallies of—"Rosèe the orphan, Rosèe is now our sister, the Rosèe of our Mountains, the Rosèe of our love."

And now what more can I say of this fair flower of Switzerland? It was the first day of our acquaintance, and it is the last in this world; but should any one like myself travel over fair mountains and lowly vallies, they may find other Rosèes, but none, I am convinced, will equal my Rosèe of Montreux.

THE ROMAN BATHS.

PREFACE.

THE lesson to be learnt from the story of The Roman Baths, is the perishable and passing nature of earthly things.

This is a lesson which is never learnt by any one to whom the Spirit of God has not been given; and for this reason, that the natural man, that is, the man whom Solomon compares to beasts, thinks of nothing, and understands nothing, but present things; so that

you will see an old man of eighty, who has no children, as fond of his money, and as ready to over-reach his neighbour, as if he had forty or fifty years before him to look forward to. This is madness and vanity.

Every thing tends to ruin and decay in this world; as soon as a house is built, it wants cleaning, and presently afterwards repairing. As soon as a man grows up, and has attained to his full stature, he begins to lose his early bloom, and soon passes on to grow old. Every thing in this world moulders, or rots, or tarnishes, or drops to pieces. But when Christ our Lord shall come in his glory, to establish his kingdom on the earth, then will all things be made new, and the present state of things, which is but a shadow, will pass away; and we, who love the Lord, shall dwell "in a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," Heb. xi. 10.

On that side of Cheltenham, in the direction of the Malvern Hills, but considerably removed from the high road, is a small but beautiful little dwelling. I do not choose to say whether it is to be found on the right or the left of the way, or whether the approach thereunto is by a private road, shaded with trees, or through open and breezy fields; suffice it to say, that although it is so near the gay world and the centre of fashion, it is so shaded by the shrubberies and or-

chards which encompass it, that it might be long sought before it could be discovered.

At the period which I have selected for my little history, there dwelt in this house a very excellent gentleman, to whom for the present we will give the name of Bloomfield; he was married to a truly pious and elegant lady, and he had four children; the eldest, Caroline, might be about twelve years of age at the time I speak of; Louisa was so near the age and size of her elder sister, and resembled her so much in the simple and bright expression of her countenance, and the pure tincture of her complexion, that she often passed with strangers for her twin sister. The third child was Robert; he was a rough little boy, that is, he would speak his mind on all occasions, whether to the purpose or not so; and the youngest was Celia, a little sparkling creature, who, being much younger than the rest of the family, was the play thing and darling of every one, although she was too gentle to take advantage of the great favour in which she was held.

Mr. Bloomfield had been in the army, but had retired on account of his health; in the quiet and peace of his happy home he had, however, recovered much of what he had lost; and as he lived below his income, and by his own and his lady's labours saved the expence of paying others to educate his children, he was, as he called himself, a rich man; that is, he always had more than he spent upon his family; those only are rich, who are content to live below what they might, and those are the people to whom a person in need should apply for help.

I could say a great deal of the happy way in which the days of this family were spent, and of the many pleasures which the children enjoyed, pleasures in which their dear parents took their parts as fitted them best. It was Mr. Bloomfield who helped them

to form their arbour by the brook at the bottom of the garden, near the weeping willow, and taught them the names of the wild flowers, and shewed them how to dry them; and it was Mrs. Bloomfield, who told them pleasant stories in the dusk of the winter evenings, and helped them to work for the poor people, and went with them to visit the little day-school kept by the widow Smallridge at the end of the village. Oh! it was a pleasant life they led, and their pleasures were the sweeter, because they were such as are approved by the word of God; for my reader can not have advanced so far in my book, without being quite assured that the Holy Spirit was present with this family, and that the holy word was the rule and director of all that was done therein.

I have read of families, of fathers and mothers, and children of all ages, who have lived together in perfect peace, although their principles were altogether worldly. When people write books, they may, if it pleases them, describe oranges and citrons as growing out of bramble bushes, and men bringing forth good works from their natural evil hearts; the Scripture says, Matth. vii. 16. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" And again, "Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually." And wherefore is it thus evil? but because when Adam sinned, the breath of life, or the living principle imparted by the indwelling of the Spirit, was withdrawn, and man became spiritually dead—dead to all that is holy and good, being incapable altogether of producing the fruits of holiness, until he again becomes the temple of the Holy Ghost; and a new and living principle is imparted to his soul by the breath of life given again at the moment of regeneration.

This entrance of the Lord the Spirit into the

breast of man, is often called in the Bible and holy books, the renewal of the heart; hence David says, Psal. li. 10. "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me."

Thus it appears, that until this new heart is given, man's thoughts are only evil continually; hence all those books which assert that people can do well, and live peaceably with each other in any strength than that of God, are utterly false; and truly I would rather that my young friends should read fairy tales, and amuse themselves with the renowned histories of the Blue Bird Prince, Sinbad the Sailor, and the Yellow Dwarf, than tamper with those deceitful works of the present day in which children are represented as being able to do well, to be amiable, and humble, and kind, and good, through any other medium than that of the indwelling power of the Lord the Spirit, received into the heart through faith in God the Son; for the Scripture assures us, that in Adam our father we all died, the Spirit of life being taken from him when he ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; hence, if we are to live again, it must be by our spiritual union with the second Adam, even Christ our Lord; therefore, let us who are believers praise the Father who gave his only-begotten Son to die for the sins of the world; let us praise the Son by whom we are redeemed from our sins; and let us praise the Lord the Spirit who will guide us unto all holiness of living, and enable us to bring forth the fruits of good works.

But some will say, wherefore are these doctrines introduced into a book professedly written for children?

It is answered, because these things being taught by the Lord the Spirit, and not by man's reason, are full as easily comprehended by a believing child as eli eving old man; and experience tells us, that

little children frequently receive the deep doctrines of the Bible in more simplicity than learned men: hence the Scripture says, Luke x. 21. "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." I love young people because of their natural simplicity, and I delight in writing stories which may be pleasant to them; but woe be to me if I deceive them, or hold back any truth from them which has been revealed to me: hence when I assert that Mr. Bloomfield's was a happy family, it would be wrong in me to conceal the cause of their being so happy, viz. that they all desired to be guided and directed by one spirit.

Caroline was six years of age when her father settled in that pleasant house, and from that time till she was twelve years old, nothing very particular happened; for the happiest times of our lives are often those which afford least to write about. When one quiet pleasant day follows another, there is not much to be said respecting them; I have spent years in my life in that peaceful way, and I can remember them now only as a long lovely dream which is past and gone, and which would be very sad to think of, had we not the assurance of still more happy times in a state of existence yet to come, when the chief Shepherd shall appear, and shall gather his sheep from every place in which they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day of the present state of things.

But when Caroline was just twelve years of age, as I before remarked, there occurred a change in the family, which did not at first add to its happiness. Mr. Bloomfield had a brother who was governor of a small island or fort in a distant part of the world; he was a great man, or thought himself so; and he had mar-

ried a lady like himself in this particular, and they had two children, called Augustus and Julia. Julia was a little older than Caroline. Governor Bloomfield used to write to his brother, and talk of his many attendants, and his fine house, and his large income; but these letters did not come often: at length, however, he wrote in trouble to say, that his lady was dead; and after a while another letter came to say, that the governor himself was dead, and that he had with his last breath directed that the two children should be sent to his brother in England. The person who wrote the letter, however, added, that there would be a great deal of money for the children, and that their uncle ought to see that they were brought up in the most genteel manner. This letter also mentioned the ship in which the children were to be brought to England.

Mr. Bloomfield was much afflicted when he heard of the death of his brother, and when the time of the expected arrival of the ship was come, he went to the sea-port, met the young people when they first landed, and brought them immediately to his house.

It was very late in the evening when he arrived with his nephew and niece; his children were all gone to bed, and Mrs. Bloomfield, when the poor young travellers had received some refreshment, took Julia up into a little light closet which she had caused to be neatly arranged for her, and helped her to undress, and tucking her up and kissing her before she left her; but she could form very little idea of what sort of a girl she might be, for she looked pale and uncomfortable as people do after a long journey.

When breakfast was quite ready the next morning, she sent Caroline up to her cousin to see if she were awake. Caroline being followed by Louisa, went softly to the door, and having opened it without making the

least noise, moved gently up to the bed-side, and putting aside the white curtain she found Julia just opening her eyes.

"Good morning, dear cousin," she said, and stooped forward to kiss her, as did Louisa, and then added, "I hope you have slept well, and have quite got over your fatigue?" "Are you Caroline, and are you Louisa?" replied Julia; "I suppose you are; but why did your mamma put me to sleep in this closet? Can't I have a larger room? It looks like the cabin of a ship. What little rooms you have in England; but how am I to get up? I wish you would send the servant to undo my boxes, and get my clothes, and dress me."

"Would you like to breakfast first, cousin?" asked Caroline; "Shall I fetch some tea for you?" "Oh! don't give yourself the trouble," replied Julia; "let the servant bring it, and let me have coffee; I don't like tea, it tasted so bad in the ship."

Louisa had slipped back to the door, for the dark eyes, and cold haughty manner of her cousin, had frightened her; and Caroline took the first opportunity of following her, by saying she would go and tell her mamma about the coffee; but these two little girls forgot the coffee, and every thing relating to it, when they got into the parlour, and saw Master Augustus for the first time. He did not look like a boy, but like a little man of four feet high; he was very thin and sallow; he wore white trowsers and a frock coat; and he had a silk waistcoat, and a plaited shirt, and a large cravat, and a fine watch chain and guard; and he was talking to his uncle as he sate at breakfast in the language of a grown man, whilst Celia in her high chair was looking at him till her gentle eyes watered again with amazement; and Master Robert held a spoon full of sopped bread near to his mouth as if he had been a statue carved out of stone.

"Upon my word, uncle, I can not coincide with you," were the first words which the little girls heard Mr. Augustus utter.

"Your cousins, Augustus," said Mr. Bloomfield, "do you see your cousins, nephew?"

"Ladies," said the young gentleman, rising up, "your most obedient humble servant, permit me to pay you my respects;" and he bowed to each of the little girls. Down went Robert's spoon into his milk, and he burst into a laugh which was much too loud to be civil, although he tried his utmost to keep it within bounds.

Mr. Bloomfield reproved him, and he turned immediately to his milk bowl at the hazard of choaking himself with the soaked bread which he crammed into his mouth.

But it would take too long a time to tell you how much Mr. Bloomfield's quiet happy little family were put out of the way by these two self-sufficient troublesome young people, and yet Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield felt the utmost pity for them; for were they not orphans? and the children of a brother? and their uncle had very strong reasons to believe that instead of their being very rich, it would turn out that when their father's affairs were settled, there would be little if any thing left for them.

Within an hour after breakfast Robert had so offended Augustus that the latter had taken a stick to give him a thrashing, and the other on his side had proceeded to return blow for blow, insomuch so that Mr. Bloomfield had been obliged to rush in and part the combatants, reproving both with some severity, and condemning his own son to finish the day in his bed. In the meantime Miss Julia was finding fault with every thing she saw, and ordering her little cousins about as if they had been the slaves to whom she had been accustomed.

Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield did not like to begin with these orphans with a high hand; they wished rather to subdue them by kindness; but they found themselves shortly compelled to more decided measures; and the work was only half done, when one fine afternoon in June Mr. Bloomfield informed his children that they were the next day to enjoy a pleasure which had long been promised, and that they were all to be ready the next morning at eight o'clock, when a barouche with two horses would arrive from Cheltenham.

"Two horses!" exclaimed Augustus, for he was the only one, with the exception of Julia, who could utter a word; the rest of the little people being dumb with excessive joy, and only able in their mute ecstasy to kiss their dear papa's hands, or the lappets of his coat. "Two horses! and permit me, uncle, to ask how many of this worthy family are to ride in this barouche?"

"Why all of us to be sure," replied Robert, peeping out from behind his papa, "unless you and Miss Julia would please to stay behind."

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three;"

repeated Augustus, "five worthy souls in a post chaise."

"Five," repeated Robert, "there will be eight of us."

"Well, eight in a barouche, and the driver nine; very good," returned Augustus; "what would our poor mother have thought, Julia, of eight in a barouche? and we had always four horses you know; I wish I had them here; I mean our four greys. That was life, was not it?" and he made a noise with his mouth as if he had horses before him, fixing himself at the same time on the edge of the table as on a coach box.

The conversation had by this time entirely fallen among the children, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield having

gone out to give orders for the next day: hence Robert was not under the restraint of his parents' presence, and at liberty to be as provoking as he pleased.

"You would make a nice coachman, Augustus," he said, "if you were but a little taller, and had longer arms, you would just do for a coachman."

"A coachman," retorted Miss Julia; "I hope when Augustus has his fortune he will have a coach of his own, like our father's, like the government coach; they have none such here."

"I suppose you will be too fine to ride in the barouche to-morrow, Miss Julia?" replied Robert; "well, suppose then you stay at home, nobody will cry: Will any body Caroline?"

"That is not kind, Robert," whispered Caroline; "remember they have no papa and mamma; don't say any more;" and with the help of Louisa she got her brother out of the parlour.

The next morning was as fine as the happy little family could have desired, for you must not suppose that because Augustus and Julia chose to give themselves airs, they were not quite as anxious to be of the party as the other children, though they had not that simplicity of character which enabled them to enjoy a scheme of the kind proposed, in the same degree. All had breakfasted at seven, and all were ready at eight o'clock: but whilst they were waiting for the appearance of the barouche, a letter brought from London by a private hand was given to Mr. Bloomfield. The children looked anxiously at their papa whilst he was reading the letter, for they saw his colour change during the perusal; they also saw him hand it to their mamma; they saw her also looking grave as she read; they saw her give this letter back to their papa, and they heard their papa say, "I expected it, I am not the least surprised; it is no doubt all for the best; the line of duty is now plain before us."

Caroline and Louisa were the only two amongst the children who thought any more of this letter, when they were assured there was nothing in it to hinder their party of pleasure; but these two dear little girls had thoughts which went beyond merely their own personal pleasure, and they therefore, whilst every body else was busy in putting what was necessary into the barouche, which had just driven up to the door, went up close to their father and said, "We hope, dear papa, that there is nothing in that letter to make you unhappy? We do not want to know what the letter says, but we only want you to say that it has not made you unhappy."

Mr. Bloomfield stooped down and kissed both his dear children. "My little girls," he answered, "there is nothing in the letter but what is very right, no doubt; it respects two orphan children who require our help, but we can not give it to them effectually without some self-denial; your mamma and I are resolved, with God's blessing, to do our part: but much will depend on you young people. We must all be of one mind, or we shall not be able to effect any good."

Caroline was about to answer, when notice was given that all was ready for setting out, and she had only time to say—"Is this a secret, papa? May we talk of it amongst ourselves?"

"You may, my dear," replied Mr. Bloomfield; "but it must not go beyond the family at present."

And now, my reader may imagine all the family packed in the barouche; Robert had asked leave first to ride by the driver, and all the rest therefore were in the body of the carriage. Mrs. Bloomfield was in the front seat with Celia on her lap, and Louisa and Caroline on each side of her, and Mr. Bloomfield, with his nephew and niece, had abundance of room with their backs to the horses. The air was pleasant, the

sun bright, the horses fresh, and every body in good humour; and it was not the less pleasant for the little people because they did not know the direction in which they were going. Towards Cheltenham, "I see," exclaimed Caroline; "oh that is pleasant. I want to see the country on the other side of Cheltenham."

"I wonder, uncle, you do not take a house in Cheltenham," said Julia, "instead of living in that dull place where we never see any body."

"Aye," rejoined Augustus, "as you say, Julia, a decent house in Cheltenham. Really, uncle, I wonder you can live where you do; its like being buried alive. Oh here we are in the High-street—good knowing shops those, Julia. There now, did you see that pair of horses? Two more, and then the equipage would be quite the thing; but these houses here in this street are but paltry concerns. Come, come, these are something better," he added, as he turned into the Bath road through Cambray.

"Uncle, now, do be persuaded, do take one of these houses; these are something like gentlemen's dwellings. Julia, what do you say to this large one?" and he pointed to one which extended its ample and elegant front on the right hand.

Miss Julia raised her upper lip, but made no answer. She had the air as if she would have said—what is the use of my speaking my opinion? nobody here has taste enough to attend to it. But Augustus went on recommending one house and then another to his uncle's attention; then pointing out a fine horse as an object of desire, then a superb coach, then a phaeton, then a handsome livery, then a light and elegant barouche, and so on, till the party were fairly come out upon the Leckhampton road, where the Birdlip hill appeared right before them, forming, with the other hills of the same chain, a kind of beautiful crescent, half encircling the horizon.

"Well, Augustus," said Mr. Bloomfield, have you finished the enumeration of the objects of your desire? Would you like that park and mansion to your left, and those fields and woods to your right, &c. &c.? Would you like to possess all these things?"

"I should," replied Augustus; "in one word, uncle, I have a great desire to be a rich man, and a man of consequence; I can not endure the thought of passing through life in obscurity, of being known by nobody, and forgotten as soon as seen. I should like to have the handsomest house in the neighbourhood where I lived, the best stud, the finest equipage, and all those things."—

"And to be particularly well dressed," remarked Julia.

Mr. Bloomfield turned to her as she spoke, "And you would like a superb set of jewels also, Julia, should not you?"

"Certainly, uncle," replied the little girl; "for as my poor mamma used to say, no lady can be well dressed without jewels."

"Oh! yes," rejoined Augustus; "if I were to have a wife she should have fine jewels—and I should like to have my house elegantly furnished, and I would have my stables as complete as those which we have past at Thirlestaine House."

"And what more?" said Mr. Bloomfield.

"Oh! I would live like a prince," replied Augustus; "I would have such a table, and so many servants, and such fine wines."

"And what then?" continued Mr. Bloomfield.

"Oh! Why I would have hunters and hounds."

"Well then?" said the uncle.

"I would—Oh! I would have every thing: every body should admire me," returned the boy.

"Very well, and what more?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"Oh! Why I'll tell you," returned Augustus. "Why I would have fish-pools and fish."

"Yes," said Mr. Bloomfield; "you have told me already that you would have every thing, that of course includes fish-pools; but please to go on."

"I would enjoy myself," returned Augustus.

"How long?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"Oh! all my life," replied Augustus.

"And what then?" said the uncle.

"Why then—Oh! why then—I don't know," returned Augustus; "why then I must die, I suppose, when I can live no longer."

"And what more?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"I must be buried then, I suppose," said the boy, forcing a laugh.

"And how would you please to be buried?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"I have not considered that point," returned Augustus, shrugging up his shoulders, and looking keenly at his uncle; adding at the same time, "I have a very shrewd notion, Sir, that you are quizzing me all this time?"

"Quizzing," replied Mr. Bloomfield; "you know I do not love that word; no, I was not quizzing you, but I have a way (and Caroline knows it,) whenever my young people form plans and wishes, of leading them to follow these wishes or desires, could they be granted, to their ends or consequences. Now, as to your plans, I do not quite understand what consequences they would produce in this life; they appear to me to have none of any profit; and their end amounts to nothing; for death will come, the grave must be visited, and I can not perceive that your immortal soul would be any the better hereafter, for having been clothed in a well dressed and pampered body: in one word, Augustus, I do not feel that I enter into your schemes at all; you seem to be plan-

ning what will be very troublesome, and which is to end in nothing; however, in order to shew that I am not obstinate, I will leave my pretty cottage, and take one of these smart houses, and live at the extent of my means, if all you young people here present upon mature consideration, enter into the plan."

"May I speak, papa?" said Caroline.

"To be sure," returned Mr. Bloomfield, "and speak all that is in your mind."

"Well then, Augustus and Julia, please to hear," returned Caroline; "papa had a letter this morning about two poor orphan children, who have no friends, and who require his help; and he and mamma are willing to give them that help; but then papa says that we can not do it unless we all exercise some self-denial."

"Self-denial," repeated Augustus, "what do you mean by that, cousin?"

"Why," returned Mr. Bloomfield, "if these two orphans are to share with our children, there will not of course be so much for six as there would be for four; do you understand this, my young sir?"

"To be sure I do," replied Augustus, "by the same rule that a horse wears two pair of shoes and a man only one."

"Now," replied Mr. Bloomfield, "because I live in a cottage, and because my children wait on themselves, I am not so hard run that I should miss the food of two additional inmates; but there are some little elegancies which we must abridge: for instance, Mrs. Bloomfield tells me that she allows her little girls a new bonnet every year; now, in order that another bonnet may be purchased by the same money, each little girl must wear her old one so many weeks longer; and in every other article of dress she must use the same self-denial; that is, if she is willing to

unite with her parents in assisting these children, one of whom is a girl."

Augustus made no immediate answer to this, but Julia said, "Only one bonnet a year, for winter and summer, and the same trimmings—how shabby they must be at the end of the year!"

"The more shabby the bonnet, the greater the self-denial," replied Mr. Bloomfield; "but with such a thing as neatness and care, my little girls need not be shabby with this allowance; and indeed I am not aware that they ever are so; and here again is another excellent exercise, for if they feel that the credit of their parents, and perhaps their power of doing good, depends upon their being careful of their possessions, they will use that care continually, that is, supposing them to be divinely taught, and have a delight in so doing; but to return to the present question, which is this, Shall I make my house the home of these orphans, and, in consequence, exercise more economy than I have done? or, shall I take one of the houses we have seen, and live to the extent of my income? I have enough to enable us to live with some credit in the situation which is proposed, and even to keep a footman in livery."

"Oh! put the children into a charity school, and live away," exclaimed Augustus; and he turned to his sister, who was about to confirm this decision of her brother, when Mr. Bloomfield, in some embarrassment, entreated them to say no more at present, for he had hoped that his brother's children (from what he had observed of the too often thoughtlessly liberal feelings of young people) would have uttered very different sentiments. "You shall think of this," he said, "during the day. Augustus and Julia will decide in favour of the orphans, I am sure, when they have thought more of the circumstances of the case; and now let us observe the scenes through which we are passing."

The carriage was arrived by this time at the foot of Leckhampton Hill, where all the party got out to walk, and a merry party they were. They separated in little groups—Mr. Bloomfield took charge of his little Celia, sometimes carrying her in his arms, and sometimes leading her by the hand; it is a pretty sight to see a father guiding an infant daughter.

Robert was with his mamma, and he had a thousand plans for rendering the way more easy to her; Caroline and Louisa kept together deep in discourse about these same orphans; and Julia and Augustus walked apart. At length they arrived upon the ridge of the hill, where they looked down upon the village of Leckhampton at their feet, which, with the church and ancient court house, formed a beautiful quiet scene. Mr. Bloomfield informed his children that the old part of this house, which still remained, had been built in the time of Henry VII., above three hundred years ago, when the town of Cheltenham, which appeared in the distance, backed by a part of the very range of hills on which they stood, was but an obscure cluster of thatched huts, standing alone, and shut out from the world by almost impassable roads; "and thus," he said, "we can scarcely look round about us from the humblest eminence, without being admonished of the unstable and perishable nature of present things, and of the folly of desiring or seeking after a permanent fame where all is passing away, and crumbling to the dust, from which it first was made; but I shall have occasion," he added, "to make further observations on this subject as we proceed; let your mamma and little Celia be put into the carriage, and let those who are young, and as yet untired, follow on foot."

"That's me, for one," exclaimed Robert; "I am young and untired," and he gave a bound down the

bank on which he was standing, and was the first to advance along the road.

"Look to your left to the superior heights," said Mr. Bloomfield, as the little party followed the road in their way to Birdlip; "do you see those ragged rocks, and that strange and tall projection which stands out from the hill?"

"That projection is like a chimney, papa," said Robert.

"Hence it is called The Devil's Chimney," said Mr. Bloomfield.

"And now, whoever has an imagination might fancy fires blazing at night in that mighty chimney, and witches," added Louisa, "witches, papa, boiling their cauldrons under it; I must ask mamma to tell us a story about it next winter."

"A good thought, Louisa," replied Robert;—"I hope it will be a terrible one. I love dreadful stories."

"There was a Roman fortress on that height," said Mr. Bloomfield; "and there are still traces of a Roman encampment."

"What were these Romans you talk so much of?" asked Augustus, who I am sorry to say was profoundly ignorant, and had no pleasure in reading, which might be one reason, among many, for his being so fond of coaches, and horses, and fine things; for people must have amusements, and we generally find that those children who do not love reading, are fonder of toys and vanities than those who can amuse themselves with a book.

"Really," replied Mr. Bloomfield, "it is too much for me, my young gentleman, to exercise my breath by answering such questions as the one you have proposed, whilst I am climbing these heights after the carriage; but you shall be satisfied if we get safe to Birdlip, whither we are bound, and where we hope both for rest and refreshment." Accordingly the

party went on in silence, till they had arrived at a more level part of the road; and then once more getting into the carriage, they proceeded to Birdlip; this is a village situated at the termination of the sixth mile from Cheltenham.

Mr. Bloomfield gave orders to the coachman to drive to the Black Horse Inn, the garden of which is called The Prospect, because it is laid out on the very highest point of that portion of the Cotswold—the Cotswold being the general name of the whole range of the hills in this quarter. The little party alighted at the door, and proceeded immediately through the house into the garden, where, whilst their parents were ordering dinner, they ranged themselves on a bank of verdure, from whence they beheld a scene which I can not better describe than in the words of the old historian Leland:—

"Cumming from Gloucester almost yn the myddle betwyxt where the wood fayleth and the Champayne Countre towards Cotswold appereth, the fayre old waye made by the Britons ys very evidently seen, and soe goeth as strayte as a line to Cirencester and fro thens to Bathe."

The weather had been long dry, and the hay smelt sweet as the people were turning it about in a neighbouring field; the roses and honeysuckles, the pinks and wall-flowers scattered about the garden, also added perfumes to the breeze; and if music were required, there was that of various birds in the cool woods, which were near at hand, and of many bees who were gathering the honey, and bearing it away to their straw built tenements. Accordingly the young people, as they stretched their weary limbs on the grass, felt themselves to be in the highest state of enjoyment, and when they saw their parents approaching, they called eagerly to them to come and participate in their delight.

"What is that straight road running from the foot of this hill, papa?" they said; "and ending in the distance where we see those towers and that smoke?" said Caroline; "we never saw so straight a road; it looks so curious like a white ribbon stretched on a ground of green."

"That road," replied Mr. Bloomfield, "brings Augustus's question to my memory, viz. Who are the Romans? that is the great Roman Road called the Hermin, or the Irmin Street; it extends in a direct line from Gloucester, which is right before us, to Cirencester, which is behind us, passing through this village. Gloucester and Cirencester were, in their day, the principal military stations of the Romans in this part of the country, and the emperor Constantine was crowned king of the Britons at Cirencester; but the glory of both these places is now departed in a great measure, and situations which were not known in the histories of those times, are now risen to eminence. But these which have risen to glory in these latter days," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "may not look for a renown so lasting as that which those (which have gone before) have enjoyed in times which are past; and the reason of this is plain, namely, that the present dispensation is drawing to its close, and we have every cause to believe that the time is at hand in which we may look for the speedy appearance of Christ our Lord, who first came in humility, and in a state of suffering, and may be again expected to take the rule of the earth in his own person as the man Christ."

"Please to explain this, papa," said Caroline.

"One of you requests me to inform you who the Romans are, and another asks me to explain what I have just said respecting the coming of our Lord," replied Mr. Bloomfield. Now, if I could not make my answer apply to both questions, my dear children, I should

be somewhat puzzled how to satisfy each enquirer; but as it happens, what I have to say to one will comprehend my answer to the other; so all this is very well; but before we begin, let us look round us, on the glorious scene extended before us. Look to your left, and remark those beautiful woods, extending from our feet in one vast sweep along the range of the Cotswold, and covering every acclivity as far as our eyes can reach; and just before us the towers of Gloucester in the valley, and on our right, though far removed, the heights of Malvern, that lovely range of hills which we daily behold from our happy home. The river Severn is also to our right, though we can not see it; this river formed the ancient boundary of Wales, and was a protection to the inhabitants of this valley from the more barbarous tribes in the West, and on this account the Romans established some of their principal seats in this neighbourhood; and now, hoping that you have formed some idea of the objects before and around you, I hasten to answer your questions.

"Near upon 600 years before Christ," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "and in consequence more than 2400 years ago, it was revealed to Daniel, then in Babylon, that the world, that is, the civilized world, should be ruled by four great empires which were to succeed each other through the course of ages, each one enjoying a period of supremacy over the rest. The first of these was the Assyrian, which endured only a very short space, and its seat was Babylon, and the countries round about. The second was the Persian, the dominion of which was little more than 200 years; its seat was Persia, and its dominion extended over all the civilized portions of Asia. The third was the Grecian empire, and this too was short, yet it extended farther than those which had gone before it; its seat was also in the east. The fourth was the

Roman, which, beginning from a small State in Italy, became the most mighty empire of the earth, keeping the world under its iron rod, under various forms of government, temporal and spiritual, from the period of the falling away of the Grecian empire till nearly the present day. This great empire extended its dominion at one time as far as Parthia in the east, to the Atlantic ocean in the west; its chief city was Rome; its language the Latin; and its people the first-born of the earth, being the descendants of Ashkenaz, the eldest son of Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, the eldest son of Noah. Daniel was also taught that this empire was to terminate by being divided into ten kings, mingled together in their dominion, with a spiritual or ecclesiastical power, and that in the end of time these ten kings, together with all earthly dominions, should be ground to powder by a fifth universal empire, which is to be that of Christ our Lord, 'whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him,' Dan. vii. 27.

"These then," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "are the Romans, of whom Augustus desired to know the history, a great and mighty nation, who were never equalled by any nation on earth, considering the little light they had, and the barbarous state of society at the time in which they flourished. They came into this island a short time before the birth of our Lord, and found it inhabited by naked savages, living in huts, and in a state of the utmost barbarism. These Romans, when they landed in the island, had many severe and cruel battles with the natives; but when they had conquered them, they did much towards civilizing and improving them, and were thus made the means, in the hands of God, for preparing this our blessed country to be one of the first which received the Christian religion; for it is a great bless-

ing, my children," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "to be only called Christian, and to be part of the visible church, for the visible often affords protection to the members of the invisible church in their passage through time into eternity."

"Papa," said Caroline, "we do not quite understand what you have last said."

"We find from the tenor of Scripture, and the study of history," replied Mr. Bloomfield, "that the four first empires of which I have spoken, though ordained by God, are not religious kingdoms, but kingdoms conformed to the opinions and policies of this world, and the Prince of this world, and are no farther conformed to what is just and prudent, than may enable them to exist in some sort of honour and prosperity; for no kingdom can stand, let its members be ever so wicked in heart and feeling, which is not subjected to certain laws and regulations; the reign of Satan will not therefore be at an end till the last of these great empires is no more, and till the authority of the kings who received their power from them is at an end. Those, therefore, who in Europe are endeavouring to overturn these kings, are but doing what in man lies to hasten the time when the fifth kingdom spoken of to Daniel shall arise; 'for in the days of these kings,' as the Lord said to the prophet, 'shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever,' Dan. ii. 44.

"This kingdom will commence when those who least expect it, will, like you, my dear Augustus, be engaged in building their houses, and adorning their apartments, and making unto themselves a name, and it will come as a thief in the night, and it will be a day of terrors to all those who have not been instruct-

ed to look to, and love the appearance of the Redeemer; for he that is our God in human flesh shall bow the heavens and come down, and they that know him not shall fade away, and be afraid out of their close places," 2 Sam. xxii.

"If it is to be so," said Robert, "I don't see much use in troubling oneself about being very great in these times; if all the great people of the world fall into the dust one after another, as you say they do, papa, and their very names are forgotten, as to be sure they are—only a very few, such as I have at the end of my dictionary—and if I was to work and strive ever so hard, it might still be a chance whether the people would choose to put mine along with the rest; and so I can't see what it is that Augustus would have; therefore I would rather be content now, and not be troubling myself, to put myself out of my way to be what he calls a great man."

"Well, Robert, you have made your speech," retorted Augustus, "and shewn how much you know of the matter."

"As much as you do to the full," replied Robert; "I say that your notions about being great and fine will just come to the same in the end as mine do, who have no notion at all about these things. I would sooner by half be planting my garden than riding your fine horses that you talk so much of."

"By which you shew your taste," remarked Miss Julia.

"Enough of this," said Mr. Bloomfield. "Have you heard me, my children, throw contempt on any of your whims and fancies? my object is not to find fault with your pursuits and desires, but to open to you other views, as far more glorious than your stables and potatoe gardens as that glorious sun surpasses the twinkling of a glow worm;" and then the good father went on to describe the glory of the

latter days when Christ shall have assumed the crown, and put all enemies under his feet; and in measure as he went on Augustus and Robert seemed to feel the influence of this lovely subject, for Mr. Bloomfield observed, that when they next spoke to each other, it was with more kindness; and Robert was seen shortly afterwards to lend his cousin his favourite clasp knife to cut himself a switch out of the wood.

But this day was not to be all spent in grave discourse; when the little people were rested, they began to explore the places in the neighbourhood of the Inn: they found a delightful bower cut in the side of the hill, where there was a circle of benches, and where it was entirely sheltered from the sun by the neighbouring woods; and when they had spent a little time in this place, they were called to dinner; they had young potatoes, and peas, and bacon, and a dish of strawberries set before them; and after dinner they all got into the carriage again, and proceeded in their excursion; as soon as they left the Inn they entered within the shade of the woods which they had seen from the garden.

They were scarcely got into this sylvan scene, when Caroline said to her papa, "will you tell me, papa, when we shall see the orphans?"

"But have you resolved to assist us in supporting them?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"Yes, papa; Robert and Louisa and Celia are all agreed, and Augustus and Julia say that they of course have no opinion to give. We will do what we can if God will help us; and therefore we hope you will send for them as soon as possible. Are they little children, papa?"

"You will know all this when you see them," replied Mr. Bloomfield.

"But when shall we see them, papa?" asked Louisa.

"Very soon," replied the papa.

"As soon as this evening?" asked Caroline.

"Yes," returned Mr. Bloomfield.

"In our ride, papa?" said Louisa.

"In your ride," returned Mr. Bloomfield.

"Where we are going, papa?" rejoined Caroline.

"Where you are going," repeated Mr. Bloomfield.

Augustus and Julia opened their eyes with some expression of astonishment, and Caroline called to Robert, who was on the coach-box, to inform him of what was to be expected where they were going.

"And now," said Mr. Bloomfield, "ask me no more questions about the orphans, but tell me how you like these woods."

"There were woods," replied Augustus, "like these near my father's house; but they were not safe to walk in alone, because of the wild creatures which infested them."

"Yes, brother," rejoined Julia, "but we never wished to walk, you know, at that time; for we had several carriages. Oh! those were happy times,"—and she sighed. Her uncle looked kindly at her and said, "you must turn, my dear niece, to the bright side of things, and learn to know the kindness of Providence by the gilding of the clouds which sometimes overshadow the path of life. If you have no carriage to ride in, you are in a place in which you fear no noxious animals; you must learn to think less of the fine things of this world, and endeavour to extend your view by faith to the glories of that period when Christ our Lord will dwell with us, and when the whole creation being set free from the curse, will rejoice in his presence as a garden after a long winter rejoices in the presence of the summer. Can you fancy, my little girls," he added, looking kindly round him, "a state in which the redeemed ones may dwell quietly in the wilderness, and sleep in the

woods, when like our first parents in their state of innocence, we may make our habitations in places like these, and spread our feasts of the most delicious fruit upon the fresh grass, for all these things, with eternal health, and innocence, and joy, are promised to those who have been brought to place their whole trust and confidence in their blessed Redeemer?"

Mr. Bloomfield was proceeding when a shout from Robert called the attention of those in the carriage; this shout was occasioned by the approach of the party to certain most beautiful lodges or cottages, situated among the woods on the left of the road. "Oh! papa," exclaimed Caroline, "if there are to be houses in the time of the millenium, for I think that is what you call the happy time of the reign of our Lord on earth, I think they might be like these beautiful thatched cottages, with their rural porches, and bowers of roses and eglantine."

"Well, my dear, think what you please of the beauty of creation, and of what man's hands may be able to effect when the curse of sin is removed, and the presence of the blessed Saviour will gladden every heart; for here you can not think or expect too much; be assured that when we awaken in the likeness of our Lord, we shall be satisfied, and, if possible, more than satisfied, for we have the promise that if we love our Lord we shall be made partakers of a first resurrection; and from thence forward for ever be united with him in visible, as the believer now is in spiritual glory."

But the barouche went rapidly on, and penetrated deeper and deeper into the woods, till at length the road becoming steep, the whole party got out to walk. Louisa and Caroline then fell behind the rest to talk with each other on the subject which had occupied their thoughts through all the day.

"I wonder when we shall see them," said Louisa;

"I mean the orphans; do you think it will be before we get out of these woods?"

"I dare say, papa brought us here on purpose," replied Caroline, "and I heard him say to mamma just as we got out of the carriage, we shall soon come to the place.—I suppose he meant the place where the orphans are. I dare say it will be a cottage; I wish we knew what age they are; I hope they are very small."

The little sisters then proceeded to form plans respecting what they would do for them, and how they could save money, and manage for the best, to help them; and so busy were they with their contrivances, that they did not perceive that Augustus, who had hid himself behind a bush to let them pass, was creeping softly behind them, listening to what they said. At length he pushed in his head between them, saying in a voice which sounded very loud in their ears from being so near, "Good little girls, charitable little girls, so you are planning how to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, with least cost to yourselves. Why don't you ask me to help you with some of the money my papa left me?"

Caroline and Louisa both started at the sound of the voice, and Louisa was flushed to her very brow with fright; but Caroline soon recovered herself, and said, "Well then, give us some of these guineas you talk of; they will be a great help."

"How many will you have?" replied Augustus.

"One will content us for the present," returned Caroline.

"I don't just happen to have any gold in my pocket at this present time," replied the boy, "and if I had —but that is neither here nor there."

The voice of Mr. Bloomfield calling the little people to get into the carriage terminated this discourse, and a few minutes afterwards they were again proceeding in the barouche.

They had not advanced far before they arrived at a place where the wood opened itself, and presented a prospect of extraordinary beauty, to which Mr. Bloomfield called the attention of his children.

On a sloping ground to the left of the road were several wooden sheds or houses; these sheds were nearly at the foot of a hill, which Mr. Bloomfield told his little people was called Cooper's Hill. They faced the south-east, and were sheltered on the back ground by fine woods of beech; in their front was a lawn, sloping down to a brook on which many women and children were making hay.

In the immediate vicinity of the brook, and in the opposite pastures and heights beyond, were many noble trees; and farther still, where the valley opened, was a distant prospect of a part of the fair vale of the Severn, and the mountainous districts beyond it.

"Here we are," said Mr. Bloomfield, "nor can I imagine a finer situation; where you see those wooden huts, was once a Roman station. I have told you who the Romans were, and you must understand that early in the fifth century after Christ, they were obliged to abandon this country. You must therefore endeavour to carry your minds back for one thousand three hundred years, and fancy what you would have seen had you come here at that time, or in the ages immediately previous to it. You would have found our ancestors, the Britons, scattered over the whole country (excepting perhaps in some few places where they might have received some little idea of civilization from their conquerors) in huts and caves, being either without any idea of religion, or having that only of the most bloody and barbarous description, the country itself being, for the most part, covered with woods, or in default of these, stretching itself out in long reaches of barren heath, having no roads but those which were made by the Romans, several

THE ROMAN BATHS

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The little party were now arrived at the gate which leads to the wooden houses, and they all alighted, and followed their papa and mamma up to the first of these houses. It would be tedious to describe very minutely all which they saw. They were led into several rooms, all of which belonged to the Baths; these ruins had lain for ages concealed by the rubbish probably of the roof and higher walls of the buildings, which had fallen in, and been covered in time by mould and vegetables; neither were they discovered till the year 1818, by some labourers who were rooting up a tree; they were then uncovered, and these apartments were found, their walls to the height of some feet being entire, and several of them having beautiful Mosaic pavement, that is, pavement formed by different coloured stones, representing figures of fish and sea monsters. There was a vapour bath, and a cold bath, and a dressing room, and the leaden pipe which conveyed the water was there still.

Mr. Bloomfield and his family stood and examined these relics of time long passed, till all who had any imagination or feeling amongst them, began to experience a sadness which they could not express. Louisa even melted into tears, and when she was asked what was the matter, she replied, that she could not tell.

"Then I will tell you presently, my dear," said Mr. Bloomfield; "but first we will leave this place which strikes cold and damp," and he led the way, and brought them out upon the lawn among the hay makers; where, having seated them upon the bank under the shade of a tree, a large basket, which they had brought with them, was lifted from the carriage, and set upon the grass before them; but they agreed that they would not partake of what was in the basket till they had talked a little while. And then said Caroline, whispering to her mamma, "may

we invite those little children which are making hay to take some with us?"

"To be sure you may, my child," said Mrs. Bloomfield, "for our supper will be sweeter if those who want it more than we do, share it with us."

"Then," said Caroline, "when the orphans eat with us at every meal, how sweet all our food will be."

"That is," said Mr. Bloomfield, "if we give the glory of any little good, of which we are made the instruments, to Him who has wrought that good in us. Never forget, my dear Caroline, to give the glory, and all the glory to God, the Alpha and Omega of our salvation. But I promised Louisa that I would explain to her what it was that inclined her to shed tears in the Roman Baths; and I shall begin by saying that I could have wept with her with pleasure. I was in fact glad to leave the scene, and to change my ideas by looking at this sunny, and chearful, and moving landscape.

"It has often been remarked, that we can read of thousands being cut off by the edge of the sword, and of whole nations destroyed by a pestilence, with less excitement than we can intimately consider the death of a fawn or of a pigeon; and this is because our minds are finite, and our affections unable to grasp a multitude of objects. We feel little in thinking of the generations of our fellow creatures who have descended into the dust before us, but when we are brought, as we were just now, in close contact with the illustrious dead of past ages—when we see the objects which their eyes have dwelt upon, and have their domestic and private scenes brought before us—when the enquiry arises, What foot once trode this pavement? What eye once beheld that cornice? Who sate where we now sit? Who spoke where we now speak? and, Where now are those

intelligent beings who preceded us in these now desolate scenes? a sadness seizes the heart, a painful sense of the shortness of life, and the transitory nature of earthly things, takes hold upon the soul, and we are ready to say with the Psalmist, Psalm xxxix. 11. 'When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth; surely every man is vanity.'"

"But if we could but think, papa," said Caroline, "that the people for whom we have these feelings were Christians, and were now with their Redeemer, it would take away much of these unpleasant feelings. But I do not like to think of people being dead, who lived only according to the world, whilst they were in the world."

"True, my child," replied Mr. Bloomfield; "for the Scripture saith, 'Love not the world, neither the things of the world,' &c. nevertheless we are not called upon to judge of those to whom the great work of man's salvation was never revealed; to God we commend them, and to Him we leave them.—And now, my children," added the good father, looking round upon them, "may what you have seen today be a lesson abiding with you, with the blessing of God, for ever and ever. The present period is the reign of Satan. That Evil One, whose object, no doubt is, not merely to torment and distress the human race, but to establish an empire equal, and if possible, superior to that of the Almighty, by his superior and diabolical knowledge, was no doubt fully aware of the dilemma into which man would fall when he separated himself by sin from his Father and his God; and no doubt he built many high projects for himself, when he thought that he had effected this separation; for he knew that the justice of God is perfect and infinite, and he probably had not foreseen that omnipotent work by which the re-union of the broken member

was effected, by the reception of the manhood into the Godhead in the person of Christ, by which all who are in Christ become one with God, and are, in consequence, elevated infinitely far above what our first parents were in their state of innocence. But in order that man might be as gods, knowing good and evil, we are permitted to experience, during the present life, the pains of a sinful nature, and the harrows and axes of iron to which the Prince of this world subjects all those who do not submit to his infernal sway. Nevertheless he has his present rewards for his servants, his distinctions and honours, his titles and his fair possessions; and many even of the saints of the Lord are under temptation from these, for they seem to be bestowed alike on the children of this world, and on those of the Lord; nevertheless they are not possessed in the same spirit by these two descriptions of persons; the children of this world desire riches and power for their own gratification, whilst the children of God look upon them as talents, which if not used to the glory of God, will assuredly bring a bitterness to their souls less to be endured than the chains and flames of the martyr. From all this, my children," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "may we be taught to be contented, nay joyful in our lot, not to desire that which perisheth in the using, and with the divine grace to impart largely of what we have to those who are in need."

"We are ready, papa," said Louisa. "Caroline and I are ready, and Robert and Celia too."

"Yes, papa," said Robert, "I am ready."

"And so am I," added the little one.

"Ready for what?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"About the orphans, papa," returned Caroline; "we will help to do what we can for them. You said we should see them to-night."

"Well," returned Mr. Bloomfield, "I am glad to

hear that you have been assisted to make up your mind; but first spread out your feast, and call in the guests."

"Are the orphans among the children, papa?" asked Robert.

"I answer no questions yet," returned Mr. Bloomfield; "let us see what mamma has put in the basket. Will there be enough for all?"

"I am not hungry, papa," remarked Caroline.

"We are none of us hungry," added Robert.

There was, however, no fear of the adequacy of the repast when the basket was emptied, for there was abundance of white bread and butter, and a large plain cake, and a bottle of currant wine, and a cream cheese; and all this was laid out upon a cloth spread upon the grass; and then Robert ran to invite the company.

It was pleasant to see him coming back with as many as eight children, whilst the mothers laid down their rakes, and stood looking with delight after their little ones. There were two girls, with little babies in their arms, and two little boys in pinafores, each of whom had a sister younger than himself, in whom he seemed to take an especial interest.

These little ones were all placed apart on a heap of hay, where they waited in great delight for the ample portions which were to come to them from the superior table; it was a merry pleasant scene, and there was abundance for all, although the postillion was not forgotten. And after every one was satisfied, Mrs. Bloomfield went with Celia to sit among the little cottage children, for she had provided herself with some small books to give away, and she thought this a happy opportunity to speak to these little ones of some of the most simple and important truths of the Christian religion.

Mr. Bloomfield, in the mean time, sate apart with

the other young people, saying to them, "Your mamma will do better by being left to herself; she knows how to address this sort of little personages, and to catch their attention; and I have no doubt but that she will find the means of associating some religious truth of high importance so firmly with the remembrance of the unexpected pleasure they have just enjoyed, that they will never recollect the one without remembering the other. And this, my dear children, is one of the great arts of instructing unlettered persons, and one of the methods chiefly used in the infancy of the world; and hence the general use of types and symbols in the Old Testament."

"But, papa," said Robert, "we want to know about the orphans; you said we should see them today; are they amongst those little ones sitting with mamma? Louisa says she thinks they are. May we take them home with us in the carriage?"

"Oh! Robert," exclaimed Julia, "how can you think of any such thing? Surely you would not crowd into a carriage with one of those dirty vulgar children?"

Robert had his mouth open ready to answer, and I fear that his reply would not have been of the most polite sort, when Mr. Bloomfield suddenly got up, and, taking Julia and Augustus by the hands, led them away, telling his own children at the same time not to follow him.

When arrived at some distance, "My dear children," he said, "I have a painful task to perform, and I fear that I have made the difficulty greater instead of less, by the way in which I have set about it. I knew well, my dear nephew and niece, that you valued the world too much, and thought too much of its grandeurs and distinctions; and for this reason I brought you here, that you might, by seeing an affecting and striking instance of the perishable na-

ture of human glory, learn to regard it less. But I did, at the same time, hope and expect, that when I proposed the adopting of certain dear orphans into my family, you would have done yourselves the credit of saying that you were as ready as my children have professed themselves to be, in doing your parts for them; but Augustus," he added, looking kindly at him, "you have disappointed your father's only brother, one whom you must henceforth look upon as a parent," and the tears stood in Mr. Bloomfield's eyes.

Augustus had his eyes raised to his uncle; he saw how affected he was; he heard him call himself his father's only brother, and it pleased God to bless this expression of real affection to his soul. As the dew descending on the parched ground, renders it soft and fertile, so the influences of the Holy Spirit descending upon his heart, through the medium of his uncle's words, produced an effect so instantaneous as to astonish Mr. Bloomfield; for the boy, suddenly dropping his uncle's hand, sprang into his arms, and bursting into tears, exclaimed—"Oh! uncle, dear uncle, forgive me; pray forgive me; let me be like your own son; and do with me what you please."

"My boy, my child," replied Mr. Bloomfield, pressing him to his heart, "will you indeed be my child, my son, my own Augustus? Then learn, my boy, for you are now in a state, I trust, to learn it with less pain, that you must henceforward depend on me." He then proceeded to explain as mildly as he could, the purport of the letter received that morning, viz. that when his brother's affairs came to be examined, it was found that there was only £1200 to be divided between the children, together with a few valuable jewels. "And I have determined," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "that these jewels shall be sold, and that

what they may bring, together with the rest of the money, shall all be placed in the stocks to accumulate till you are both of age. In the mean time I receive you into my own family, to be educated together with my children, and to share, and share alike with them; and I trust, that with economy and self-denial, we shall not feel the slightest inconvenience from this addition to our family. But much will depend on you, my dear nephew and niece; you must submit with chearfulness, the Almighty working within you, to what is ordained; you must be kind and affectionate to your cousins, and when I present you to them as the children I mean to adopt, you must meet them as dear brothers and sisters; for you can not doubt but that those who would gladly have carried home with them any of those little ones who are sitting there upon the hay, will be much more ready to receive to their hearts those so near to them as their father's brother's children."

Augustus made no answer, but his countenance expressed all his uncle could desire; whilst, on the contrary, Julia stood in sullen grief, neither shedding tears or uttering a word.

Mr. Bloomfield then calling his children, they all came running to him with the exception of Celia, who was with her mamma, and when they were come up to him, he stated to them what had been already said to Augustus and Julia; with this variation only, that as he had entered fully to Augustus and Julia, into the affairs of his brother, and the disordered state in which they had been found, he said little of this to his own children; but merely informed them who were the orphans whom he intended to adopt, putting it to them whether they were willing to receive them as a dear brother and sister, and make them their companions and friends as long as they needed the shelter of a paternal roof.

Mr. Bloomfield was delighted to see the eyes of his own dear children brighten up at this proposal; he saw them all joining their hands with Augustus, and endeavouring to do the same with Julia; and, in order that he might not be a constraint upon them, he left them a while to themselves, whilst he proceeded to see that all was got ready for their return. He saw, however, with pleasure, that they were still talking together with an air of gaiety and satisfaction, and he was delighted to see them all, with the exception of Julia, come bounding forwards at his call, as if their young minds had thrown off all care, and they had already settled how happy they might be growing up together in their chearful home. Soon after this they were all established in the carriage, and were taking leave of the hay makers and the little children.

There was not one sad countenance in the party but that of Julia; but no one took farther notice of her than kindness and civility required; and I am happy to add, that as from that day, by the divine blessing, the world lost its hold upon Augustus, so poor Julia also was brought in a few months to see and feel, that where the heart is truly converted unto God, it is of little consequence whether our dwelling is a cottage or a palace, during the short time of our abode on earth, as the poet says—

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> And all that it inhabit is dissolved,
> And like the baseless fabric of a vision
> Leaves not a wreck behind."

"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" 2 Pet. iii. 11.

ALBINE;

by

Mrs. SHERWOOD.

A BERNESE COSTUME.

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ALEINE;

OR,

LE BÄCHEN HÖLZLI.

PREFACE.

THE Lord the Spirit, who is one with the Father and the Son, must already have entered into your heart, my young reader, before you can understand and love the story of Aleine in its full extent. Perhaps a worldly child might indeed be pleased with the view of the fair lake of Thounne in the beginning of the story, and like the description of that charming valley, with its snow-capt barriers, and many flowers; but unless he loves his Saviour, he will not understand the lesson given by the stranger to the little peasant.

It has been always the work of the Evil One to represent the Christian religion as a gloomy thing; and there are many long grave books which have been written by good men, who meant no harm, which all tend to make the reader suppose that our Lord, instead of desiring that all men should be saved, came

only into the world to make their condemnation the greater.

As for me, I have long put all these dismal books away, and have been brought to give my mind to what our blessed Saviour says of himself in his holy word. And though my heart is often cold and hard, so that I do not feel the kindness of my God, yet I can assure you, my young reader, that from first to last, through all the Bible, I can find nothing but proofs and assurances of the love of God to fallen man. And also I am convinced of this, that although we may have, as we well deserve, many present troubles, yet that if we would from day to day consider our blessings and our hopes, we should assuredly be able to say, with little Aleine, if we set our minds to thank our God for his mercies, rather than to complain of our small afflictions, we should know not where to begin, nor should we understand where we must end.

NEAR to the town of Thounne, in Swisserland, and on the borders of the beautiful lake which bears the same name, is a little wood, called Le Bächen Hölzli. Being on the continent some months ago, and coming to Thounne, I was so much delighted with the inn, whose walls are washed by the waters of the lake, that I took up my abode in it for several days, making little excursions from it, either by water or by land,

and visiting many of the wonderful scenes in the neighbourhood; for Thounne lies in the midst of mountains, the lowest of which are many thousand feet in height, and the highest of which are covered with what is called eternal snow, that is, with the snows of many winters, which only being partially melted in the summer, continue from age to age to cover the heights, and render them visible at an almost inconceivable distance; for in Swisserland the traveller often sees the sparkling peaks of the snow-crowned hills lifted above the clouds, far up in the horizon. Now, wherever there are such hills as I am describing, there are beautiful valleys, and bold rocks, and waterfalls, and, if the climate will permit, magnificent trees, and flowers of every species, from those which are cherished by the warm breezes in the sunny valleys, to those which delight in the bleak cold heights of the regions of everlasting snow.

It would be tiresome to you to repeat the names of all the mountains which are seen from the Lake of Thounne; but there are nine ranges of them, and amongst these is the Jungfrau, which is supposed to be one of the highest mountains in Europe. Most of these mighty hills were visible from my room in the inn, and I visited the valleys between several of them, but the place I loved best at Thounne was Le Bächen Hölzli.

This is a little wood, situated on a gentle rising above the lake. It belongs to the house of some gentleman; but there are many narrow paths cut in the wood, for the use of those who desire to enjoy its pleasant shades, and the gate is open to every one. No one knows how old this wood is, or how long it has been laid out nearly as it now is, for this place once belonged to a monastery, being given to the Church by Sir Henry Stretlingen, a knight who lived three hundred or more years since, and whose

castle may still be seen on the opposite shores of the lake, under a range of hills called the Stockenburgh.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of May, when I first visited Le Bächen Hölzli. I had strolled out all alone, and had entered the wood under an archway made with boughs of trees, and I had walked through many shady quiet paths, till I came out upon a high open walk, from which I saw before me a number of fair meadows, scattered with vineyards and beautiful cottages, and ancient towers and magnificent trees; and beyond these meadows, the clear calm waters of the lake, and other fair fields, extending themselves to the foot of the Stockenburgh, and these were all spread before me as I walked along the high path under the trees, in the clear distinct light of that pleasant evening; and though the air was fresh, not a breeze waved a bough, and there was no sound but those which proceeded from different birds, some of which I observed winging their way across the fields. Amongst these, that bird which pleased me best was the cuckoo, because it reminded me of the home of my fathers, then far away. So I went slowly forward, and presently found a stone seat under a tree, and near to that seat, hanging on another tree, an ancient suit of armour, which had been there so long that the ivy had grown over the shield, and the rust had eaten deep into the sword; there I stood for a while looking at this memorial of ancient days, and anticipating, with delight, that blessed period, when our Saviour shall return, and there shall be war no more, and "they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," Micah iv. 3., till finding myself somewhat weary, I sat down on the bench, to enjoy the thoughts which had been put into my mind by the sight of the old armour, which armour, as I afterwards found, had be-

longed to the old knight, to whom, in time past, this place had appertained.

Whilst thus situated, I heard a step, a quick light step, advancing towards me, and presently I saw a young girl coming along the path, in the beautiful dress of the Bernese peasants: it would be hard to describe that dress, but a picture will shew it; and I shall therefore content myself with simply saying, that when this dress is clean and complete, I can fancy few more becoming or better suited to the habits of country life. The girl might perhaps not have been more than twelve, though taller than young people generally are at that age, and slender in proportion, and she had a sweet fair countenance, though there was a sadness in her air, which struck me at the first glance; and she came on, as I before said, with a quick step, having a light wicker basket hanging on her arm, through the open meshes of which appeared portions of wild flowers, which it seemed that she had been engaged in selecting from the vast and inexhaustible treasures of nature.

I paid this little peasant the compliment of a respectful bend of the head as she came near to me, whereupon she stopped short just before me, and taking a flower, with its leaves and roots, from her store, she asked me if I would please to accept it, that is, she added, if I were curious in these matters, for it seemed, as she told me, that it was a rare specimen, and that she counted herself very fortunate in having found several of them but a few minutes since.

"And how is it," I replied, "my little maiden, that you should be able to judge of the rare and the curious amid the herbs of the field? Is not every flower an example of the divine skill, and are not the most beautiful often the most common?"

"They are, Sir," answered the little girl; "and

my grandmother says that the Almighty shews his goodness to us in adorning every cottage garden with beauties such as no art can imitate; but it is necessary for me to search out those which are rare, and not easily found, for the others are but little profit to me." She then made me understand that it was her habit in the summer months to seek rare specimens of plants in the mountains, in order that she might dry and sell them to strangers; "and what I sell them for, Sir," she added, "helps to pay our rent, for my grandmother is not rich, and she has only me of all her children; the rest are gone," she added, and thus speaking, she burst into tears.

"Gone!" I exclaimed; "Where gone?"

"Dead, Sir," she replied. "They are dead, all dead, and my grandmother has none left but me;" and thus saying, she set her slender basket on the grass, and turned weeping from me, as if she would have hid her deep sorrows from every eye.

I respected her feelings, and did not address her again for some moments; at length I said, "You did but just now speak of the divine goodness in providing so many ornaments for the garden of the humblest cottager, and you might have added, that such is his liberality, that he causes 'it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness, wherein there is no man; to satisfy the desolate and waste ground; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth,' Job xxxviii. 26, 27. I cannot therefore suppose, since you have been led to see and remark his lesser benefits, that you should have been brought up in ignorance of that crowning act of mercy, by which we, the children of a sinful race, are admitted to the hope of a glory and happiness, which we cannot now even conceive."

She turned, all tearful as she was, on being thus addressed, and said, with much beautiful earnestness

of manner, "We believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in him is our only hope."

"It is well," I replied; "and you are blessed in having been instructed in that which flesh and blood could never have taught; for so our Lord said to Peter, when he said, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,—Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven,'" Matth. xvi. 17.

"My grandmother is very pious, Sir," replied the little girl: "we read the Holy Bible every day; and she has tried to make me understand what I am, a miserable sinner; and to lead me to submit my will in all things to my heavenly Father."

"And no doubt," I replied, "that she has told you that he does not 'afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men,'" Lam. iii. 33.

"Those were the very words she used, Sir," replied the maiden, "when my little brother breathed his last; my father was dead then, and my mother too, and when Wilhelm died, then all were gone but me; he died in his cradle, Sir; he was not too tall to lie in it, Sir, and he could not speak plain, but my grandmother thought he understood when she knelt and prayed by him."

"He is blessed no doubt," I answered; "he was of the number of those of whom our Lord said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.'"

"My grandmother says," she answered, "that she has no anxiety about his happiness, or that of my parents; for my father and mother feared God."

"And yet," I said, "you can not cease from weeping, and lamenting them."

"It is because we miss them every where," said the little girl, "and we are not rich, Sir; we find it

hard to live: we do not owe any thing, indeed, but it grieves me to see my poor grandmother without those comforts which her age requires."

"And what do you do when troubles weigh heavy?" I asked.

"I pray, Sir," she replied; "I ask my God to help me: grandmother says, that I may speak to my Saviour as I would to a friend, because he knoweth what we need, and can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

"And have you always been in the habit of opening your troubles to your God?" I asked.

"Not always, Sir," she answered, with a sweet and gracious expression of humility, and conviction of former offences. "When Wilhelm was alive I thought very little of God; but when my brother died, I had no comfort but in my Bible."

"And what are the especial troubles which you mention in your prayers?" I asked.

She blushed on being thus closely questioned, but replied directly, "I pray that we might not be uneasy about paying our rent, Sir, and that grandmother might not have her rheumatism in the winter, and that we may both be saved from our sins, and be redeemed, and that I may be spared to her as long as she lives, and that she may never be obliged to leave the cottage, Sir, where she was born, and where she lived with her husband and reared my father; is there any harm, Sir, in praying for these things?"

"I see none, my dear child, whatever," I replied, "since I trust that you make your petitions in the way prescribed by Scripture, viz. through the name of Christ, as it is written, St. John xiv. 13. 'And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.'"

"I do, Sir," she answered.

"And have you reason to think that the Almighty is deaf to your prayers?"

"No, Sir," she replied, "I am sure that no prayer which is addressed to God in the name of the Redeemer, is ever unheard; but grandmother says, that God is wiser than we are, and that he knows best what is good for us, and so seems to deny us some times."

"This is perfectly true, dear child; but may there not be some error in your manner of prayer, aye and manner of thinking too, which requires to be amended?"

She evidently did not understand me; on which I added, "Are you in the habit of speaking much to your grandmother of the things which grieve you and make you uneasy?"

"No, Sir," she replied with quickness; "no, Sir, because that would be ungrateful you know; she does every thing in her power to make me happy, so I try to be chearful, and make the best of every thing before her."

"And you often thank her no doubt," I added, "when she has done any thing for you?"

"I should be wicked if I did not," she answered.

"You think, then," I remarked, "that she has done more for you than your God has?"

"Oh! Sir, no, no," she replied eagerly; "how can that be?"

"But by your own account," I said, "your addresses to the Almighty all run in the style of complaint, as if you were more unhappy than others; is it not so?"

She looked down, and seemed full of thought for a moment or more, and then raising her eyes, said, "Sir, I think that what you say is true."

"Well, my little girl," I replied, "suppose that henceforward you were to change your style of address to God, and substitute praise and thanksgiving in the place of complaint and petition; think rather, what mercies you have to thank God for, than what privations you have to endure."

She seemed to be again lost in thought, as if she were unable to take up my meaning at once; but her dark blue eye brightened as she began to comprehend me; and when the whole truth flashed on her mind, she said with animation, "Where, Sir, where am I to begin to recount the mercies of my God?"

"Ah! where indeed," I answered, "for the earth is full of his mercies. But begin with the work of redeeming love, and thank your God that your Saviour has been revealed to you, and to all your family; that the troubles of this world are at an end with so many of them, and that they are already landed on the sunny shores, beyond the black river of death. Then proceed to enumerate the lesser mercies which are showered upon you, life, and health, and peace, and a quiet home, in a land of unrivalled beauty, and a kind and pious parent to watch your early youth, and food sufficient, (though plain perhaps,) and a pleasant occupation, by which you may earn a little money"—

"And, and," said the little girl, all sparkling with animation,—"and time and opportunity to read the Bible, and warm comfortable clothes, and a nice soft bed, and a garden full of blossoms; Oh! Sir, thank you for teaching me these pleasant things; I hope that I shall remember your words, and practise your advice as long as I live."

"The Almighty working in you, my child," I said, "without whom we can do nothing, nay, not even think a good and wholesome thought."

Whilst I yet spoke, a clear musical voice, as of a child, was heard, repeating three several times, "Aleine! Aleine! Aleine!" An indistinct echo immediately returned the sound, and then all was still again.

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is Herman, Sir," she replied, "Herman calling me."

"And who is Herman?" I asked.

"A neighbour's son, Sir," she answered, "and grandmother has sent him to look for me."

"If the call is from your grandmother, you must obey it," I remarked.

"I will, Sir," she said, "but shall you ever come here again?"

"Would you wish to see me again?" I asked.

She looked down, and twirled her basket round, holding it by its slender handle, and speaking in a lowered tone, "I beg pardon, Sir, but I was thinking that if you would say the same things to my grandmother which you have said to me, you might bring great comfort to her."

"Then I will tell you what I will do, Aleine," I answered; "that is, if I am permitted. I am going from hence to-morrow, to Interlachen and Grindeswald, and on to the mountains, but I hope to return in the end of August, and then, if you will receive me, I will call upon you at your cottage; will that please you?" But I need not have asked the question, for she had no sooner understood what I was proposing to do, than the pure blood mantled in her cheek, and the light of joy kindled in her eye.

"The end of August, Sir," she replied, "can it not be sooner? I shall look for that time; but do you know our cottage, Sir?"

"Truly, my little damsel," I answered, "the question is a discreet one, and perhaps I might have forgotten to have asked it."

"Then, Sir," said she, approaching somewhat nearer to me than she had yet ventured to do, "do you see the road that winds along the bank of the lake on the height?"

"I do," I replied, "here and there like a white line among the green branches of the many trees which border upon it."

"And do you see, Sir, a path which comes out of it on the left, less than a quarter of an hour from this place?"

"Truly, my little one," I answered, "my old eyes fail me there."

"It is in comparison with the road, Sir," she answered, "as a thread to the broad ribbon that binds my hair; it is the first turning from hence."

"I shall know it best by that indication, Aleine," I answered.

"Ah! good Sir, have you learnt my name," she remarked, with a smile of innocent archness.

"Did I not hear it sounding through the valley but now?" I replied.

"From Herman," she said, "but I did not answer him, and he is gone in a wrong direction; poor Herman," and she added with a smile, which just played on her lips, and then gave way to more serious concerns, "but he must not complain, I do not often serve him so."

She then proceeded to endeavour to point out to me, at the end of the invisible line marked to her young eyes, along the breadth of many blooming fields, two cottages, which were equally invisible to my old eyes, which, she said, were under the brow of the nearest height on the left.

I was, however, unable to ascertain the precise form of the sort of mole or point of the mountain which hung over the place I desired to know; and being so far instructed, I was satisfied. "And now, Aleine," I said, "whilst we have been talking, the shades have ascended nearly to the summits of the mountains, and its last rays are gilding the Jungfrau and its mighty neighbours, yet, ere we part, one word more; I expect that you should prepare for me an assemblage of dried flowers, of the rarest and fairest which you may see among these hills, and remember whilst you

are gathering them, that the flowers which are spread upon the earth, are the emblems of the divine promises given to his redeemed ones, and set in every corner of the earth, in order that his children may ever be reminded of the inexhaustible mercies of the Father Almighty. Yet tell me, my little girl, tell me if you can, where the emblem resembles that which it has been intended to shew forth, and where it falls short of its object?

I found it necessary to repeat this question in plainer words before it was understood, but having succeeded, I obtained such an answer as I should never have received from a child of that age, in the most refined classes of society, had not that child been brought up (as it was easy to observe that this little peasant had been,) by a person whose mind had been illuminated and enlarged by deep and constant study of Scripture.

The answer was this,—"Flowers, you say, Sir, are like the promises of God, which, as grandmother says, are shed all over the Bible, and they are beautiful, and so are the promises, and they are very sweet, and so are the promises."

"And many pass by and overlook them, Aleine," I added, "and so they do the promises."

"And we tread them under our feet, Sir," she added, "and tear them and cast them away, as I have often done the promises," she added, quite in the spirit I could have wished.

"And when we throw away the blossom, Aleine," I asked, "where is the prospect of fruit? but what was my first question, Where does the emblem fall short of that which it is intended to shew forth?"

She was puzzled there, whereupon I said, "the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

The little girl and I then parted, and I pursued

my journey to the mountains the next day, nor did I return till nearly the end of August, when I once again found myself, early on the afternoon, near the precincts of Le Bächen Hölzli, and walking along the road which leads from Thounne, along the banks of the lake, which road terminates a short way farther onwards. The little path-way described also by Aleine, soon presented itself, and I entered a range of green and beautiful fields, having that peculiar point of the hill before me, which I had selected as my land-mark. As I neared this point, I entered a small orchard of beautiful apple trees; the grass was green beneath the trees, and several cows were feeding in the shade, for the day was hot. As I advanced, I observed one cottage, and then another, through the shafts of the trees. These cottages were of that exquisitely beautiful form, seen, I believe, in no part of the world so perfectly as in Swisserland; one stood more forward than the other, and in the wooden gallery in front, I saw a venerable peasant, busy with her spinning-wheel,—it was Aleine's grandmother, and as I presented myself in the little open space before the cottage, she knew immediately that I was the gentleman who was expected at that time by her grand-daughter.

Accordingly she hastened down and gave me a welcome as if I had been the dearest friend she had on earth. "Dear Sir," she said, "Aleine will be so happy—nay Sir, she has been happy ever since you spoke those blessed words; but come in," she added, "and take some refreshment, and then, Sir, I will explain it all to you."

"I will have nothing till your supper-time," I answered; "I know your customs, you sup at sunset; then I will partake with you," and I followed her up her wooden stairs, into a neat apartment, where was a long oaken table at one end, and a small fire-place at the other, a handsome Geneva clock being the only

superior piece of furniture in the room. I was soon seated opposite to the old lady, who began to utter that which was uppermost in her thoughts, without the delay which a more courtly person would have used, yet with all that best polish of manner, which is always found in a greater or less degree in persons studious of conforming themselves, or rather I should say, of being conformed to the image of the blessed Son of God; "Sir," she said, "I consider it as a particular favour bestowed on me by my heavenly Father, that my child happened to fall into your company in Le Bächen Hölzli. It pleased God at that time that you should drop a few words, which were made the means of opening my eyes to the principal sin of my very sinful life, viz. unthankfulness; which proceeds, my good Sir, from unbelief, and that of the grossest sort; for how, Sir, should we, who, I trust, have no doubt that Christ has died for us, have any fears, lest all lesser good things which are necessary for us, should be denied; for, 'he that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?'" Rom. viii. 32.

"But, Sir, I know not how it was, (only that I was a wicked and worthless being, the chief of sinners;) I had got into a sort of way, that although I had much comfort in the view of the Lord's goodness as promised to me through Christ in the world to come, I could not discern the many earnests of his goodness in this world; however, the child being instructed by you, Sir, through the divine blessing, came home that evening, and told me all that you had said to her; and that night, Sir, after supper, and the door was shut, she said, grandmother, now let us pray in the new way, and as I did not forbid her, after we had read, we knelt down, and as I had used her to do at times from a little one, led the prayer; Oh! it was

beautiful, Sir, it was instructive, it made out the words of Holy Writ, 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise.' I could not tell you all the mercies the poor little girl found to enumerate, for they came in childlike, without much order or method, or, as it were, curious wording; but when she thanked God that her father and mother, and that sweet infant, her precious brother, were now rejoicing in heaven with their Redeemer, and not here in this world of sin, I could bear it no longer, but broke out in sobs and groans, being, as it were, struck to the heart, and confounded with a deep sense of my ingratitude, in having gone mourning so many years, through a land set thick with mercies. Well, Sir, and that sweet spirit has held the child, and I often laugh and say, when she is suggesting subjects for our evening thanksgiving, that things will go well with her now, since she finds flowers where others would pass by and say, the land is altogether naught and barren, (alluding, Sir, as you may perceive, to the way she has taken to get a few francs together to help us out.) Well, Sir, and somehow it seems that we are doing better, though how it comes I hardly can say, for by plain and downright calculation of that which comes in, and that which goes out, things are with us much as they were this time last year; still are we better, Sir, that is, more content."

"As a fair landscape is more agreeable when the bright rays of the morning glow thereon, than when dark clouds and mists overshadow it," I replied, "so much, my worthy friend, is your last state better than that which has gone before," and I was proceeding, when the chearful tones of young voices reached our ears, and looking from the latticed window, I saw my little favourite Aleine, driving before her two white goats, with several young ones, whom she was bring-

ing from a thymy pasture on the hills, and with her a fine dark-eyed boy carrying a kid. There is my bright child, said the old peasant, and with her, Herman I see; he has gone to meet her, to help her to carry the lame kid; he is our neighbours' son, and his mother weaned him when he was a year old, that she might take Aleine, and rear her for my daughter-in-law, who was always a very weakly woman, so they are a sort of brother and sister.

There, thought I, is a protection provided for my little girl, in case her grandmother should die, but I kept the thought to myself. All this passed as the children were tying the old goats to the stock of a tree, and coming gaily, and with the steps of little mountaineers, up the wooden stairs, which, as you will see from the following picture, is without the house.

(Swiss Cottage.)

Oh! it was a joyful meeting between me and my little Aleine; but as I have made my story longer than I intended already, I shall not enlarge on this part, which I might very well do, nor say what a beautiful collection of mountain herbs, curiously dried and prepared, and laid in a neat portfolio, tied with blue and yellow twisted worsted, my little Aleine presented to me; and how Herman helped the old lady to set out the supper-table with the best napery, and all the good things the house would afford, and how we all supped together, and united in the song and prayer of thanksgiving after supper, in all of which the fine Swiss boy acted his part as a child of the house; but I shall only say that when I took my leave, I thanked God in my heart, who had put it in my power, an old bachelor as I am, and loving simplicity more than pomp, to put into the hands of the individual who had entertained me, and those who had feasted with me, such a little sum as might add many comforts to a life of humble labour and comparative poverty.

THE

CONVENT OF ST. CLAIR.

PREFACE.

You must get upon your enchanted tapestry with me once again, my gentle reader, and we will wish ourselves once more on the shores of the Mediterranean, where, in a warm and beautiful valley at the feet of

the Maritime Alps, is the city of Nice, and the Convent of St. Clair.

It would be impossible, in the little space which I have, to give you any idea of the Roman Catholic religion, or of the manner in which it has tyrannized over the people, and shut out the light of truth for the last 1200 years. But as in my last little preface, I advised you to endeavour to learn your religion from the Bible itself, I now tell you, that all the monstrous errors of the Roman Catholic Creed have proceeded from the Bible being shut up, and from the people being obliged to receive the interpretations of the priests and the traditions of the church, instead of the divine word.

EVERY individual who has been brought to look back on his past life, with a view to discerning the dealings of the Almighty with his soul, must be made aware that every event of that life, even before he was brought to the knowledge of God, was so arranged as more or less to advance his eternal welfare; yet it often happens that these arrangements of Providence, though infinitely interesting to the individual himself whom they may concern, are not such as to afford equally striking lessons to others whom they do not personally affect, being apparently conformed to the more ordinary experience of men. The Almighty works his eternal purposes in various ways, all equally certain in their effects, but not all equally remarkable

in the eyes of a spectator; one individual is brought into that state (whereunto the Lord would bring him) in a manner so imperceptible, and by means so little discernible, to the stander by, that he would find it very difficult to give such an account of his experience as would interest the generality of readers; whereas another, who has been the subject of more extraordinary and pointed arrangements of Providence, might render his history acceptable without having at command any great resources of human talent. I myself, for instance, do not pretend to be a writer, nevertheless, there are some passages of my life so extraordinary, that I feel myself strongly tempted to communicate them to the public, trusting more to the real interest of the things which I have to tell, than to the manner in which I am enabled to relate them.

My name is Arnold; I am of a family which for several generations have been engaged in mercantile speculations, with connexions abroad, and especially in the New World. I married early, from motives of affection rather than interest, and we were blessed within the second year of our union with a daughter, whose appearance seemed to complete all our wishes. No other child was added to us till this our daughter was six years old, at which time we had a son, who lived only a few weeks; and immediately after his death, my dear wife fell into so very weak a state of health, that it was decided she must be removed to a warmer climate.

I was at that period in the firm with my father and elder brother, who both kindly undertook to divide my labours between them during my absence; and therefore, as the circumstances of the family were easy (as it regarded money) there seemed to be no obstacle to my removing with my wife to any place advised by her physician. This place was Nice, the

situation of which is on that point of land in which several branches of the Maritime Alps touch the Mediterranean Sea, a small region of extraordinary beauty, but lying in a sort of debateable land between Italy and Gaul. This province belongs to the king of Sardinia, and is to this day as dark with regard to the truth as any part of the Roman Catholic world, and as entirely subjected to the rule of the Papal Apostacy. But as a visitor to this place, or as a temporary resident, there was no fear of any interference of the priests and rulers of the church in our affairs; and as the government is mild, and the people friendly, and the climate charming, we soon found ourselves most comfortably situated in a delightful country house, about a quarter of a mile from the town, which is a sea-port. We arrived at Nice in the month of November, and were delighted with the mildness of the air, the beauty of the gardens, abounding with groves of oranges and citrons, and the fragrance of the breezes, as they blew over hedges of sweet acacia and myrtle. Our little girl was more than six years old when we arrived at Nice, and from that period till she had attained her tenth year, no great change took place in our circumstances, though each summer we moved once to Geneva, and another time to Lucca.

During this period, the symptoms which had driven us from England so totally disappeared, that my beloved wife looked blooming and fresh again, as she had done when I had first known her; and as she was a woman of uncommonly pleasing manners, and one who possessed that sort of intellect which supplies a perpetual feast to those with whom it is associated, she entirely succeeded in what most women would consider a Herculean labour, and that is, in so occupying and amusing a husband who, at that time, was totally unacquainted with religion, that he sel-

dom if ever regretted the occupations he had left in order to accompany her to a foreign land. I remember now, at this distant time, the days of domestic happiness and hours of innocent pleasures which I then enjoyed, with a sort of wonder, as if I can not now understand how such things could have been, because I was then without religion, though my wife was far from being so, and if ever we had a dissenting word, it was when she endeavoured to insinuate some of those holy doctrines, which were in fact the secret consolation of her life.

But she made me too happy. She was my idol, and whilst I had her before me, I probably might never have fixed my affections on a higher object; at least, the happiness which she conferred, and the constant delight which her society imparted, was an impediment in my way to desiring the things which are above. No doubt, my heavenly Father saw that it would be good for me that this my dearest idol should be removed; and accordingly, after our second year upon the continent, her disease returned, and proceeded in its deadly march with such an astounding rapidity, that within two months she was apparently as well as usual, and in her grave. But I will leave these scenes, which even at this distant time I dare not to recall, and proceed to that part of my history, in which I first began to act alone in the character of a parent.

After the funeral of my beloved wife, I never returned to the house in which she had died, but removed, with my little Mary, to the Hotel des Etrangers in the town, where I took apartments, waiting for letters which I expected every day from England, and then intending to form on them my future movements.

It was winter, and advices from the North had informed me that the season was severe. I knew not

how far my little daughter (who even then was strikingly like her charming mother, being an exceedingly delicate child, and having that sort of beauty which conveys the idea of a constitution of no great strength) might be able to endure a journey at this season; and yet I was most desirous to be gone from a place where every feature of the surrounding country reminded me of my irreparable loss, and brought back some scene of domestic joy which never could return. There, in that olive-grove, had I walked with my wife and seen our little one trip before us, and that hill I had ascended in her company, whilst she and her child, in their Spanish saddles, talked to me as I moved by their sides. There I had sate by her where she had sketched that tower, or rock, or waterfall. Oh! these recollections, thus associated with every object, were horrible to me; and yet I do not remember that they ever led me to such considerations as might have benefited my spiritual condition, or awakened hopes which alone are able to sooth the bereaved heart.

Whilst my mind was in this state, a packet of letters was put into my hand; these letters were from different quarters; one of them was from a correspondent of the firm in America, (it is of little consequence to my reader to be told from what part.) It pointed out some great advantage to be obtained by one of the partners of the house going over immediately to America. A communication at the same time received from my brother, mentioned a duplicate of this letter which our father had got in London, expressing a regret, though rather in obscure terms, (in order, no doubt, not to give me pain) that none of the partners were in a condition to avail themselves of the great advantage held out by the American correspondent. On receiving this letter, the thought struck me that I might be doing service to the house, and at

the same time relieving my own feelings by change of scene, without returning to that place where former feelings would recur to my mind. I then wrote home immediately, so that no time should be lost, determining to go to Marseilles to await the answer; for this city being in the way to both places, apprehending also that should it be determined for me to go to America, I might, even before the answer arrived, have looked out for a ready means of embarkation. But then, the child—what can I do with her? I asked myself; her strength is not such as to permit me to take her to England now; and then came the question, Is there no place of education in this town, in which I could leave her till my return? She is accustomed to the climate; she will be better here than in England; it shall be so; and I went to my friend, the banker, with whom I had had some degree of intimacy. I opened my mind to him, and he having summoned his lady, we had a long discussion, the result of which was, that my little Mary should be placed as a pensioner in the convent of Sainte Claire.

The history of this convent is this:—the foundation was very ancient, and after having endured many changes, and even removals of situation, it at length fixed in a street of Nice called Sainte Claire. The present house was converted into a granary for the army in the French Revolution, but was repaired by the Abbe Andre de Grimaldi Nicard, almoner to the duchess D'Angouleme, and given to the nuns of St. François de Sales, the church being dedicated to Our Lady of the institution.

I had many natural feelings of pain at the thought of separating myself from my little Mary; but when I had seen the superior, who received me in her parlour in the most gracious manner, and assured me that she would be as the most tender mother to the delicate little creature entrusted to her care by its

widowed father, I felt very much more satisfied; and having given the lady a letter of credit on the banker, by which she might draw every quarter in advance the handsome gratuity which I agreed to pay, of which gratuity I very foolishly and ostentatiously informed her, she might always be assured of as long as the child was left with her, adding this farther information, viz. that she was the sole inheritor of her poor mother's fortune, which was not less than 100,000 francs. This was an imprudent speech in me, because I might have foreseen that it might tend to advance that feeling acknowledged to exist in the members of a religious society, to increase the funds of their establishment, and which has been so cunningly devised by the first promoters of these institutions, (supposing the device to have originated in a human breast,) so to separate the members of them from their natural connexions as to make their establishment stand in the place of children and heirs, this plan contracting the mind, and making their house every thing to them, a sort of esprit de corps which we some times see in Protestant countries. The sum of 100,000 francs which I had mentioned, sounds indeed great, but is not so mighty in English, not being more than four thousand pounds; and which fortune, I proceeded to say, no one can hinder her of; though, as I added, I would on no account wish her to know that she is so far independent of her father. The superior approved of this my precaution; but replied, "No doubt, Monsieur, if your daughter should be ever so unfortunate as to offend you, you might find means to deprive her of her inheritance?" I smiled, as I carelessly answered, "I have some question, my good lady, on that head; so you will not allow my confidence in you ever to extend to my little girl;" and having earnestly pressed upon her the care of the child, the affair was settled, and no-

thing remained but to remove the little one to the convent, which I postponed to the last moment, contriving that the mistress of the inn should depart with my beloved daughter to the convent, at the same time in which I set out, in a contrary direction, on my way to France.

And now I must pass over several years of my life in as cursory a manner as circumstances will permit. At Marseilles, while waiting for a vessel which was bound to the New World, I met with a Mr. Martin, an English gentleman, who had been residing some years on the continent with his family. I had had a slight acquaintance with him at Nice; he had seen and admired my wife; he was much hurt to hear of her death; and when I informed him where I had placed my little girl, he blamed me, with more freedom than I quite liked, for entrusting her with Roman Catholics. "They will assuredly make a papist of her," he said; and he went so far as to beg me to permit him, when he passed through Nice, which he expected to do to rejoin his family somewhere in Italy, to take her out of the convent, and carry her to his wife. This was a kind offer, a brotherly offer, but I had seen Mrs. Martin, and remembered that she was far from a fashionable woman; neither did I suppose her so fit to conduct an elegant education as the superior of Sainte Claire. It is true, I knew nothing of the superior but that she was a person of a noble family, and I took it for granted that she was fit to conduct an education. We English are too apt to think that foreigners of rank have superior manners, merely because their manners differ from our own. I therefore declined the proposal, by saying that I expected to return to Europe in a year or two at farthest, and take Mary to my home.

From Marseilles I had a favourable passage to New Orleans; but I had a second voyage from

this city to the place of my destination, where I soon found myself engaged in a very deep, yet successful speculation, having however before me the constant view of the termination of this speculation, with the consequent speedy chance or hope of being very soon at liberty to return home, to gather up my little girl, and once more to see my aged father and my affectionate brother, for my mother had been dead some years.

There is no situation in which time runs on so rapidly as when a man has an object which occupies all his faculties, which is gradually progressing towards the desired result, and yet which lingers on hand longer than is expected; such, precisely, was my state whilst in America. I had much to do; what I did succeeded, and I had constantly before me the expectation that what I had in hand would be completed. I therefore took small note of the progress of time. One, two, three years passed, and I still thought of my daughter as of a child of nine years old, although the gradual improvement of the little epistles which she sent me, might have admonished me that she was passing from infancy to that period of life in which it would be more and more dangerous to leave her with papists.

It is true, that at that time I never thought of religion in reference to the welfare of my soul, but yet I was aware of its political importance, and might have known, had I reflected for an instant, that a difference of opinion, as it regarded this matter, between me and my child, would entirely destroy all hopes of enjoyment from her society when we should meet again. But strange as it may appear, at this very time there was not a hope in my mind respecting my future life, in which my Mary's presence was not the leading idea. If I rejoiced in any gain, it was on her account. If I wished to see Europe again, it was

that I might see my Mary in the bosom of her own family. If I wished to be enabled to have a comfortable house, a pleasant garden, a carriage, or what not, it was that my Mary might enjoy them with me; and yet, whilst looking at the end, I was neglecting the means, and still postponing every measure by which she might be removed from that situation which was daily rendering her more unfit to be my companion and consolation. I had hoped, however, to be able to return, first at the end of three years, and then of one more, then of a few months, then of another half year, and at length I ascertained, when I had been five years in America, that I had every probability of closing all the affairs of the firm in that part of the world, as far as my own residence was required, in twelve months.

During the latter part of this period, my brother's wife had written to me to say, that she thought her niece ought not to be left so long among strangers, and had proposed a plan for bringing her home, and associating her with her own children. I can hardly say how this plan dropped through, but I imagine that it was through some negligence or caprice of my own; my sister-in-law had a right to expect a warm acquiescence with this kind proposal, and when it did not come, it could hardly be expected that she would volunteer a very active interference in a business for which she was not sure that she should be thanked.

But it may be asked, why was I so cold in this matter? In the first place, I had not that horror of Popery which I now have, nor had I that respect I now feel for that religion which professes to make the scripture its rule of faith. In short, I did not perceive the radical difference between the Protestant and Roman Catholic religion, and the letters which I had received from Sainte Claire, had given me such

high assurances of the happiness and improvement of my daughter, that I was quite as well satisfied with her remaining with the superior as with her being with my sister-in-law, whom, as I fancied, I remembered, neither spoke French or Italian, although she might have been a tender mother, and a valuable and amiable wife.

But I was speaking of the letters I had from the convent. There were letters not only from my daughter, but also from the abbess, in which the former confirmed all that the latter said; and my daughter spoke of her happiness and means of improvement, giving me, at the same time, to understand, that she was permitted to write to me though to no other person, without having her letters examined, which, no doubt, she said from the conviction that she was asserting a truth; but how far this may be I know not.

At length I had been in America six years. When I had left my daughter, she was nine years of age; she was now, therefore, approaching to a very important period of her life, when I received a letter from Mr. Martin; it was a letter which seemed, as it were, to turn the tide of all my ideas, and to bring me suddenly to a stand on the brink of a precipice. It began by stating that he and Mrs. Martin had been at Nice, and seen my daughter, and procured my address through her, though he confessed that he was obliged to do this by a devious course, as he did not dare, the superior being present, to put the question directly. He described my daughter as having become a very fine looking girl, tall and elegant in her person, and bearing a strong resemblance to her mother; yet, he added, that he and Mrs. Martin were in great alarm for her, having no doubt but that she was become a decided papist; not that she alluded to religion in her discourse, but that she avoided the subject with great address when it was

brought forward. The letter then proceeded to press me to remove her as soon as possible, offering his services for the effecting this desirable purpose, and giving me his address at Geneva, where he proposed staying the whole of the summer. His letter was concluded by a most warm address, the object of which was to awaken me to a sense of religion, taking it for granted, that had I ever had a proper feeling on that subject, I never could have acted as I had done by my child. "I fear, my friend," he said, "that you are not a believer, by which I do not mean to say that you are an open scoffer and an acknowledged infidel; but that you are wholly careless upon the subject, and that you believe that one kind of worship may be as pleasing in the sight of God as another; but permit me to assure you that there is no other name under heaven, but that of the Lord the Saviour, by which the sinner can be saved; and that church which substitutes fasts, and prayers, and penances, and the mediation of saints, in the place of the Lord the Saviour, is as far from the truth as the heathen, who bows down before the images of the Evil One."

My worthy correspondent then proceeded to state to me what true religion is, as fully as the space of a sheet of paper, closely written, would permit; and as I trust that the divine blessing accompanied this effort of Christian kindness, his labour was not lost. The doctrines on which he chiefly enlarged were the fall, and consequent total incapacity and hopeless condition of man; the great scheme of salvation, by which the Trinity in Unity bound themselves in a covenant to restore the human race thus fallen, degraded, lost, and rendered the objects of the divine displeasure, without encroaching on the perfection of the attributes, all of which being infinite, must have their proper work; for if holiness could receive apostate

creatures into favour, where would be the perfection of holiness; or if justice could pardon without condition, where would be her justice; or if justice must be exercised in all her terrors, where would be the room for mercy; but the divine personages of the blessed Trinity had foreseen and prepared for this dilemma, and as the whole human race had fallen under one head, even Adam, so had they prepared a second head, in union with whom every believer will be saved. The letter finished by a statement of the different works appropriated to themselves by the divine covenanters. The Father beginning the work of salvation by election, and by giving his Son to die for the satisfaction of the divine justice, and finally by revealing the Son to the individual who is to be made the object of this glorious scheme. The Son by becoming man, and as such, performing the whole moral and penal law, and the Holy Spirit by the works of regeneration, sanctification, and glorification.

Such was Mr. Martin's letter, and it happened to be brought to me on a Sunday morning, a day which I generally spent in idleness, for I had some notion of keeping a Jewish sabbath, though I had no conception whatever of the privileges of the Lord's day. I had therefore the leisure to read this letter over and over again, and at every perusal I thought it more important; but whilst I hesitated whether I should not write at once, and give Mr. Martin leave to remove my daughter, a letter was put into my hand, which had come in by another channel, from my daughter herself. Had I not received Mr. Martin's letter first, I perhaps should not have been so startled by Mary's; but it certainly was very alarming; it contained the account of one of her dearest friends who had just taken the veil, describing the scene in those bright colours, which a very high enthusiasm is apt to cast on such scenes; and though my daughter did

not so much as hint that she wished to follow this example, which she thought so bright, yet, to my awakened apprehensions, I thought I read in every line a sort of expressed aspiration after this state of imaginary blessedness.

I had scarcely read this last epistle when I sate down to address Mr. Martin, giving him full power to take Mary from the convent; and whilst I was yet sealing this letter with trembling hands, a young officer, named Frank Hanson, from a ship bound to London, came in to take leave of me, saying that he expected to sail in a few hours. I thought this was an excellent opportunity of forwarding my letter, and having impressed him, as I hoped, with an idea of its importance, I saw him place it in a recess of his pocket book, in order that it might be doubly safe, and take his departure. I then had the precaution to write a duplicate of this letter, which I gave to my black servant Paul, to put into the regular post office; and this being done, I felt more easy, and went to bed.

My affairs in America were, at this time, nearly closed, and I worked night and day to bring them to a termination, which I was able to do in a few weeks. I then took a passage in a ship bound to Marseilles; but the night before we were to sail, some unexpected matter, which threatened serious delay, compelled me to give up my passage, and the agitation of my mind probably brought on a slight degree of fever, which not being attended to, became at length serious, and, when it left me, its effects were felt on the mind so much that I had not the resolution to act with that energy required for bringing my concerns to a conclusion; the very idea of the effort overpowered me. But not to enlarge too much on this part of my story, I shall simply say that this time of affliction was perhaps one of the most blessed periods of my life, for

my landlady, who attended me most kindly during my illness, brought me a venerable minister, or messenger of the gospel of peace, I forget precisely what denomination he was of, to visit me constantly, and as his instructions all tended to the same points as those enforced by Mr. Martin's letter, and as he had it in his power fully to confirm all he said by scripture, I arose, by the divine blessing, through his means, an altered man, and one entirely convinced of his own nothingness, and of his assurance of salvation by Christ alone; but the more important I considered the religion of the holy scriptures to be, the more I dreaded that of the apostate church, which shuts up the bible from her children. I therefore prepared to proceed on my voyage as soon as I could possibly be removed, although it was not for several months after I had received Mr. Martin's letter.

Just before the time of my embarkation, a very vexatious circumstance occurred. My landlady suspected Paul of some dishonesty, and having taken a liberty allowed in the free country of America, to inspect into the baggage of a negro, where it might not be done to a white, the letter written by me to have been put into the office was found. I had given money to frank it, which was too great a temptation to the ignorant person. I was extremely angry when I saw the letter, or, I should say, a part of it, for the rest was torn up. I also missed my servant at the same time, and my only hope was that the original entrusted to Frank Hanson had reached its destination. I should now have written again; but I hoped and expected to reach Nice before, or at least at, the same time as a letter. I had obtained a passage in a vessel bound for Marseilles, but the season of the year was not favourable, and we were tossed back again several times into American ports; and although, after much delay, we made the Azores, our

vessel was obliged to put in for repairs. There were several English ships in the bay, and among these one, aboard of which was Frank Hanson; when I found him out, after much questioning and answering on both sides, for the young man had totally forgotten that I had ever entrusted him with a letter, I had the pleasure of seeing him produce my epistle, in high preservation, from the secret recess of his red morocco pocket book; this same letter having not only accompanied him to London, but having been brought back by him to his ship, and returned with him as far as the Azores. My young friend made me a thousand apologies, but what could they avail, or what could my complaints avail; and if I returned to my ship with increased agitation and some ill humour, some allowances perhaps may be made for me. But, my worthy reader, I charge you never to trust a letter of consequence to a private hand, and remember to put your letters with your own hands into the post office whenever there is money to be paid with them. Indeed I ought to have known better; for I should have remembered that, some years ago, at Nice, I had sent a letter to the post office, directed to a friend in London; Nice being only four miles from France, the postage is one penny; this small sum my messenger purloined, putting my letter in the box. Three weeks afterwards I received a letter from my friend in London, stating that he had received a notification from the post office, Nice, informing him that a letter to his address was lying in the office at Nice for the want of the penny. The postage of this notification, &c. independent of the disappointment, came to five shillings and two pence, and the letter still at Nice.

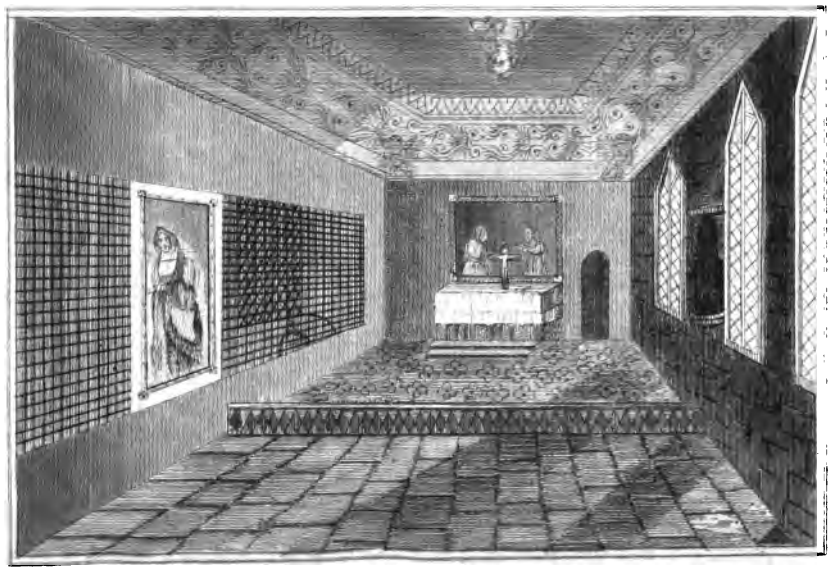
However, to return to my story:—from that time every moment was an hour to me, till I had set my foot on the shores of France; and still the delays were cruelly frequent; in short, we made so tedious

a passage, and met with such a variety of hindrances, that twelve months had elapsed from the date of Mary's letter till my arrival at Marseilles; and then I had passports to procure, and a journey of some length by land; and the dreadful idea had recurred to me, that my poor child, in a fit of enthusiasm, had been persuaded to take the white veil soon after her friend took the black one, her year having been just expired before I could reach her. Then I remembered, for the first time, my indiscreet and ridiculous piece of confidence to the superior, respecting Mary's immense fortune of 100,000 francs, and the artful question of the lady, to wit, whether I could not deprive her of this property should she offend me? Oh! how did the recollection of this folly humble me in my own eyes, and how did I lament my child as lost, lost to me, and how lost! that indeed was a miserable time, but I required it all; it was good for me to be thus afflicted.

At length, however, I arrived at Marseilles. I travelled day and night, and reached Nice on a Sunday morning, about seven o'clock. The Croix de Marbre, that long street or suburb of the town, on the side leading from the Var, seemed to lengthen before me as we drove along; but as we stopped for a moment to speak to some one at the foot of the new bridge over the Paglion, the sound of many bells tolling from the steeples of the various churches, and calling the people to the idolatrous service of the mass, raised me to agony, and surely I must have appeared like a person deranged, when I sprang out from the carriage in the court of the Hotel des Etrangers, and called impetuously for a guide to shew me the shortest way to the convent of Sainte Claire. A guide soon presented himself, but not before I had time to ascertain that the landlord was not the same whom I had formerly known. It was of no use therefore to ask any ques-

tions of him. I bade the guide to hasten, and I followed him, or rather ran by his side. But I become impatient as I write, and can hardly restrain my pen sufficiently to preserve clearness in my narrative.

The convent of Sainte Claire is situated on the same hill where is the fort of Nice, and where the old tower once stood. The approach to it is through several gloomy narrow streets, which are also very steep. The side of the church of the convent faces down the street, and one of the doors of the church opens in that direction; but the portal of the convent is on the right, forming an angle with the wall of the church; it is raised by several steps. The guide led me straight to the portal, and the outer door was open into a vestibule, from which several passages diverged. A young woman dressed in black, but not as a nun, met us at the portal, and I, all impatience, asked if I might see the superior immediately. "I cannot tell, sir," she replied, looking hard at me; and a young priest appearing at the same time from a passage communicating with the chapel, she repeated my question to him, on which he replied—"Madame is engaged, but after the service she will see the gentleman." "What service?" I said; "what are they doing?" No answer was made, but both parties returned whither they had come. "What service?" I said, repeating my question to the guide. "Monsieur is at liberty to enter the church," he replied; "the doors are open." He led the way; I followed him; I hardly knew what I did; before I approached the open door of the church, I was aware of the melancholy monotonous sound of the recitative proceeding from the priests, who were chanting one of their services; but my guide went forward, and I advanced, still following him. I had formerly visited the superior in her parlour, but I had never been in



THE CONVENT OF St CLAIR,

published by Thos Melrose High Street Berwick 1856.

the chapel before. It is a large magnificent structure, highly gilt, and painted on every side; the ceiling representing cherubs with expanded wings, and festoons of flowers, the high altar being such as I have ever seen in Roman Catholic churches, almost one mass of gilding, interspersed with artificial flowers. Over this altar were the figures of two females, supposed to represent the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth. There are also two inferior altars in this church, the one on the right and the other on the left. Over these altars are likewise large pictures, representing sisters of the order of St. François, in their black robes and veils, kneeling before their patron saint.

The church was crowded when I entered; but my guide, supposing, no doubt, that I was a stranger who had come on purpose to see what might be seen, pushed his way through the mass of people, and presently brought me opposite to a double grating on the left wall of the church, which is connected with the interior building of the convent, through which my glances were attracted by a row of novices wearing white veils, though not as yet dressed as nuns, kneeling before the grating, each with her book of prayer in her hand. Ceremony was out of the question at that instant; and, no doubt, my manner attracted attention, as I endeavoured to ascertain whether my child might possibly be amongst these, for I was admonished by some one tapping me on the shoulder that a black curtain would be dropped over the grating if it were found that the eyes of the congregation were fixed on the novices. Accordingly, I allowed myself to be pushed from this place which I had taken, and my guide being still before me, we made our way toward the railing of the high altar, and there I suddenly perceived, what I had not understood before, and had been prevented from seeing by

the intervention of a pillar, on the left side of the altar, and this was, that I was now actually present at the awful and affecting ceremony of the consecration of a nun. Awful and affecting indeed, when we consider that by the vows then taken the whole fate of the young person is fixed for life, (we will not say for ever) and most affecting when we consider that many are called to make these vows at an age in which they cannot possibly appreciate their importance, and with a totally erroneous view of what God requires; but if no person of feeling can witness an act like this without experiencing very painful emotions, what, my reader, do you suppose my feelings to have been, when, at the moment in which I discovered what was going forwards, I was at the same time convinced that the poor young creature who had been thus persuaded to sacrifice all hopes of happiness in domestic life to a false and wicked superstition, was my own child, the only remaining representative of the only woman I had ever loved.

I had supposed, with many others, that when a nun was professed, she would appear on the pavement within the rails before the high altar, and might hence be seen by all who were in the church; but I was mistaken, at least, it was not so in the convent of Sainte Claire. There, on the left side of the altar, was a wide space, occasionally filled up with a double grating, but at this time open. Behind this opening is the same hall in which I had seen the novices, and it was at this opening that the nun stood, having a person by her in black, whom I supposed to be the superior. Within the altar was the bishop of Nice, a fine old man of noble bearing, in his mitre and gorgeous apparel, and around him many of the inferior priests in their white stoles and long black robes, and there was one who carried the crozier all blazing with gold; and these were chanting, whilst the soft

voices of the nuns sometimes joined in the chorus, and again were heard alone. All these things I remembered afterwards, as I saw them, and saw them not, and heard them, and heard them not; for my whole attention (and it was an intense attention, which I can compare to nothing but an effort of the soul to deliver itself from the shackles of the flesh, and fly to the object of its interest,) was fixed upon the nun as she stood at the grating, with her long black veil flowing over her white one, and a burning taper in her hand, whilst a mortal paleness, the effect, no doubt, of feelings too deep for her young nature, had effaced every tinge of colour from her lips. She was a tall woman, but the dark veil (as she rather bowed her head) nearly concealed her features; yet what I saw of them was beautiful, and the lower part of her face might have been such as would have formed a model for a Madonna. I thought I traced in its contour a resemblance to my wife; and the moment my eye first fell upon her, they were placing a crown of thorns (which last were ill concealed by the roses with which they were mingled) upon her devoted head, singing, at the same time, veni sponsa Christi accipe coronam quam tibi dominus preparuit in æternum, by all which I was made to understand that the horrid work was finished, and that the sacrifice was bound to the horns of the altar. More I recollect not, excepting that the whole scene appeared suddenly, as it were, to move, and be lifted up from before my eyes, the choral harmony seeming at the same time to die away in the distance; and I remembered no more till I awoke to a horrible consciousness on a bed in an apartment, occupied formerly by me before I went to America, in the Hotel des Etrangers.

It seems that I had been brought back to the hotel with the assistance of the guide, and there being put to bed, a physician had been sent for; but

for myself I can say that I knew nothing of whatever passed about me; I saw one object only when awake, or asleep, when actually under the impression of what might be called a fit, or when my senses were less decidedly affected by disease, and this was the veil,—the veil, which half concealed that beautiful face, and seemed to shroud at once from my heart all hope of happiness on earth; nay, it seemed as if it shrouded all future hope, bringing my past carelessness and infidelity so before my eyes, as wholly to darken all prospect of my own salvation; neither could I hear or understand any thing which was said to me, my ears being filled with the melancholy chant which I had heard in the convent repeatedly, and the words veni sponsa Christi occipe coronam; but whilst I was in this state no one about me could make out my situation, who I was, and what I was, or what had affected me so violently; most of my complaints being made in the English language, which no one understood but the physician; and he also was a foreigner as regarded England.

Whilst I was in this state, which might have endured three days, by a wonderful arrangement of a kind Providence, who should arrive at the hotel but Mr. and Mrs. Martin, with two daughters who were about the age of Mary. They were on their route to the south of France, by which they meant to proceed to England. It was natural for the landlord, who knew Mr. Martin, to inform him of the uncomfortable situation of an unknown guest. Mr. Martin was not the man to hear of such a circumstance without interest, and in consequence of this he immediately visited me, and knowing me at the instant, he set himself to arrange every thing for my comfort as if he had been a dear brother. I was not sensible when he first appeared before me, nor for many hours afterwards; in consequence of which, although I saw him with my

bodily eyes, yet I could not distinguish his real presence from a dream or imagination of my mind. The second night which followed his introduction into my chamber was that of the crisis of my disorder; and as I had been either stupid or delirious from the first, so my delirium, during the earlier part of this night, amounted to an extraordinary height, insomuch that I knew not what I did, though I was persuaded that I saw before me one of those fair novices in a white veil which I had seen within the grating at the convent. Sometimes she seemed to stand at the foot of the bed, and again to approach my pillow, and take my hand; and then I looked, and she was gone; and then it was my wife in all the bloom of her early youth, and then she changed and became a nun; and I saw the black veil like a shroud rising from her feet and enveloping her whole person; and then would I exclaim and call to take away the nun; and then again I would call her back, and bid them remove the veil and leave the lady; and then I thought I saw Mr. Martin, and heard his reproaches, and they were bitter, so bitter that I could not bear them.

But at length, it might be three in the morning, the fever subsided, and I fell into a long deep sleep without dreams, in which a kindly Providence was restoring my exhausted frame to a state of convalescence. It was broad day light when I again opened my eyes; I was lying on my back, considerably raised by pillows; the room was shaded by Venetian blinds, but it was still and fresh, for the air passed over a quantity of roses which were set on stands in the balcony; and at the foot of my bed sate Mr. Martin, and the fair novice (whom I had seen, or believed I had seen, in the night) sate by him. The novice had a volume of the holy scriptures in her hand which she was reading attentively, and my worthy friend, Mr. Martin, was making up for his broken rest by a short

slumber as he leaned back in his chair. I knew that I had been in a delirium, and fancied that I had not yet recovered my recollections; but I was too weak to reason upon any thing which I saw, and in consequence too weak to wonder.

The features of the novice were like those of my wife, but yet not the same; yet the resemblance confused me, for, as I before remarked, I could not reason, and having looked for a minute on the sweet, pale, downcast countenance, I spoke and said, "Is not the dream gone yet?" Mr. Martin and the young lady both sprang up on hearing my voice, the lady drawing back as if in alarm, my excellent friend coming forward, and calmly explaining to me how he happened to be present. "But that fair novice," I replied, "why does she look like my wife? My wife is dead, and has been dead long, and my daughter is dead also to me; why then does any one venture to come here looking like my wife? Tell that lady to go, I would rather not see her, she reminds me of what I have lost," and I began to weep like a child. "Shall I go? shall I go? said the young lady, addressing Mr. Martin. "No, my child," replied the excellent man; "approach and kneel to your father, and kiss his thin pale hand; tell him that you are not lost to him for ever; that his arrival has retarded the completion of the sacrifice, and that you are determined, God helping you, to devote yourself henceforward to perform the duties of a pious daughter, which are more acceptable, let me assure you, in the eyes of God, than those cold services which are the fabrications of impious man." "Oh! Mr. Martin," she replied, still holding back, "but am I not engaged? I have taken the white veil; am I not bound?" "Come forward," he said with some authority; "first fulfil the duties which God required when he gave you a parent; look again at the book you have in your

hand:—'If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth; and her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her; then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand. But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand; and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her,' Numb. xxx. 3—5.; and then add what you may of your works of supererogation, and your impious will worship, as if you could be aught else when all is done than an unprofitable servant; or as if you could add aught of merit to the one great sacrifice once made for the sins and salvation of a lost world;" and as he spoke he drew her, half reluctantly, forward, for it was indeed my Mary who stood before me, and who had as yet only taken the white veil; and he still used the same gentle force, till being near the bed, she sunk upon her knees, and taking my hand, she pressed it to her lips, whilst the excellent Mr. Martin pronounced a solemn blessing upon us both, adding, "henceforward let no one presume to dissolve those domestic ties appointed by the Almighty; and grant, oh heavenly Father, that this child may never again be in like manner separated from her earthly father, unless to be united in a still closer bond in that state of holy matrimony which was enacted in paradise, ere yet the first parents of mankind had fallen from their allegiance to their Maker." Whilst Mr. Martin pronounced these words in a very solemn manner, my daughter, still kneeling and holding her lips upon my feeble hand, seemed to be violently agitated, so that her whole person shook with a convulsive motion.

Although I was too weak to enter farther into what

was passing than to understand that I had my child again, and that consequently I had mistaken another for her in the chapel, nevertheless, as it afterwards appeared, a few weeks' further delay would have accomplished the sacrifice of my lovely Mary, who having been persuaded (through the deception of the nuns, aided by their extreme ignorance) to take the white veil, wanted only a few months of the termination of her novitiate under that state.

It has always astonished me how Mr. Martin, by his firmness, so awed the superior as to allow of the visit to me; and perhaps it was only with the expectation of my death, and the fear of her being reclaimed by the British government, (which was then in such high favour with the Sardinian court, that it was thought nothing could be refused it,) that this favour was granted.

At first we much feared that, as the mind of my child was so strongly impressed with the duty of fulfilling the sacrifice she had intended, she would not resist the appeal to her from the convent; but in the eagerness of the superior to recover her prey she acted with injudicious haste, and I received a notice to quit the state as well as Mr. Martin.

My daughter, as if astonished, decided to come with me, and we delayed not. As it was, months passed away before we could bring her mind to see that her return to the world was not a sin not to be repented of. But as I have already made my narrative as long as I at first intended it to be; I shall conclude it in a few words.

When we moved across the French frontier to Antibes, we remained but a short time to recover my strength; we hastened homewards, Mr. and Mrs. Martin and their daughters accompanying us, and passing through Provence, Languedoc, and Gascony, we at length reached Bourdeaux, where we took ship-

ping for England; thinking that it would be more easy and safe for Mary not to remain in a Catholic country for a moment longer than needful; an arrangement which, at the time, made her very uncomfortable; but the change of scene was of much use to her, and the society of Mr. Martin's daughters, during the journey, was particularly blessed in bringing her mind to the knowledge of the truth.

When I arrived at home, my father retired from business to his pleasant country house a few miles from London, and there he insisted on my bringing Mary. I could not entirely at once close my affairs, but I passed as much time as I could there, until I had wound up my business, when I also joined them.

Mr. Martin and his family reside near, and we see them almost every day; and if, in the course of events, we cannot expect that this most happy arrangement of circumstances can be of very long endurance, yet we may bless God who has made us to feel that he who has revealed his Son to our souls, will assuredly with him give us all things which are best calculated to promote our good on earth, and our happiness in the world to come.

NICE, 4th FEB. 1832.

THE BASKET MAKER.

PREFACE.

THIS story is a very plain homespun narrative, but we have put it near the end of our series, because it belongs to older people than the rest of our stories.

Here we come down into common every day life, into the house of a humble basket maker; and yet I am quite sure that every one of you, my young readers, will admire and respect the humble Alice, as much as if she wore a royal diadem. Thus, whenever it pleases God to make his glory manifest in vessels of clay, however mean they may be, we can not but acknowledge the divine hand; and if we are Christians, we can not but earnestly hope that he will, in like manner, also manifest his glory in ourselves.

If my reader is not disposed to descend into lowly life I would advise him not to read my little book, although I could promise him that I will not introduce him into any society which might give offence to his most refined and delicate feelings.

I am a basket maker by trade, and my dwelling for many years past has been on the road between London and Hackney. When I first established myself there, my house, though built in a line with those on either side fronting the road, was so distinct from every other, that one must have called aloud indeed before one could have made a neighbour hear, even in the stillest hour of night; behind my house was all open field, and our little garden was never at that time deprived of the rays of the sun by the shadows of other houses; truly it was a pleasant spot then, and is well enough at this time; and I love it the more because it was there that I brought my dear Aly, only three days after our marriage, for I fetched her from the country as far off as Bulmarsh-heath in Berkshire; and it was there, too, where all my babies, to the number

of seven, first saw the light, and from whence two passed in their tender infancy into the arms of their blessed Saviour; it was there, too, that my wife gently led me from a state of spiritual death into the light of everlasting life; not that I should say that she did this in her own strength—that would indeed be asserting too much even of the best of wives—but that she was made the means, in the hands of a higher power; and blessed indeed are those who are thus employed! And truly she had a weary work with me for some years, for I had a mighty notion of my own wit and wisdom, and a very mean one of that of other people, especially of women in general, an opinion which I had got from observing too much of the vanity and levity of many young girls in the streets, and the houses of my acquaintance, being little inclined to look inwards, and see the follies of my own heart. Yet to speak as the world would speak, I was never a bad husband; I never drank or spent money on myself unnecessarily; I kept a regular account of my incomings and outgoings, and if I was not always as kind and tender to Aly as I ought to have been, considering how much she deserved of me, yet I loved her dearly, and that with an invariable constancy.

My house was small, having the shop and the kitchen on the ground floor, and as many rooms on the first and second floor. When we had been in it about a year, an opportunity offered for us to take a respectable lodger, an old lady, who had known my wife from a babe; and it was then for the first time that we incurred a debt, and run ourselves out as much as fifty pounds in buying furniture, and some other little expences attending on the birth of our first-born, James, which happened near about that period. By dint of hard labour and much self-denial we brought the fifty down to forty in a few months; but for three years after that the debt fluctuated between thirty

and forty, being sometimes down as low as thirty, and then up again to near forty; and we could only keep up our credit by shifting this debt from one shoulder to another, as it were, and by running up bills in one quarter whilst endeavouring to pay them off in another.

Trade at that time was rather at a stand still, and, as I have often thought on reflecting on the subject, had we not happened to have taken the lady in when we did, we should never have been able to have mustered the money for our rent; but what she paid us assisted us greatly in this particular, and yet the great debt hung like a weight of iron on my heart, and often made me break out in murmurs against Providence, which impiety, on my part, always brought my wife to tears:—

"Oh! Joseph, Joseph," she would say, "whatever you do, if you love me, if you love your children, utter not a word against your heavenly Father. Look round you: where can your eye rest but upon tokens of the divine love? And then, my dear husband, if you consider these tokens, as they truly are, the earnest of those eternal, invisible, and all-glorious mercies which God the Son has procured by his death for those who are brought to love him; surely your complaints would be changed into songs of praise, and your tears be turned into smiles."

Sometimes, when she would argue thus with me, I was brute enough to answer roughly, and again I would be sullen and take up my hat and walk out at the door; nevertheless her words were not lost upon me, no, they sank deep into my heart; neither did they fail of their purpose, according to the beautiful words of the prophet, Isaiah lv. 10, 11. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to

the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

But perhaps you will wonder, my friends, how a humble basket maker's wife could find words to express herself so truly and so beautifully on such deep matters as my Aly did, and especially could you but know what a plain, unpresuming, simple person she was; but he that was her teacher is a divine one, and who can set a limit to the power of such a teacher.

However, although my Aly thus continually encouraged me to look upward with hope, nay, with assurance, that all would be well with us and with our children in the end, yet the weight of our debt hung upon my spirits, and we were put to many shifts, and had to endure many privations. At these I used oftentimes to grumble, but I do not know that I recollect one word of complaint ever proceeding from the mouth of my dear wife; and she would often say to me, after we had dined on potatoes and a little slice of butter, "See, Joseph, how well our little ones look," for we had two by that time; "and think how many poor creatures, better than ourselves, have their whole living on worse food than this."

But I was unbelieving still. At length, I remember, we had had a hard winter, and on Easter eve we were exceedingly short of money, yet I was very urgent with my wife to buy plumbs for a pudding the next day.

"We can do without a pudding, Joseph," she answered; "we shall have a bit of meat to mark the day; let us wait for the pudding till another year."

"And what for?" I asked. "Have not I waited year after year for better times, and are we not just where we were?"

She got up as I spoke, taking up the babe, who lay in her arms, and reaching the Bible from the shelf, pointed out these words to me, Psalm xxxvii. 7. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

"It's what I can't do," I answered. She burst into tears on this, and her face dropped upon that of the babe, and she was quite agitated and convulsed, as it were, by her sobs.

Aly was not a woman who gave way to tears on all occasions; I was therefore the more moved at this, and said, "Why, what have I done or said to trouble you so? Come, cheer up, I did not mean to say any thing unkind."

"Nor did you," she answered, "as far as related to me, for you are as good a husband as woman ever had; but it seemed to me, when you said you could not wait upon God, that there was a death-blow to all my hopes. What prosperity, Joseph, I ask," she added, raising her head, and fixing her gentle yet sorrowful eyes fully upon me, "What prosperity can be looked for in that house where the master acknowledges that he can not trust his God? Oh Joseph, dear Joseph, I would rather have reason to believe that your heart was converted to your God than receive the forty pounds down on my hand which was to pay the debts which hang so heavy on my heart."

I looked at her as if she had uttered some words in an unknown tongue; and in very deed her language was an unknown one to me; for although each word was intelligible, I could no more have participated in, or comprehended the sentiment she meant to convey, than a babe of a year old; however, I made no answer, but went out of the kitchen to shut up the shop, and then taking up my hat walked out of the house, taking my way towards the fields.

The moon was then quite young, and the air was soft and balmy; there were stars innumerable in the

heavens; it was a glorious night; but there was a thorn in my breast; I felt more than commonly sad, and yet I could not describe what sort of sorrow it was wherewith I was exercised.

Was it worldly sorrow, and the dread of the effects of my debts? or, was it that Aly had at length prevailed (by the divine blessing) to make me see that I was an ungrateful, unbelieving being, one who received the good things of this life without thankfulness, and was ready to quarrel with Providence when things did not turn out just to my wishes? At any rate, there was, that evening, a change working in my mind, my thoughts tumbling and tossing within me like a boiling ocean; I was angry with my God, angry with my wife, and more angry with myself, and from time to time I broke out in audible murmurs against the decrees and arrangements of Providence; for I could not understand God's dealings with man, and wickedly and arrogantly thought that if I were in the place of the Supreme Being, and possessed of his power, I would order things very differently:—fool that I was, that I could not understand even that which may be known of him by his works and word; for, as I afterwards was assisted to see, he ever is taking those measures with the human race which will in the end produce the most mighty sum of human felicity, and although he sometimes seems to cause grief, yet it is upon the same principle on which a father allows his rebellious boy to dip his fingers into a burning candle, in order that he may learn to dread the power of the consuming element on another occasion. Thus are we permitted to suffer evil, and to know our own weakness and depravity, by sad and painful experience, in order that we may learn to choose the good and eschew the evil; and when fully convinced, by the divine blessing, of our own insufficiency, he unites us with himself, and makes our

case as sure and fast for ever as his own throne of glory.

But all this had hitherto been dark and incomprehensible to me, although my wife had endeavoured to state it to me times without number; nevertheless her labours were not to be lost, through the divine mercy towards my unworthy self; and, as I said before, I felt that night, as I paced up and down the fields at the back of my house, such a stirring within me, as if all the thoughts, evil or otherwise, which had ever crossed my mind, were rising in opposition against each other. One moment I was for going to the ale house, and drowning my troubles in liquor; then I was for making a merit to myself with my God by church going and strictness of life; then I was for giving up my house, selling my furniture, and enlisting as a soldier; then would I go home, and ask my wife to pray for me; any thing, in short, but consenting to throw myself unconditionally and in my own person on Christ, my Lord and brother; and thus my mind worked, till at length a thing happened to me which had not happened for years before—I burst into a violent flood of tears, and quite sobbed again, and the feeling which followed was the sweetest I ever remember; I can only describe it by saying that I can fancy it was something like that which inspired these words in the prodigal son—"I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son;" accordingly, being inspired by this warm and tender feeling, I hastened home, and letting myself in to the shop by the pass key, I heard my wife's voice, as she sate on the rocking chair by the kitchen fire lulling our little Aly to sleep; she was singing a hymn; her tones were sad; yet I thought I had never heard sweeter in my life, and the words were—

"Oh! God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."—

I stood a while in the shop, and it being dark where I was, I saw her distinctly as the light flickered from the fire on her gentle face. I then stepped silently in to the kitchen,—for I felt like one full of shame for former offences, and yet hardly knowing how to express myself,—and sitting down opposite to her, I said, "Aly, dear, you are right, we will not have the pudding to-morrow, and I can't say but I am sorry that I said those words which I did," adding, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

Were I the finest of writers, which I am not, being but a moderate scribe, although I received an education much above my pretensions, I should despair of describing the sweet, bright look which my wife gave me as I uttered these last words. It was a look which, however, I shall never forget to my dying day; and yet from that time for some weeks I continued very low, and my appetite failed so entirely that my wife was alarmed, and would have had me send for a doctor, but I put her off; it was, however, during that period that I was led really to pray, and to lift up my heart to God whilst I was at work.

Thus things went on till the week before Easter, at which time the good lady on our first floor was taken so ill, and required so much attention, that we were obliged to call in the assistance of the daughter of a neighbour whom I had always thought to be a very honest and respectable woman; this girl accordingly came backwards and forwards, sometimes holding the infant, and sometimes waiting on the lady, and she pleased us very well. The lady however, began to get better on the Thursday, and on the Saturday morning, whilst I was in the shop, a penny-post letter, dated from the

all is owing to persons close round about us. Now, will you oblige me so far—will you put your hat on, and take the money this very night, and pay all we owe? There is thirty-six pounds in the bag, God be praised!" she added, "and perhaps two pounds in the till;—and I could, at a push, borrow a few shillings from our good lady above stairs. Now, do oblige me, Joseph; do go this night, and then to-morrow, with the divine permission, with what light spirits shall we hail the happy and holy morning! Dear Joseph, grant me only this favour."

"What is the woman in such a hurry for?" I replied. "Why, Aly, I have been thinking that it would answer much better to lay out this money, or part of the money, in materials for our work, rather than to"—

She interrupted me; "It is not ours, Joseph," she said, "whilst we owe it to others. If it were only in a worldly point of view, think what credit we should get among our neighbours by this act of justice; and then when our heavenly Father has been so good—so wonderfully good—as to put it in our power to relieve ourselves of the burthen of debt which has long lain so heavily on our hearts, would it not be tempting him if we refused to use his gift for the purpose which he no doubt intended?"

"But Aly, you need not tell me," I answered, "that the debt has lain heavily on your mind; you have never shewn me that it did."

"Have not I?" replied Aly, with the tears in her bright eye. "Ah, Joseph!" she added, "have I not worked and denied myself every thing I could possibly spare, and should I have done this had I not felt the burthen?" and again she pleaded, and pleaded even with tears, that I would go out immediately and pay the bills, until other customers came in to cut short the dialogue.

At six o'clock, and not before, the shop being empty, Aly called me into tea, and then commenced her entreaties again with an earnestness and pertinacity I had never before witnessed in her.

It has always been a habit of mine, and I believe it is that of most husbands when there is any little family dispute, to become more loud and decisive in their tones and expressions of denial, in proportion as they feel their resolutions giving way; in accordance with which custom, when I began to feel that my wife was right and that I was wrong, I thundered out the following words: "I wish, woman, you would let me manage my own affairs; the money is safe enough in the great chest, and there, at all events, it shall lie till Monday, and then I shall consider what I shall do with it; but you and the children must be put into mourning, and that, with a full suit of black for me, will take seven pounds at the very least out of the thirty-six."

My wife made no answer to this; but getting up in haste went to the door which opens on the stair foot, and there started back as persons do who are suddenly met by one they did not expect. The person who encountered her was Anne Rouse, bringing down the tea things from the lady; my wife's eyes were full of tears, and her face much flushed, and not desiring that the girl should have any idea that there had been any thing like a matrimonial dispute between her and me, (for such things are never creditable in any line of life,) she turned as suddenly from the stair foot, and ran out into the garden, where I saw her rub her hand across her eyes, at the same time picking a rose, and pressing it against them, in order that it might impart somewhat of its balmy coolness to their burning lids.

I looked after her; I saw this action; my heart was touched; I snatched up the bills, and, whilst the

girl was busy in some other direction, ran up to the chest, brought down the money, and having emptied the till, ran out, and so well performed my wife's behests, that at the end of two hours, for so long I was out, I came back with my yellow bag entirely emptied of its gold and bank notes, and containing nothing but three papers of half-pence, worth one shilling each, which one of my creditors had given me in change for want of silver, the horrible bills against me having been exchanged into so many receipts beautifully stamped and duly signed; and although I had taken every farthing out of the till before I had gone out, I was not pennyless, for besides the half-pence in the bag, I had received several small presents by way of discount (though I could not have asked such considerations) to the amount of three or four shillings, from my several creditors.

When I arrived at home, I found the shop shut, and the windows closed; and having let myself in with my key, I walked into the kitchen, where I found my wife all alone busy with her needle; but there was something of apprehension on her countenance as she looked up to me, and an expression on her features as if she would have asked me where I had been. "There, Aly," I said, "there, I have done your bidding; there is the bag empty of all but a few pence, and there are the receipts; and here," I added, "here is all that is left of our store," and I laid a few odd shillings on the table. The excellent woman looked at me for a moment, and then springing up, she threw her dear arms round my neck, and sobbed quite loud.

"Oh! Joseph, Joseph," she exclaimed, "now indeed am I happy! now indeed is all right!" and she clasped her hands, and raised them up in an act of thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow, calling the day a day of mercies, a day abounding

with tokens and earnests of the divine love; for it was a common feeling of hers to take every temporal benefit as the earnest of others more glorious and more spiritual at a future day; and so strong indeed was her faith that she received every affliction in the same spirit, that is, as an act of love, though she would, at the same time, confess that these temporal chastisements were not agreeable to flesh and blood.

It was that evening, for the first time, that I consented to read and pray with her before we went to bed, a custom which, with God's blessing, I have been enabled to keep up from that period.

Before I laid myself down in my bed, I threw the bag of half-pence into the chest, because it was heavy to carry in my pocket, and locked the box as usual, putting away the key.

I awoke the following morning with the pleasant feeling that some thing had happened which had made me very happy; and because we could not all leave the house, I took my little James in my arms to church in the morning, and after dinner my wife took the infant with her to the nearest place of worship. In the evening, when we had put our babes to bed, we took a turn together in our little garden, and I thought I had never before enjoyed so sweet a season in the society of my wife; her talk was all of the nature of the feelings of our heavenly Father towards his people, which she made appear to me, and that from scripture itself, was all love, perfect love, intense love, even passing that of a mother for her first-born; and I shall never forget two or three scripture passages which she brought forwards on that occasion, which passages have ever since appeared to me to be more beautiful and tender than any thing which man ever spoke or ever wrote: Isaiah xlix. 15. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they

me? Did you not pay the bills, and bring back the receipts?" and the poor woman looked ready to faint.

I soothed and assured her as speedily as possible, for she was as pale as death; and then the warm blood mounted to her cheeks and to her very brow, and down she fell on her knees, thanking her heavenly Father for this new token of his tender care.

"Can you doubt, now, Joseph," she said, "can you doubt now of the paternal care of God? Where should we be now, had we not been guided to do the right thing on Saturday night, for the bag is gone, past recovery? And it little matters; the wicked men will have their punishment in their disappointment, when they find the heavy purse to contain only a few pence; and may God bless the disappointment to them; but I fear much," she added, "that Anne Rouse is at the bottom of this; she was listening, no doubt, on the stair foot when we were speaking together on the Saturday evening; and I greatly dread lest it was by her instigation that this villany was contrived. I hope I do not wrong her, but my suspicions are strong."

My wife and I then busied ourselves to ascertain that nothing else but the bag had been taken; and when we had got the blacksmith to put strong bars to the pantry window, things fell into their usual course with us, although we never could forget the merciful providence by which we had been preserved, as it were, from temporal ruin.

For years from that time passed before we could have raised as much as would have set us free from debt, had we not preserved that thirty-six pounds; but we shifted to live, and to live comfortably, and to bring up our children, and settle them in the world, since which we have been able to put a little by against old age, which is now coming on with rapid pace.

And I can say, and say with thankfulness, that although I am one of the smallest in the kingdom of God, one of the least worthy among the children of men of the divine favour, and I do not say this from a mere fashion of speaking, but perhaps because I can see more of the workings of my own corrupt heart than I can possibly do of those of any other; yet that ever since that period of my life of which I have given a particular account, I have had such continued proofs of the divine favour, such assurances that all things work together for good to those who are brought, through the influence of God the Spirit, to desire to be made one with God the Son, that I would rather see the wife of my bosom, and every child of whom she has made me the happy father, laid low in their graves, than see one of them impiously desiring to separate themselves from that God in the union with whom all created beings alone can find that happiness for which divine mercy originally prepared them, and which (this happiness being lost to them through the malice of the Evil One) every divine attribute has since been exercised to render back to them.

THE BUTTERFLY.

PREFACE.

WHEN you read the Butterfly, you will understand one of the many beautiful lessons which God has taught us in the book of nature. But perhaps if you are a little child, you may never have heard of the

book of nature; and still, if you are not very young, you may not exactly know what it means.

The books which you have been in the habit of reading, are composed of words formed of letters; these letters are called characters, and various nations have different characters; so that if you had never learned any but what are called the Roman characters, which are ours, you would not read the Greek, or the Hebrew, or the Chinese, or the Persian character.

Now the book of nature is not written on paper or parchment, like the books which men write; but it is like a picture wrought upon the whole face of the earth and in the heavens, and the various objects of creation, which come to our knowledge by the senses, are the characters of this book. For instance, the glorious sun represents the name and nature of our blessed Saviour, and fresh flowing waters the influences of the Lord the Spirit; beautiful trees, bearing fruit, are the representatives of holy men, who, being strengthened and fed by the flowing waters, or influences of the Spirit, and warmed by the Sun of Righteousness, bring forth the fruits of good works.

I could say a great deal more of this book of nature, had I room; but I may hereafter, if it pleases God to

spare my life, give you a few more of my pleasant lessons, in which I shall hope to unfold more to you of this book of nature, of which the author is a divine one.

It was on a fine morning in the lovely month of May, that Mr. Feild walked out with his children in a beautiful park which bordered on his pleasant garden, and afforded a delightful prospect from the windows of his house.

It was one of Mr. Feild's greatest pleasures to walk in an afternoon with his children, when their daily tasks were performed; and it was in these their walking hours that he gave them some of their most valuable lessons, taking his subjects from the many lovely and curious objects of nature which were spread before him, among the vallies and uplands, the lawns, groves, and waterfalls, which were inclosed within the paling of the park. Sometimes he sate down with them under the shade of a tree, or by the side of a brook, and sometimes he gave them leave to wander in any direction whither their fancies might lead them, yet always insisting that they should not go beyond the reach of his voice.

On the day of which we are writing, the park was more delightful than usual. There was a most pleasant odour of hawthorn in the breeze, and the tender leaves were of a bright and fresh green,—millions of insects were playing in the sun-beams, rejoicing in their new being, and displaying their tiny wings of gold and purple, amethyst and sapphire.

"Papa," said William, Mr. Feild's eldest son, "I remember coming to this place one very cold day last

winter, and I did not then see one of these insects—Where were they at that time?"

"Perhaps God has made them since," remarked little Mary. "God made the world in six days, and it would take him very little time to make all these insects,—they only look like so many small grains of sand, with wings put to them."

"My dear Mary," remarked Mr. Feild, "if you were a little older, I should say you were talking very foolishly. Do you not know that every grain of sand is quite solid throughout, and as heavy for its size as any other stone, whilst these little insects are as nicely and finely proportioned, and have all their members and vital parts as delicately, and even more delicately made than yours? And though we know that they are not immortal, and have no souls, yet they have their passions, and feelings, and interests like ourselves; and they have great care and foresight for their young ones, even before they come into life."

"How do people know these things, papa?" said Emma, who was two years older than Mary, and did not accustom herself to talk so much without thinking as her little sister did. "Those insects are so very small, that we can only see them when they pass between us and the sun; how then can people find out their ways, or tell that they are made and proportioned so nicely?"

"By looking at them, my dear," replied the father, "through a sort of glass called a microscope, which makes them appear a great deal larger than they are. By these glasses it is found that many of them are most beautiful, and all very curious. Some of them are covered with a thick plumage, exceedingly fine and delicate, and enriched with the most bright and glorious colours. Others are covered with horny scales, such as were imitated by the ancient warriors,

and such as you have often seen in old pictures. Others are clothed with an exceedingly minute coat of silky hair, of most brilliant tints, some being all of one colour, and others shaded off, and blended with various hues, like those of the rainbow.

"The Almighty God, who created all things, has indeed shewn his inimitable skill in the forming of these little creatures, in a manner by which we are made to understand, that, if such delicate attention is paid to the myriads of insects, which live their little moment on earth, and then perish for ever; and if he can condescend to occupy himself in adorning and enriching these in such a variety of ways, and taking care for the support and continuation of each separate species, we can not expect that any action, or even thought of ours, should escape his notice. For what can be a plainer proof of that attribute of the Almighty, which is called Omniscience, than the care which he takes in creating and preserving the amazing variety of insects!"

"But, papa," said William, "I think that you are using some words which Mary will not understand, and you have asked me to remind you when you use hard words."

"I thank you, my dear boy," said Mr. Feild, "for remembering so well what I have desired you to do; and in order to find out what Mary understands of what I have just said, she shall repeat it to me in her own language."

"Why, papa," said Mary, "you told us, that if God can watch and take care of so many little insects, all at the same time, we can not think that he will not know when we do any thing naughty, or have any bad thoughts."

"Very well, my little Mary," replied Mr. Feild; "but do you know the meaning of the word Omniscient?"

"No, papa," said Mary; "but I know that it is one of those words which people say when they talk about God."

"It means knowing every thing," said Mr. Feild; "God knows every thing, and sees every thing, and therefore these words are written in Hebrews iv. 13. 'Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.'"

"Please, papa," said Emma, "to tell us something more about insects, what you have told us already is so very curious."

"Insects, my dear children," said Mr. Feild, "are divided into 12 different orders, and these orders are again subdivided into different families; and it would take more than a long life to study the various habits and appearances of only a small part of these different species. But there are people who have given their minds to these things, and we are greatly obliged to them for the books which they have written, and the very curious accounts they have given us of many of these little creatures."

"Papa," said William, "I should much like to know the names of the 12 classes of insects."

"Were I to give them to you now, my dear son, you would not remember them; but it would be well worth your while to make yourself farther acquainted with these subjects. The study of the works of God in the natural world, of flowers, insects, birds, beasts, and trees, with the heavenly bodies, is that which renders our walks in the country ever new and ever profitable; and then when we are made to understand that all the works of nature are so formed, and so arranged, as to be types and emblems of things unseen and spiritual, then there is indeed another new and delightful prospect opened for our consideration,—

such a one indeed as dark and ignorant persons can not even conceive."

Mr. Feild was interrupted in this place by his youngest girl, who requested him to tell her what types and emblems are.

"Types and emblems, my dear child," replied the good father, "are representations which agree in some particulars with the thing represented, but not in all. Every Christian," continued he, "knows that a milk white lamb is the type of our Lord Jesus Christ, because it resembles him in these particulars, viz. that it is harmless and meek, and makes no resistance when shorn or slain. The sun is also a type of Christ, because it illuminates, warms, and animates the whole earth. The sea is a type of a multitude of unholy men, because it rages and storms, and dashes against the shore, and tries to break its bounds. And trees are types or emblems of good and bad men, who profess Christianity, because they grow in the wilderness and the garden of God, and are clothed with leaves, and bear fruit, good or bad. And insects, my dear William," continued Mr. Feild, "afford, one and all, very curious types of the various states of man, from his first entering into being, until his going out of this world into eternity."

"How is that, papa," said the little boy; "I don't understand it?"

"Can you tell me, William," replied Mr. Feild, "what are the various states in which human creatures are known to be?"

"I would rather you would tell me, papa," replied William; "for though I have some notion of what you wish me to say, yet I know that I shall make some blunder."

"Well then, my dear, I will tell you," said the father. "Every human creature goes through four states:—The first, is that which is before breath and

life are given to an infant.—The second, after he is born, and is able to eat, and drink, and grow, and use his limbs; this state lasts till death.—The third, is when he lies a dead and dull corpse in the grave.—And the fourth, when he bursts his tomb, and comes forth either to everlasting life or everlasting misery."

"But, papa," asked Emma, "how can insects be like us in these things?"

"I will explain this immediately, my dear," said Mr. Feild. "And first, I must make you understand that all insects pass through four states; and you must now hear some hard words, which you must try to remember. The first of these states is that of the egg. All insects are born from eggs, which are laid by their mothers in some safe place, and left there till the time of their being hatched; for insects do not, in general, tend and watch their offspring, or sit and hatch their eggs, as birds do; but commonly die after they have laid their eggs."

"But, papa, how do the old insects know where to put their eggs?" said William.

"They are taught by God, how and in what manner to do this best for the safety of their unborn young ones," replied Mr. Feild; "and great indeed must be the wisdom and power of that God who thus carefully instructs these little creatures, and leads them to do thus wisely and prudently in their generations."

"Really, papa, all this is very curious," remarked William; "and now please to tell us what is the next state of insects, when they come out of their eggs."

"When insects come out of their eggs," replied Mr. Feild, "which each family does at that time of the year, best suited to its nature, they are named Larvæ. The larvæ of different insects are what we call caterpillars, grubs, maggots, and worms. They are of different shapes and colours, according to the different families to which they belong. During this time,

they crawl, or roll about, having no wings wherewith to rise in the air, and are exceedingly greedy of food, eating voraciously of every thing supplied for their use by Providence. In this state they answer to man, from the hour of his birth to that of his death; and when we look on these worms, maggots, or grubs, or whatever else you may choose to call them, we may understand what we ourselves are by nature, namely, earthly, greedy, sensual creatures;—born indeed to immortality, but carrying about with us vile bodies, which may say unto the worm, 'Thou art our mother,' that is, we partake of thy nature."

"Well then, papa, it seems that without grace we are all grubs, maggots, and worms," said William. "Well, sometimes when I have done wrong, I have thought myself worse than the vilest insect. But, dear papa, what comes next to the larvæ?—I have not forgotten the word,—What is the next change which insects go through?"

"Insects remain in the state of grubs or maggots, some only a few hours, days, or weeks, and some several months or years," replied Mr. Feild. "They then cease eating, fix themselves in a safe place, and lie for a time swathed and trussed up like babes in swaddling clothes, being enclosed in a kind of outer skin or cone. The silk worm, and some others, have this outer skin enveloped in a sort of silk, some of which is tinged with gold, for which reason the ancients called them Chrysalidæ and Aureliæ."

"Oh! papa, that reminds me," said William, "that I have often found insects shut up in a kind of bag, or between two leaves, and lying like dead things. But what are we to call insects in this state?"

"They are called Pupæ, my dear William," replied Mr. Feild; "and as I before said, the ancients named the bags in which some of them are enclosed, Chrysalidæ or Aureliæ, from their golden colour.

They have also been called pods or husks, and beans and cocoons.—And now tell me, what an insect lying as it were in a deep sleep, in his pupa state, is most like, my dear William?" said Mr. Feild.

Emma was about to answer, but William placed his hand on her mouth somewhat hastily, saying, "No, Emma, that is not fair; you have left me to answer all the hard questions, and now you want to shew your cleverness by answering the easy ones. Any body might tell what an insect lying asleep, and wrapped up in his winding sheet, is most like. It is like a man who, having eat, and drank, and lived out his time in this world, lies down in his grave, and remains in the sleep of death, waiting till his fourth state should come."

"Very well, my dear boy," said Mr. Feild; "yet I do not know why all this might not have been said, without putting yourself into so violent an agitation."

"Because Emma would speak, papa," replied William.

"Well," said Mr. Feild, "and now it shall be Emma's turn to speak. What, Emma, is that state of man into which he enters after death?"

"An immortal state, papa, either of misery or happiness," replied the little girl.

"It is an awful truth, Emma," said Mr. Feild, "that man, whether raised again to happiness or misery, enters after death into a new state of being, where his faculties will probably be enlarged, and his body set free from its present infirm and perishing state—a circumstance which will add as much to the misery of the wicked, as to the happiness of the redeemed. In like manner, with few exceptions, every insect, when liberated from his state of sleep, enters upon a new mode of existence, and is furnished with wings, and, in many instances, wonderfully beautified and elevated in the scale of being."

"What is this new state called, papa?" asked William.

"The Imago, my dear boy," said Mr. Feild, "because having laid aside its mask, and cast off its bands, it is then become the true representative, or image, of its kind, and a perfect creature in its way,—such as we hope to be, when death shall be swallowed up in victory."

"Really, papa," said Emma, "the more I hear of all this, the more curious I find it. Only think, that in the history of these little insects we should find a sort of picture of our whole lives, and even of what we are to be,—how very wonderful!"

"Indeed, my dear Emma, it is wonderful, and so wonderful, that the ancients, who were not blessed as we are with the knowledge of true religion, thought they saw the emblem of the immortality of the soul, in the metamorphosis of the butterfly from a caterpillar; though they could not see, at the same time, that of the resurrection of the body."

"What do you mean by that, papa?" asked Emma.

"Why, my dear," returned Mr. Feild, "the ancient heathens never had any idea that the body would rise again, though it was well understood by Job, who uses this expression, 'For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'"

"Really, papa," replied Emma, "I think the ancients were very dull then; for, however different a caterpillar may be from a butterfly, yet it is very certain, that it is the same creature that was shut up in the chrysalis which comes out with wings,—is not it, papa?"

"To be sure it is, my dear; but then there is so much difference between a beautiful butterfly, and a heavy crawling caterpillar, that we can hardly wonder

that they, who knew nothing of the resurrection of the body, should only see the emblem of the soul in the glorious winged insect which broke forth from the winding-sheet; and this resemblance they thought so perfect, and so striking, that the Greeks gave the same name to a butterfly as to the human soul."

"What is that name, papa?" asked William.

"Psyche, my dear boy," replied Mr. Feild; "and the old Egyptians made a very curious fable about Psyche."

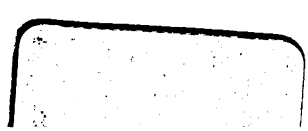
"You say, papa," said William, "that most insects go through the same changes as the butterfly; but they do not all come out of their sleep in the glorious form of butterflies, do they? For there are many insects that have wings, that are very ugly, and very mischievous and cruel, armed with stings, and very dreadful and terrible."

"There are, my dear child," answered Mr. Feild; "and therefore if we apply the emblem of the beautiful butterfly to glorified human beings when arisen from the dead, we may apply that of the hornet, and other evil insects, to those persons who enter into an immortality where there is no hope of blessedness; Daniel xii. 2. 'And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.'"

"Really, papa," said William, "these things are very strange. I shall never see an insect flying about, without thinking of the resurrection, and of the time when we shall all rise from our graves, and spread our wings, and enter into a new life. Oh! how do I hope that we may then be amongst those of whom the butterfly is the emblem."

"We shall be, my dear boy," said Mr. Feild, "such as we were, when we entered the grave, in kind, though not in degree. Of whatever nature the pupa was before it sunk into its state of sleep, so will it be when

Like thee the helpless insect lived,
Like thee he toiled, like thee he spun,
Like thine his closing hour arrived,
His labour ceased, his web was done.

And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
No happier state of being know?
And shall no future morrow shed
On thee a beam of brighter glow?

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